00038005

Digitized with financial assistance from

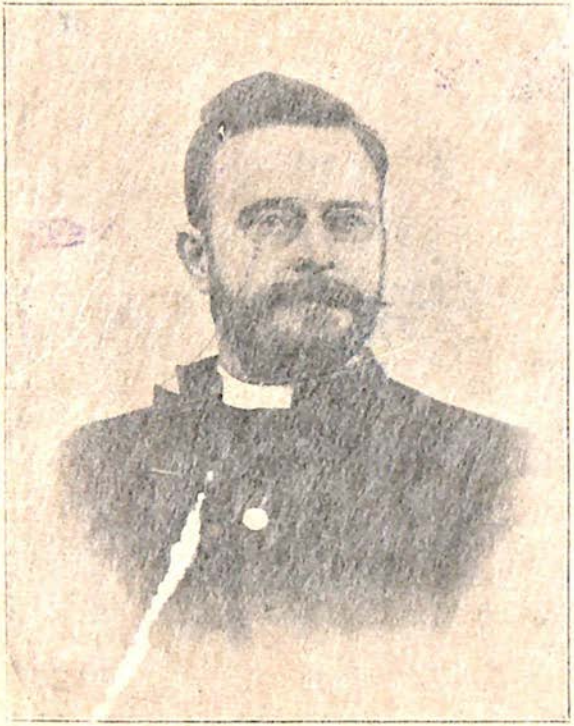
on 07 January, 2017

Processed at
The Preservation & conservation
Laboratory of
The Asiatic Society of Bombay
Date MAY-08

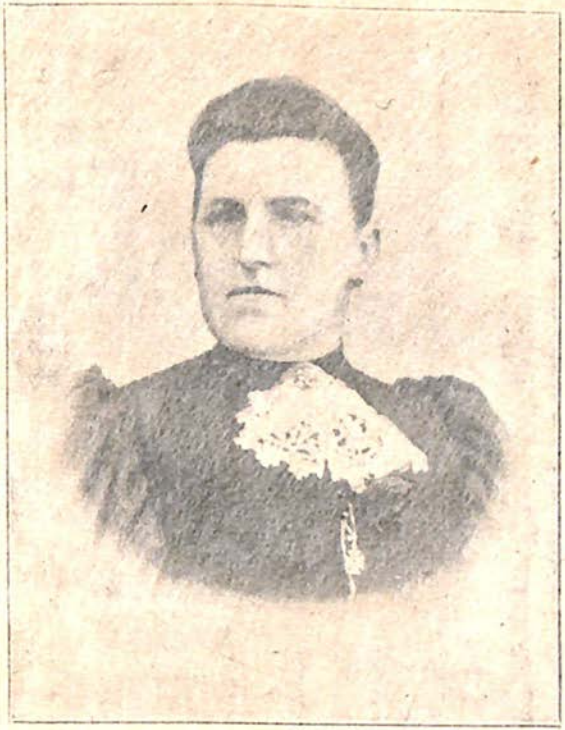
IN INDIA,

OR

BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL.



THE REV. G. W. CLUTTERBUCK.



MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.

IN INDIA

2457

(THE LAND OF FAMINE AND OF PLAGUE); OR,

BOMBAY

THE

BEAUTIFUL

THE FIRST CITY OF INDIA.

TH INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES OF PIONEER MISSION WORK IN WESTERN INDIA; ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE COUNTRY, CUSTOMS AND CREEDS.

38005

BY

REV. GEORGE W. CLUTTERBUCK

(*Late Senior Wesleyan Chaplain and Editor "Methodist Record," Bombay*).

AUTHOR OF "HEART-EASE AND HOW TO GET IT."

ROYAL ASIATIC LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.

"Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly happy with the mission of the cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward
With silks and fruits, and spices clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the Golden Year."

TENNYSON—*The Golden Year.*

A.A.-g.55

LONDON:

THE IDEAL PUBLISHING UNION LIMITED,

19, MEMORIAL HALL, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

1897.

00038005

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD REAY, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.,

Late Under Secretary for India, and late Governor of the Bombay Presidency,

WHOSE personal uprightness is always an encouragement to good; whose gubernatorial administration in Bombay sought the best interests of those over whom he bare rule, and whose kindly and continued interest in my own work in India was most generous and inspiriting, I gratefully dedicate, by his permission, this Book.

PREFACE.

INTEREST in India is an increasing force. Two things in recent experience assist it, the lamentable Famine and the Bubonic Plague. They are temporary and will pass away. But its connection with the British Empire, the growing zeal for Missions, and therefore for its conversion, contribute mightily to the ever-swelling volume of attraction with which that great continent is invested. There is yet a third cause which contributes still more to our interest in India, and that is India itself. It is a land of enchantment which personal acquaintance does not diminish. It creates a love for itself, which, once conceived, pulls ever at the heart-strings, though its lover is separated from it by continents and seas. Its admirers are an ever-growing multitude. They have never seen it, they never may; but to them it is a living reality, and they never tire in hearing of its charms.

I am both lover and admirer. I went to India as the pioneer in Bombay of the Wesleyan Missionary Society,

and for years lived in India and loved it. The story of the sickness which brought me home will be found hereafter. With passing years my affection for it has not abated. If anything, absence has made the heart grow fonder. To me India is a land of glamouring, and therefore clamouring, attraction. It is beautiful as it is. Its greater beauty lies in its possibilities. The fairest jewel in the English Crown, I would see it the fairest brilliant in the Diadem of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This book is a tribute to my love and the practical expression of my desire. I would it were worthier of the theme. I am conscious of its defects and of its omissions. A true lover always is. My offering is as a single flower culled from the garden of my heart. Yet as such may it prove acceptable and serviceable. I have good reason to believe it may. Wherever, up and down England, and in the interests of India's conversion, I have lectured, preached, or spoken, I have never had to complain of inattentive listeners or unappreciative audiences. Ignorance I have found, but only that intelligent ignorance which asks to be informed.

Three threads run through the book: the Establishment of Wesleyan Methodism in Bombay and the Presidency; descriptions of the Country, Customs and Creeds; and, as briefly and as comprehensively as possible, subject to that limitation, the progress, position and prospects of

Christianity in India. The two latter are essentially the greater. Let no one dream that they are exhausted herein. Such an attempt would be utopian. But so much has been said as may not only, I trust, afford information, but whet the appetite for greater knowledge of that great country in things general, and especially in its Christianization, and that therefore, to the general reader, to the missionary student, and perhaps to the missionary advocate, of whatever church, it may prove both interesting and instructive.

Needless to say, that in all places where I have left description of work for theories in reference thereto, I express my own opinion only, mindful that whilst many may agree with me, there are others, older and worthier than myself, who may as likely dissent therefrom, and whose opinion it would be ungracious, if not impertinent, to ignore, in a subject so vast, so intricate, and in some measure so baffling to the student, as that of India.

I am under deep obligation to many books which I have consulted and read on things Indian, by Anglo-Indian and native writers. In these pages I have given references where possible and suitable. Many more, unnamed, I have not less profited by, and conspicuously by the English Press of India and of Bombay in particular.

My entreaty is, "Christianity for India;" my longing, "India for Christ." In the suitability of the Gospel for

that country I have no doubt. In the eventual conquest of it I have no misgiving. As certainly as Christ reigns in Fiji, and in our own beloved land, so certainly will Jesus rule over the many-tongued and many-coloured peoples of India. Only let it be ours to help on this glorious consummation, by our prayers, by our gifts, and by our service, and it shall then be ours to participate in the triumphing pæan of our great Captain and Lord.

GEORGE W. CLUTTERBUCK.

Denton, Manchester, 21st April, 1897.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	vii
	LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	xii
I.	BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL	15
II.	EARLY EFFORTS	47
III.	COLABA	66
IV.	BYCULLA	92
V.	THE THULL GHAUT	116
VI.	THE BHORE GHAUT	138
VII.	RED COATS AND BLUE JACKETS	158
VIII.	FOR KITH AND KIN	184
IX.	MISCELLANEA	200
X.	A MISSIONARY TAMASHA	210
XI.	HOW WE LIVE	235
XII.	OLD AND YOUNG INDIA	255
	(1) *The New Wine*	258
	(2) *The New Bottles*	276
XIII.	HOMEWARD BOUND	307
XIV.	EXCELSIOR	321

ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

Rev. and Mrs. George W. Clutterbuck ii
Map of Bombay xiv
Back Bay 17
View from Malabar Hill 20
Tower of Silence 21
Government Buildings 26
Corporation Hall and Offices 38

CHAPTER II.

Victoria Terminus, G.I.P. Railway 46
Post Office, Esplanade and Cathedral Schools ... 55
Apollo Bunder 61

CHAPTER III.

Temporary Chapel, Colaba 68
Colaba from Back Bay 70
Cotton Green, Colaba 77
His Excellency Lord Reay 81
School Chapel, and Parsonage 90

CHAPTER IV.

View of Town and Harbour from Rampart Row ... 93
Pydhownie 96
Byculla Chapel 106
Native Mahrathi Members 109
Native School Boys 113

CHAPTER V.

Map of Bombay Presidency 118
Reversing Station 123
Igatpura Chapel and Town 132

CHAPTER VI. PAGE

Mutta Mulla Rivers and Bund, Poona 142
Bund Gardens, Poona 148
Parbutti Hill 155

CHAPTER VII.

Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught 176

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

Jabalpur Church 212
Evangelist (Total Das) and Villagers 212
Marble Rocks, Jabalpur 217
A Famine Group, near Panagar... 229
Orphanage Boys 223
Orphanage Girls 226
Jabalpur Mission House 229
Lucknow Synod, 1889 232

CHAPTER XI.

Crawford Markets 245

CHAPTER XII.

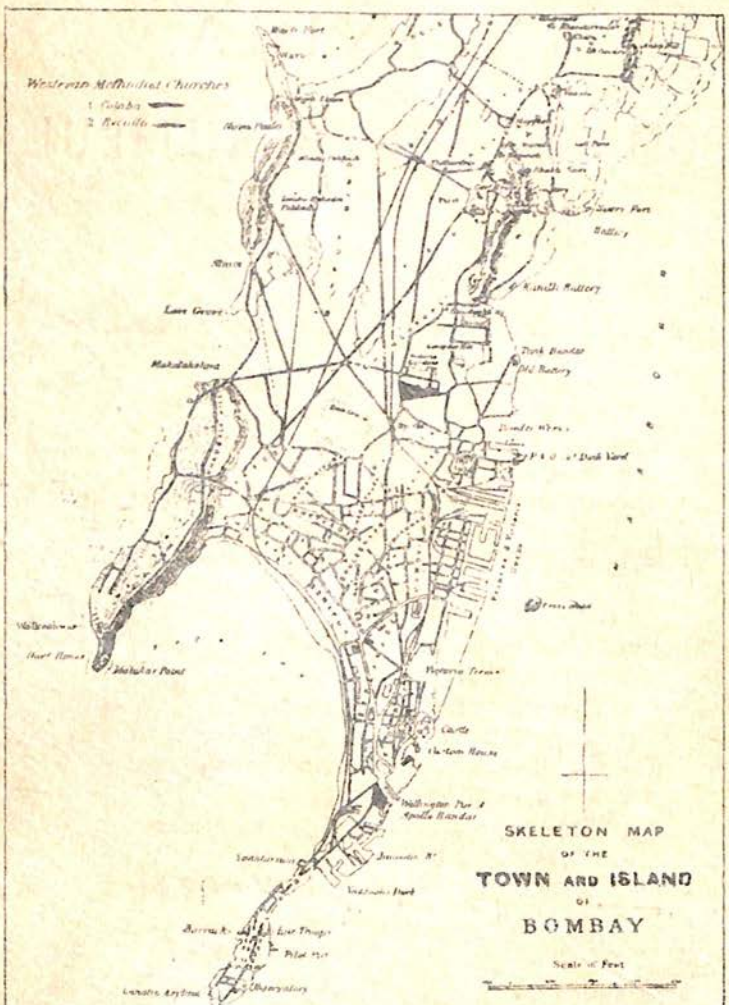
Bangalore Conference, 1889 296

CHAPTER XIII.

Lucknow Synod, 1894 310
Bombay Circuit Plan 315

CHAPTER XIV.

Colaba Church, Exterior 320
Colaba Church, Interior 324
Bombay Conference, 1892... 328



MAP OF BOMBAY.

IN INDIA,

OR

BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL.

CHAPTER I.

BOMBAY THE BEAUTIFUL.—AN ODE TO BEAUTY.

Her eyes are the mist of the morning,
When the night has been still,
And the earliest flush of the dawning
Rises over the hill.
Though the field and the woodland and river
On Earth's bosom slept,
They would answer and tremble and quiver
If she wept.

Her eyes are the starlight of even,
When the Moon is away,
And Mystery reigns in the heaven
In her mantle of gray.
Though the spheres were with sorrow o'erladen
By the ages defiled,
Yet their song would respond to the Maiden
If she smiled.

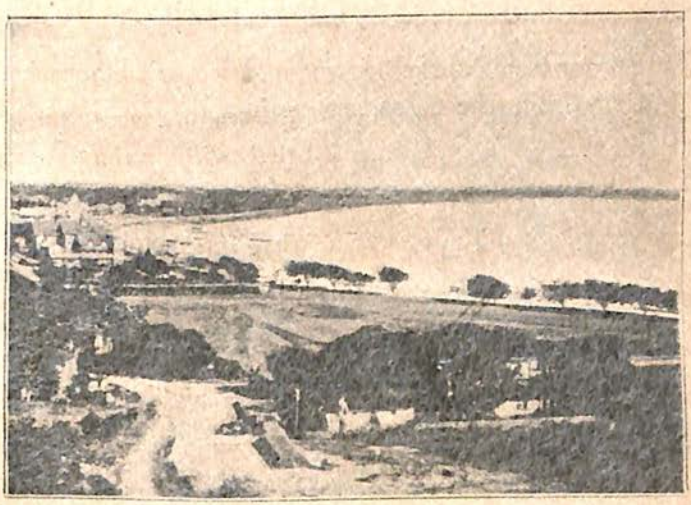
BYRONIDES, in the *Times of India*.

LIKE London, the origin of the designation of the premier city of India is lost in obscurity and uncertainty. Some see in Bombay or *Mumbaye*, a corruption of Mahim, a village to the north-west of the island, but at one time, it is asserted, the name of the whole. Others consider it to

be connected with *Mumba Devi*—goddess Mumba—the name of a local deitess, still continued in the Mumbadevi Tank, a large sheet of water of favourite resort in the centre of the town. The one we prefer, both for its meaning and for its likelihood, is that which the Portuguese gave it, following on a natural exclamation on first beholding its grandeur, and which found its expression and permanent embodiment in the words Bom Bahia! or the lovely bay.

When our own Charles II. was married to Catherine, the daughter of Philip I. of Portugal, Bombay was bestowed by this monarch as part of her wedding portion. This was in 1661. Three years after the British took possession of it, but so lightly did Charles esteem his new possession that he leased it to the East India Company for £10 per annum; and as at that time this was the only part of India belonging to England, it was attached to and became part of the Royal borough of Greenwich. Living as we do in days when every part of the world is grabbed after, and disputing freebooters of the nations try to forestall each other in the race, it may be a matter of surprise that a gift so precious as Bombay should have been bestowed with such a light hand. So extraordinary is it, that no sane monarch would think of acting similarly to-day, or if he did he would surely be prevented before the disastrous folly were irrevocably completed. On the other hand, it is well to remember that there was then more land to be

exploited than there now is; that the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama were barely known, and that the present competition of the Powers did not exist, whilst both India and Bombay itself were very differently related to the outside world to what is the case to-day The greater part of the Continent was held by the native



BACK BAY.

Princes, Portugal only holding the coast lands on the west, and those at the edge of the sword. At that time Bombay was a hot-bed of malaria, the average life of an Englishman after arrival being only three years. True, he more often than not lived a licentious and abandoned life, but

even then the swampy and unsanitary condition of the land did much to accelerate his decease.

Sir Richard Temple, erst Governor of Bombay, called it the Queen of Asia, its Corporation call it *Urbs Prima in Indis*—the first city in India. It ranks as the second city in the British Empire; it is *the* gem of the Indian Ocean, but that which best describes the impression it leaves on tourist and citizen alike is that alliterative and not less correct epithet which calls it Bombay the Beautiful.

Jutting from the Western mainland, the islands of Salsette and Bombay, connected therewith as they now are by causeways, form a miniature peninsula of exquisite beauty, and even to-day are nearly almost surrounded by water. The southern of the two is Bombay, in shape not unlike a pear, including the stalk, with a short similar protuberance from the lower part of its body in a westerly direction, making them together into the shape of a horse-shoe, which is called Back Bay, and up to which the Indian Ocean silts from day to day, and round the whole length of which, a distance of five miles, is a lovely drive called the Queen's Road, stretching from the Colaba Barracks to Government House on Malabar Hill. The "Malabar," the "Cumballa," and the "Worli Hills" form a herring-bone defence, and prospect seaward and landward of surpassing loveliness. In the town, buildings and people, more or less eastern, fill every nook and corner. Here on the hills

the bungalows and compounds look like our well-kept villas and gardens at home, only more beautiful because of the tropical verdure in which they are embowered. Generally in India one longs for the sight of something English in the way of landscape and environment, and here one has it with the fulness of a feast. Dipping down to the water's edge are the grounds of Government House, whilst along the Malabar Hill ridge, and from it to left and right, are avenues of residences and gardens, until one descends at the break between it and the Cumballa hill; only, if anything, to find scenery more rugged and more lovely. On the one side of the road are the hanging, or municipal gardens, overhanging almost precipitously the land at the foot of the hill. On the other side of the road is a water reservoir, the outer banks of which the Corporation keeps in perennial freshness and beauty. Still farther on are the Towers of Silence, from which the view never satiates and seldom satisfies. To the west the ocean stretches as far as the eye can reach; to the east Bombay spreads itself before one in a panorama of variegated richness. From north to south the island measures eight miles, and from west to east, at its widest point, three, and the whole of this is seen here at a glance, or a particular portion which more specially attracts. To the right is the splendid sweep of the Back Bay, with Colaba lost at last as a line of land, barely distinguishable from the enclosing sea. In front is

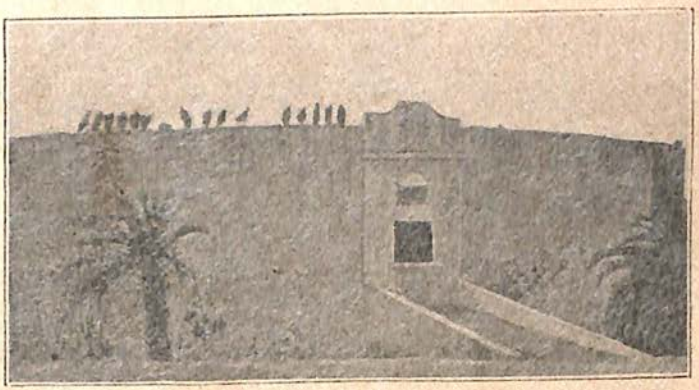
the fort, or city proper, with the huge native town leading from it, whilst to the left rise, shaft upon shaft, the chimneys of busy cotton-mills, bearing witness to the full throb of life beating under their very shadow. Beyond is the harbour, six miles wide, and as many long, with the ships of many nations resting on its bosom—if it be the

VIEW FROM MALABAR HILL.

dry season—or if it be the wet season, finding commodious shelter in the Princes or Victoria Docks. In the very centre of the harbour rises the Island of Elephanta, on the further side of which is the mainland, clear and distinct, but its very vastness at last lost in the obscurity

of a limited sight. "See Rome and die" may be better read "see Bombay and live."

The two sights of Bombay which no visitor misses are the "Towers of Silence" and the "Elephanta Caves," the former known as the burying place of the Parsees, or more correctly the place for the disposal of their dead. Entering their cemetery drive, there is nothing to indicate that you



TOWER OF SILENCE.

are in anything but the approach to a Christian one until you have looked in vain for tombstones or mounds of earth. There are some well-kept flower-beds, and further on is the fire temple, from the balcony of which the bird's-eye view of the city we have just had was taken. A little further, and at some distance from each other, are five circular buildings, about twenty to thirty feet high, called "Towers of Silence," the oldest having been built 250 years, and the

last fifty years. They vary similarly in diameter as in height, and are all open to the sky. In the side of the wall is a doorway some ten feet from the ground, with a sloped pathway from the one to the other, for the Parsee priests to go through with the bodies. Inside and on the level of the doorway, the floor of the Tower is grooved; the outer portion for the bodies of men, the middle for women, and that nearest the centre for children. In the centre itself is a well. The Europeans, of course, use carriages at their interments, but the native communities, without exception, carry their dead to the burial; the Parsees and Hindus on a stretcher not unlike that used by the police in England, and the Mahomedans in a cot-like bedstead. In the case of the Parsees, priests and male mourners alike are dressed in white, the priests preceding two by two and holding a handkerchief corner ways between them; the women remaining at home on all occasions. On arrival at the cemetery the remaining portion of the religious service is gone through, including a curious ceremony of licking the face of the dead by "licking dogs." The face is smeared with butter, and the dog is put to lick it. If it does the soul is gone to heaven, if it does not it has gone to hell. This habit is not so peculiar as it appears. Among the Peruvian Indians in the Huanuco Province there are those who believe that if a dying man can taste a coca leaf, of which cocaine is an alkaloid, it is a sure sign

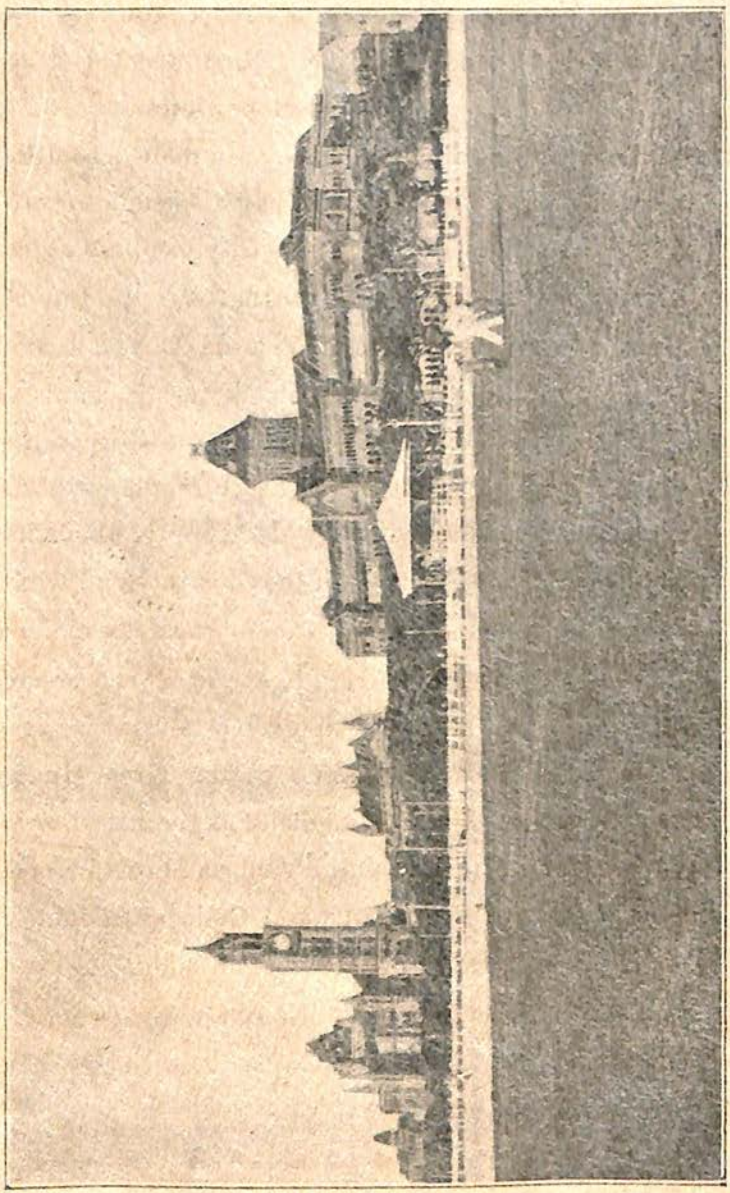
of his future happiness. The priests then enter the Tower alone and deposit the body according to sex and age on the floor, having taken off the clothes, which are then burned. But no sooner have the priests retreated and shut the door than the greedy vultures, who, they say, know of the approach of a body miles away, and who have surrounded the wall in scores, eagerly watching the obsequies, pounce down upon the body, and in less than an hour deprive it of every bit of flesh. The bones are afterwards swept into the well, where, mixed with chemicals, they are calcined, and thus earth, air, and water, sacred elements to the Parsees, are preserved from pollution. Not even the mourners are permitted to enter the Towers, both they and all others being warned not to intrude into the sacred enclosure, by a notice board fixed thirty yards away. I once wondered whether the Parsee felt different to the Christian in reference to his dead, but I have seen families standing in the attitude of prayer and thought looking at the "Tower of Silence," where doubtless their loved one had been placed. With our English ideas of burial this method of disposing of the dead is revolting, and though its sanitary value cannot be denied, one would surely prefer cremation any day; the latter, of course, as it is carried on at Woking and not as it is on the banks of the Ganges, where the bodies are exposed to view to the passers-by, whereas in the case of the Parsees, there is nothing to tell that the

body is being eaten except the sound and sight of the birds engaged in their hideous feast.

The Caves of India are especially interesting to the archæologist, those in Ellora, near the Nizam's dominions, especially. Nearer Bombay there are three, the Karli Caves at Lanowli, on the line to Poona; the Kennery Caves, in the Island of Salsette; and the Elephanta Caves, which are on the island of that name, in the harbour of Bombay. These caves are fully open to the sky at the side entrances, and they have been entirely excavated out of the solid rock the roof, floor, and supporting pillars being as originally cut. The height is about twenty feet. They are probably a thousand years old. The carvings and figures have been greatly mutilated at various times by the Mahomedans—to whose credit it should be said that an idol is as much an accursed thing as it is to a Christian—owing to which much has to be guessed or supposed as to the original character of the sculptures. Undoubtedly the most interesting object is a defaced piece of sculpture representing the *Trimurti*, or the Hindu trinity. Once a year there is a considerable pilgrimage of the people to this place, but at other seasons of the year it is frequented by visitors only, typical, we trust, in the ordinary absence of devotees, of a power once prevalent, but now fast breaking up.

Such beauty as Bombay possesses it obtains pre-eminently from its natural setting and surroundings, but

its buildings are more and more in keeping with it. Calcutta has been called the City of Palaces, but Calcutta people have frequently acknowledged the superior beauty of the buildings of Bombay. One reason is simple and obvious. Calcutta has no stone; Bombay has it in abundance. Consequently all the Government offices and public buildings of all kinds, as well as many houses and commercial establishments, are built of blue rubble from Coorla, faced with white stone from Porebunder or Bassein. Another reason is that they are essentially European in their character, and in symmetry and architecture are of the very best. The palatial Government buildings on the Back Bay will rank with any at Westminster, or in the City, or at the West End of London. Scarcely a finer sight in the world can be presented than the Post and Telegraph offices, the Public Works offices, the High Court, the University Buildings with its splendid Rajabai Clock Tower and Chimes, whose strike is not unlike the familiar Big Ben; the Secretariat, the Elphinstone College, and the site on which the new Government House may at some time be erected, each and all in their separate grounds, and succeeding one another in silent but eloquent majesty of elevation, with gardens and lawns and statues between them; and at the north end appropriately completed by the Queen's Statue in marble, given by the Guikwar of Baroda; while fronting this posse of public buildings are the



THE HIGH COURT, UNIVERSITY TOWER AND HALL, AND THE SECRETARIAT FACING BACK BAY.

"Rotten Row," the Esplanade, and beyond, the seashore and Back Bay; the whole forming a picture never to be forgotten even by the many-sighted globe trotter.

The municipal authorities of Bombay are the Corporation and the Port Trust. The latter has had a splendid record, and under its directions the area of the City has been added to by various reclamations from the harbour; and under whose control are the Princes and Victoria Docks, second to none in the world. Even in spite of the discount we may have to make later on this tribute, the Corporation stands first amongst the municipalities throughout India. It has an efficient fire brigade; a water supply which has cost nearly two millions sterling in the construction; whilst its Crawford meat, fish, and vegetable markets are claimed to be equal to any in the world. Recently it has erected new municipal offices at a cost of twelve lakhs of rupees, opposite to which is the terminus of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, known colloquially as the *Bori Bunder*, but since the Golden Jubilee as the Victoria Station, erected at a cost of £200,000. Hospitals and Colleges abound on every hand, each vying with the other in adding lustre to the reputation of the city both in beauty and beneficence.

A third feature which makes Bombay deservedly famous is its business enterprise. Two trunk railways, stretching away into the Punjaub and towards Calcutta, converge into the Western Metropolis, and each has its huge work-

shops under skilled European direction, and becoming more and more independent of the engineers and manufacturers at home. The great Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. run their best steamers, and find their most profitable trade between Bombay, Brindisi and Plymouth; the Messageries Maritimes Co. run direct to Marseilles; as do Italian and German Lines to their several ports, and now Japan has commenced a monthly line from Yokohama to London, *via* Bombay. During the last twenty-five years the value of the foreign trade of the Port has nearly doubled, and the number and tonnage of vessels in this trade has increased 192·5 per cent. and 414·5 per cent. respectively. The coasting trade has increased threefold. The business and traffic of Bombay consist largely of Imports and Exports, the Exports in 1895-6 having exceeded over twenty-five millions sterling, with Imports to a similar amount, but as representing the total sea-borne trade of the port, it amounted in this year to over seventy and a quarter millions sterling, an increase of twenty-four per cent. in ten years.

To Bombay the Tramway is indispensable. When it was first introduced it was predicted it would be a certain failure. The Brahmin would not sit next to the Pariah or to the Sudra or even to a caste man more nearly approximating his own exalted position, for that would mean defilement, and involve penalties or even the loss of his caste.

The same difficulty of course had to be faced by the Railways. But both have succeeded, and the Bombay Tramway is equal to any. Except in the Monsoon the car is open on all sides similar to those in use in Nottingham, having reversible seats and facing the driver, as those now outside the trams and 'buses at home, and it is a very picturesque and suggestive thing to see on one seat containing four or five people, an Englishman and his wife, a Parsee, a Hindoo and a Mahomedan, and in not a few instances talking together as neighbourly as one could wish. The cabs in Bombay are Victorias, and the Jehus there, as here, have a wonderful way of charging double, or in default of your paying, swearing at you.

But that which makes India the rival of Lancashire is the cotton industry of Bombay. What Manchester is to Lancashire that Bombay is to India. It is emphatically the cottonopolis of India. With over a hundred cotton mills, the number increasing yearly, and each employing a thousand to fifteen hundred hands, it will be seen at once how much the city is indebted to this industry for its prosperity. But for a different sky outside, and different skins inside, the style of the buildings, the machinery, and the Manchester men who are the engineers and managers, would certainly convince you you had suddenly dropped down at Oldham or Rochdale or anywhere in that neighbourhood. Business men

in Bombay are all alive, and even in the hottest season, while Calcutta slackens off in the middle of the day, and frets after punkahs and the hills, Bombay steadily plods on.

To what extent the fourth estate has contributed to the glory of the capital of the Presidency it is impossible to say or describe. The *Bombay Gazette* and the *Times of India* are daily newspapers in English and edited by Englishmen, one of whom is an Irishman. They would do credit to any London daily. The *Indian Spectator* is published in English and is a capital paper edited by Mr. Behramji Malabari, the well-known Parsee philanthropist and scholar. The number of vernacular papers is legion.

Calcutta is nominally the capital of India, but strategically and politically Bombay takes the liberty of coming first. It is nearly two thousand miles nearer England. It is the headquarters of the Indian Marine and of the East India Squadron of the Royal Navy, notwithstanding the worthy ambition of Trincomalee in Ceylon to arrogate this to itself. What Portsmouth is to the army at home, that Bombay is to the army in India, whilst in the matter of mails Bombay is and must be the first in India.

Nor less does it make the claim on the score of population. In the census for 1891 Madras counted for 452,518, Calcutta city for 741,144, but Bombay eclipsed both with 821,764. From day dawn to dusk, or even into the light of the Queen of heaven, the city throbs with the pulsations

of nearly a million human beings and fellow British subjects. And such a population, the most cosmopolitan under the face of the sun, London or New York included. Europeans of every kind, and Jews, Turks, Armenians, Arabs, Persians, Africans, Afghans, Chinese in large numbers, domiciled and having shops of their own, and of course representatives of the whole of the races of India themselves, more diverse than the whole of Europe put together. Numerically the four leading communities rank in the following order : Hindus 500,000, Mahomedans 200,000, Parsees 80,000, and Europeans 25,000.

For an eastern city the European population is large, but it is considerably augmented in the cold season, from November to March, by the growing influx of visitors from Europe, America, and Australia, as the many well-appointed hotels testify. In many respects this is a thing to be encouraged, for as our knowledge of India becomes more accurate, so will our sympathies with its interesting peoples be intensified, our ability to render it service be increased, our practical love for missions grow, and our desires for India's highest good become more profound.

In the whole of India there are only 90,000 Parsees, and of these 80,000 are found chiefly in Bombay itself. In Calcutta they are comparatively unknown. They are the remnants of the ancient Persians ; who, driven from their own country in the seventh century, found a home

on the west coast of India, where, until the English came, they existed rather than lived. The advent of the English was the herald of their emancipation, for it inaugurated a period of prosperity for the community, which has grown from that day to this. The Parsees were amongst the first employed by the English in the shipyard at Surat, and so famous did they become that for generations the head shipwright of the Govern nent Dockyard was a Parsee, the appointment having been held in one family alone for 150 years, the last of whom was pensioned some ten years ago. Being debarred by no influence of caste, they quickly imitated their masters, so that to-day the Parsees talk English better than other natives, and, with the exception of their sugar-loaf hat, increasingly dress like them ; while in modes of living they copy the English in vices as well as in virtues. Should you be invited to the house of Bombay's most generous Baronet, Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, Bart., who received both knighthood and baronetcy under the regime of H. E. Lord Reay, or to any of the "Wadias," you might well imagine yourself in the drawing-room of some wealthy Englishman. For religious reasons the Parsees do not smoke, but they unfortunately drink, and the majority of grog shops in Bombay are owned by them. Still they are a fine race of people, thoroughly loyal to the British Power, and have amongst them some

very capable and enterprising men. They are possessed by a masterful and public spirit, as the following fact will illustrate. Though by far the smallest of the three native communities of Bombay, their representatives on the Corporation have outnumbered the Hindus and Mahomedans put together. Commercially they are very wide-awake, and have amassed immense fortunes. What the German clerk is to the English one in the City of London, that the Parsee is to the latter's kinsman beyond the seas. Sometimes they are called the Jews of Western India. Consequently they are not always well spoken of, and perhaps sometimes not without reason. Businesses which even a generation ago were entirely English now belong to Parsees. Similarly they have supplanted Englishmen on the railways. They may be found at Aden, Zanzibar, South Africa, Japan, and of course in London, which it is almost unnecessary to add with Mr. Dadabai Nowroji and Mr. M. M. Bhownuggree, M.P., both Parsees, who have been first to represent India in Parliament. The Parsees have a very Huguenot caste of features. The men with their hats look odd, but the Parsee women are very prettily and tastefully dressed with a saree, which is worn in most becoming coloured silks, some of them of a very costly character. Up to about fourteen years of age the girls wear silk trousers with a small jacket; after that they adopt the more matronly attire.

Englishmen who have lived up country, having entered India from Madras or Calcutta, and coming to Bombay for the first time, are charmed when they see the Parsee women walking about freely, and so much in contrast to the native women in the mofussil or provincial districts, who are seldom or never seen outside their zenanas. The girls are taught all the accomplishments usual to English young ladies, and in some cases do not even know *Guzerathi*, their native or adopted tongue. The Parsees are generally known as the Sun or Fire worshippers, and although they deny it, it is fairly correct. They believe in *Ormudz* and *Ahriman* —the principals of good and evil, the immortality of the soul, rewards and punishments, but fire, air, and water are sacred in their eyes, the first chief and foremost.

Of the Hindus and Mahomedans it is impossible to speak in a paragraph, and we have not the space here to do full justice to them. In a later chapter we shall have more to say about them than now. In Bombay the Hindus are as five to two of the Mahomedans. In no part of India is the proportion less. In some it is relatively much greater. Even with all the consideration which a strong and passionate but woefully ignorant minority claims, India remains and will remain a country of Hindus.

For some time now, as known to all the world, the Bubonic Plague has ravaged our fair city most mercilessly,

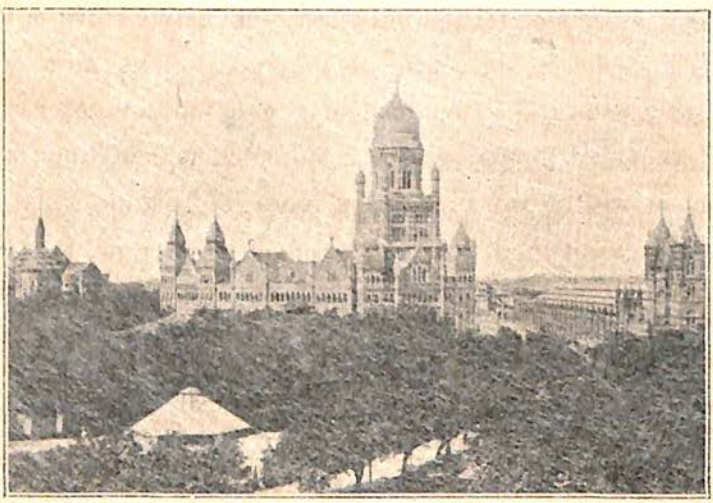
and to many it might seem infelicitous if not incorrect to call it Bombay the Beautiful. Certainly the matter requires explanation so that the fair glory of the first city in India may pass through its present eclipse unbedimmed in the minds of the uninformed, for just as we write the condition of the city is woeful indeed. The plague began to appear in September, 1896. For a month, perhaps, its hold was of a tentative character, but from that time a veritable panic seized the native population, and for a period of six months the exodus continued and increased until Bombay was denuded of at least one half of its population, and business was paralyzed. Thousands of shopkeepers locked up their premises and flew up country either to their native homes or to places where they imagined they would be secure from its attack, only to discover that they had brought it with them and thereby enlarged the area of the disaster; until Karachi, Poona, and many other places more or less remote from Bombay were plague-stricken. The burial or burning of the dead became a hideous and nauseating spectacle. The smoke of the funereal pyre ascended day and night. New burial grounds for the Mahomedans had to be provided forthwith. The vultures on the Towers of Silence, though, Eagle like, "where the carcase is," they had gathered together in extraordinary numbers, sat dumpy on the walls, satiated and over-fed by their sickening feast. The wail of mourning

penetrated to every part of the city. Mills ceased to run, trams were conspicuous by their absence, the once busy thoroughfares became the veriest spectre of what they were. Bombay was as a city of the dead.

Yet the condition of things had been expected for years by those who have watched the insanitary growth of the city, or the growth of the city without proper and adequate sanitary provision. Let it be said at once that the native in these matters, left to himself, and as he was found by us, performs the functions of life under most primitive conditions. Cleanliness of environment is one of the last and hardest lessons for him to learn. The English commenced his education by easy stages. The splendid cantonments of India, which are entirely under European supervision, and are nearly always contiguous to a native town, became, and are, magnificent object lessons to the native, who, however, whether visitor, servant or tradesman, profited by and conformed to these conditions to the extent that he was compelled, and, as soon as he had the chance, relapsed into his own ways. Meanwhile the big towns grew by leaps and bounds. Under Lord Ripon municipalities were created in various parts of India, of which there are now over a thousand, though that of Bombay came into existence some years before. Up to 1873 the municipal authority was vested in the Commissioner and the bench of justices, but since then, with various modifications, Bombay has been

administered by a Corporation of seventy-two members, of whom half are nominated by Government and the other half elected. The chairman is elected by the Corporation. The Municipal Commissioner, who is head of the executive authority, is appointed by Government. It results, however, from natural causes, that the native representatives far outnumber the Europeans, who, with few exceptions, decline to serve where their influence and voice are swamped. The result is, that whilst the Corporation of Bombay has done excellent work, and we write in no unappreciative spirit of its good deeds, the fact is written large by the plague that now is and the past history of the city, that it has been too much possessed of the Bengali Babu idea of things, which consists of fulsome talk, heroic professions and pigmy performances. Seldom has any advance been made of a sanitary or healthful character, except by a force superior to their own spontaneous willingness. Nor is Bombay alone in this. Only recently the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal declared that unless the Corporation of Calcutta bestirred itself to its proper duties and talked less, he would have the work done himself. The persistent opposition of Benares to a municipal water supply, as also other cities, is a matter of common knowledge. What advance has been made in Bombay has been on the initiative and through the persistency of Europeans, Dr. Blaney in particular, the grand old man of Bombay, through whose

noble and disinterested efforts, as all classes have gladly acknowledged, an adequate supply of water is now furnished and provided. But the sanitary erection of native dwellings and the proper drainage of the island has, to the writer's knowledge, been a subject of wordy warfare for the last twelve years. Fortunately, we will venture to say, events



CORPORATION HALL AND OFFICES. VICTORIA STATION TO RIGHT.

have transpired which will probably put an effectual stop to this kind of nonsense, and I, for one, have not the slightest doubt, that though the plague has come as anything but a blessing to many sad homes and bereaved hearts, yet that it is not only a blessing in disguise, but one that Bombay will look back upon, if as a time of visitation

on the one hand, yet on the other as one when the incubus of municipal hindrance and ineffectiveness was for ever deprived of its awful and evil power.

For what have the native chawls or houses been like? The rooms low and small. No chimney, no window, no air, no light except from the doorway. The floor of earth, washed over as best it can be with dried cow dung which is then moistened for the purpose. The native stove in the corner or lit in the centre of the room. The municipal stand pipe in the room itself and, as found in many cases, perpetually dripping. Into these rooms as many men and women will crowd as there is room for them to squat on their feet and their haunches, and at night time, they are only fewer to the extent that they have to stretch their bodies out, otherwise they herd together as pigs in a pigstye or chickens on a roost. In the summer time it is not so bad, for then the people sleep out in front of their houses on the public pavements, and the policeman does not move them on. With a mat under him, sometimes not that, the native lays down on the ground and envelopes himself completely, head and all, with a white sheet, and sleeps there until morning light, looking like a ghastly corpse, as indeed they all do. But in the colder season the houses are packed with human beings like herrings in a barrel. In England a man wants a bedroom to himself and more if he can afford it. The native of India pockets his pride in all

senses and is content to confine his demands for lodging to the actual measurement of his own length and breadth.

Offal and refuse of all kinds are thrown to the front, to the side, at the back of the house or on to the roof for the kites and crows or the more common and the more impudent rat. The stench in some of the native thoroughfares has been so awful and so overpowering as to defy description. The wonder, if any, is that Bombay has, for so long, been privileged an immunity from the dire calamity which has come as a judicial and yet as a merciful avenger.

In confirmation of all this, let it be remembered that the plague broke out in a native quarter of the city, and that the natives have practically alone suffered. Out of 20,000 whom the plague has claimed, probably not twenty Europeans have died, and some of these only in tending to and compassionately waiting upon the stricken. Nor may it be said that flesh-eaters or Vegetarians have anything to boast of in the matter since Mahomedans and Hindus have alike suffered. The immunity of the European has arisen from his own absolute cleanliness, a double tribute, remembering that for environment, even in his own house, he is dependent upon his native servants, or the natives who live near him.

A Bubo is an inflammatory swelling of glands in the region of the groin, and generally between the thighs. It attacks the individual without warning, and unless remedial

measures are instantly taken he is dead within a few hours. Various causes have been suggested for its origin. Some have tried to trace it to the sub-soil water of the island, which the last monsoon did not effectually remove; others to the watering of the roads and of the public gardens, creating a malarious condition of the atmosphere; others, with more reason, look upon it as a rat plague. Rats have been discovered suffering from the plague. The wheat and cotton godowns have been ridden of the rodents, and, peculiarly enough, some of those who have conducted the operations have been smitten by the plague. Rats of course are only a synonym for filth, for they thrive and abound enormously in Bombay, to the disgust of Europeans and to the sublime indifference of the native. Now, not the hen has come home to roost, but the rat, and hereafter we may hope to see the rat kept in its place and not, as I have frequently seen them, prowling about the streets in the very face of pedestrians.

When the plague broke out, the Municipal Commissioner, who is an English Civil servant, promptly provided a segregation hospital on the Arthur Road. Within a few days the word went forth that the people were being forced there, against their religious scruples and to have their livers cut out, and that none would come out alive. The effect was electric. The natives refused to go. Meanwhile the plague laughed its laugh and waxed strong. Then the Municipal

Commissioner tried persuasion, called together the heads of the three communities and urged them to co-operate with the executive to induce their fellow religionists to go into hospital and into camps which the Municipality provided at a great expense. The breath was spent in vain. One Mahomedan *Moulvî* declared they should do nothing of the kind, and counselled prayer as the panacea for their woes. Then His Excellency the Governor, Lord Sandhurst, went to the length of himself meeting with the heads of communities and invited them to give him their assistance in the necessary steps for abating the plague. And all this, not at the beginning of the plague, when it might have been and was pooh-poohed, but when it had paralyzed industry, shut the ports of Europe against Bombay steamers, and had carried off its victims by thousands, and was spreading in all directions. But in a parenthesis, think of the concern for health and the regard for sanitary conditions and the enthusiastic protest for the people's welfare, which must have existed in these prominent citizens' minds, to have made such appeals necessary, and we have to add equally abortive! For it was all in vain. It, however, served this purpose. It filled up the measure of their iniquity, and it left them without reply in the steps Government felt forced to take.

First of all the Supreme Government passed a short Epidemic Diseases Act in January, 1897, enabling the

Governor in Council, in certain eventualities, to suspend or over-ride Municipal Authority and to enforce cleansing operations. Lord Sandhurst, who, amongst the governors of the Presidency, is proving himself one of the best, lost no time in putting them into execution. He appointed a committee of four, all Europeans, consisting of the General Commanding the Bombay District, Brigadier-General W. F. Gatacre; the Municipal Commissioner, Mr. P. C. H. Snow, I.C.S.; Surgeon-Major Dimmock; and Mr. C. C. James, Municipal Engineer, to enforce segregation, both of the plague stricken and of those who had been in attendance on them, to whitewash and disinfect infected dwellings, destroy the furniture, let light into the rooms, put the waterpipes outside the houses; order houses unfit for habitation to be forthwith pulled down, and where necessary burn or pull them down. Drastic, indeed, but not more so than the condition of things called for. But could there be a stronger commentary on the statements we have made than the appointment of a Commission composed of Europeans only?

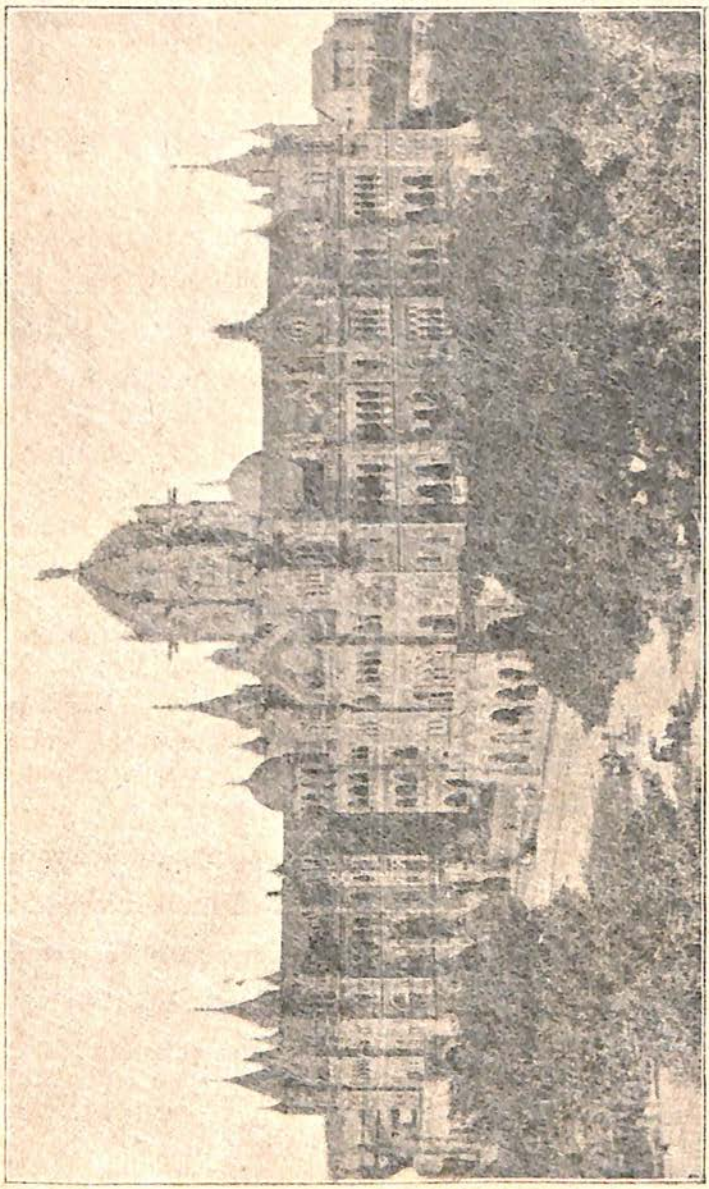
The fact is, the native, speaking generally, educated or uneducated, is as yet unfit, because untrained, for independent government, municipal or otherwise. His acquaintance with things European and civilized is at the best superficial, and has at present not touched the fringe of his own attitude towards them. The European knows that cleanliness is next to godliness; with him therefore there is no disseverance of the two. But he does know that

cleanliness is essential to life, and if there were a dissever-ance, his common sense would denounce the worthlessness of such a religion and decide his preference for cleanliness and life. The exact opposite is the view of the native. Segregation has meant to him sacrilege, and the death of thousands of his fellows has only been a detail to him in the sanctity of the latter. He has a long way to march and much to learn before he has disentangled and properly ordered this conception of things. I write as a true friend of India, as one who believes in local self-government, as one who believes in the moral and spiritual equality of all men and of all women, but I dare not shut my eyes to the awful emphasis that the Bubonic Plague has made to the ignorant or immature character of the native of India, even to the rudimentary elements of healthful civic life.

There will not be wanting some who will consider these criticisms too sweeping in their character, and too whole-sale in their condemnation. Dealing, however, with the plague I venture to stand by them and declare them fair. In general matters the Municipality does and has done well. But in things crucial and at crucial times, the native notoriously loses his head, is unreliable, and a breakdown is the inevitable result. Let the following corroborate me. Said the *Times of India*, "It is a folly to listen to the persuasion of leaders who have over and over again during this emergency shown that they do not lead. If there is one truth that has been clearly brought out in these times

it is that there is no such thing as a spontaneous and assertive public spirit amongst the people who like to be called leaders of the Native community in this city." Said the *Bombay Samachar*, a native newspaper, "Judging the Corporation by some of its recent doings, the general public cannot but come to the conclusion that it has in the main proved a failure. The members are fond of much tall talk, and have never evinced any desire to keep the town clean and sweet. If a proof was required of the inertness and apathy of the Corporation, it was to be found in the present condition of the city."

The object lesson of a clean and improved city, of a plague smitten hip and thigh by sanitary arrangements; of life preserved, of religion left unharmed and untouched, but equally of superstition and prejudice swept away; of a city made more beautiful than ever because more in keeping with its natural loveliness; an object lesson which is now proceeding before his eyes, will, we trust, educate the Native of India, and especially of Bombay, in such a way that, with the blessing of God, the Bubonic Plague, now almost a matter of history, shall be looked back upon, as the Black Plague of London, a dream of the frightful past, but never possible of recurrence because of an enlightened and progressive public opinion, and above all, because of attention to and enforcement of the essential laws of cleanliness and health.



VICTORIA TERMINUS, G.I.P. RAILWAY.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY EFFORTS.

The best men, doing their best,
Know, peradventure, least of what they do;
Men usefullest in the world are simply used;
The nail that holds the wood must pierce it first;
And he alone who wields the hammer sees
The work advanced by the earliest blow. Take heart.

"As I thought of how much they achieved, and how little they have been honoured, I found myself involuntarily composing an apologia for the dead. It was their hard destiny to make, unloved, an empire. The rude conflict of interests at home and in India amid which that empire was reared, allowed little chance of fair treatment to the builders, with their sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. Yet to these poor predecessors of ours, who lived and died at their work and to whom fame was half disfame, we owe no small debt."—Sir Wm. Hunter, *The Thackerays in India.*

There is no Established Church in India, which with its many and conflicting creeds would hardly be possible, and yet it is perfectly true that the Church of England is established practically and preferentially. For the moment we exclude all reference to army work, but wherever there is a station of any number of civilians the Government provides both chaplain and church. Consequently in Bombay and elsewhere the Church of England is more

favourably placed than it is at home. Bombay has its bishop and clergy and, therefore, its cathedral dedicated to St. Thomas, an old and somewhat unattractive building in the centre of the town, all of which are entirely supported by Government, as well as six or seven other churches more modern in build and architecture in other parts of the island. Next in order come the Roman Catholics, who are as strongly entrenched here as they are in other parts of India, and for the sufficient reason that they have had the longest opportunity of all. The Scotch Churches find place both in the "Scotch Kirk" and the "Free Church." The Baptist Church has a nice building, but unsuitably situated for a church which only has one centre in Bombay, and which, in their case, is not a centre but a suburb. The American Methodists, who were introduced by William Taylor, afterwards Bishop, have three strong Churches well equipped and vigorously worked, each and all of which provide for natives and Europeans alike. Amongst the distinctively missionary agencies are the Church Missionary Society, with its English Church at Girgaum, where a simple and thoroughly Protestant ministry furnishes a bright contrast to the high church tendencies of the cathedral services and clergy; the American Mahrathi Mission, one of the oldest and most successful missions throughout the Presidency; the Salvation Army, of which there is much less than there was,

together with other Societies; and now our own Wesleyan, of which more anon. Sailors' and Seamen's Rests, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Tract and Book Society, Christian Associations, both for young men and women, the Scottish Orphanage, and many other Institutions and Societies testify that Bombay is not indifferent either in the provision for spiritual service or social redress. Tabulated in this way they seem ample, but against the needs of a million people they are miserably inadequate, and never did one feel this so much as at the monthly Missionary Conferences where the workers and prominent members of all the Protestant associations and churches met together in fraternal and sisterly intercourse, the Church of England only excepted, and which always held aloof from any occasion where any oneness in Christ might be manifested. We have already omitted from this criticism the workers of the Church Missionary Society whom it was always a joy to meet, there or elsewhere.

Not, however, until 1886 had Wesleyan Methodism any official or permanent place in the religious life of the city, which will probably occasion wondering surprise to the reader, as it did to the writer on receipt of his appointment, and as it has to every one else to whom the fact has been stated. In that year the funds of the Missionary Society had gone up, and the cry was heralded, a forward movement in India, with the result that Bombay and Burma received

their initial start; the latter at a moment when it had just become a part of greater India. How well Burma has succeeded may be learnt in the Rev. W. R. Winston's interesting chronicle entitled, "Four Years in Upper Burma,"* but for which charming description of the country and work I should be tempted to turn aside to tell something of it myself. Burma is unknown to me by face, but not for the lack of intense interest in the solid and successful work which has been done there by the Revs. W. R. Winston, A. H. Bestall, T. W. Thomas, A. Woodward, and their native brethren. And yet while Bombay thus ranks as one of the youngest of Indian Methodist Missions, being scarcely ten years old, there is a very rea and romantic sense in which it is also the oldest, which bold statement I proceed to make good.

At the Conference of 1813, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Coke, well named "the Father of Methodist Missions," was appointed with six others to commence missionary operations in the East, as he had so successfully in the West. In December they set sail in two parties in the *Lady Melville* and *Cabalva* for Bombay, *en route* to Ceylon; less opposition from the Government being expected to the work there than on the mainland. The names of the other members of the noble pioneer band were the Revs.

* Published by Chas. H. Kelly, London.

W. Ault, B. Clough, G. Erskine, J. Lynch, T. H. Squance, and W. M. Harvard, M.A., who was the only one accompanied by his wife, all of them names honoured in Methodism to-day. Everything proceeded well until the morning of the 6th May, 1814, when Dr. Coke was found dead in his cabin, to the unspeakable grief of all on board. Fifteen days after the ships arrived in Bombay, but the tragic and unexpected death of their revered leader put the party in great anxiety, as the arrangements for their introduction and support had been left in his hands. Through the kindly offices of the captain of one of the ships, they were introduced to W. T. Money, Esq., one of the principal merchants in Bombay, by whom they were further introduced to Sir Evan Nepean, Bart., the then Governor of Bombay, a thoroughly Christian man, and whose memory is locally preserved in the name of one of the finest and healthiest drives in the city. Only the year before he had received and sheltered the first two missionaries of the American Board of Missions, who, under an order of banishment from the Supreme Government, had fled from Calcutta to Bombay, but although the interdict extended to it, his influence was so great that they were permitted to remain there. It will not be a surprise, therefore, to learn that His Excellency received the young missionaries at the Government House, Parel, whither they wended their way on Saturday, May

21st, 1814, or that he entertained them for a whole month, and then, with letters of introduction, sped them on their way to Ceylon, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Harvard. Meanwhile Mr. Harvard took a house at Mazagon, which was then one of the best parts of the city, where, in their own hired house, they held public worship. On Sundays a small class was held, and afterwards a sermon preached to a good congregation, a prayer meeting taking place every Thursday. Early the next year Mr. and Mrs. Harvard left for Ceylon with their newly-born son, whose baptismal register may still be seen at St. Thomas' Cathedral. In writing, therefore, of Wesleyan Methodism in Bombay, it is with no small gratification that the first part of India ever visited or trodden by a Wesleyan Missionary was Bombay, and that the place was thus early consecrated to the work of the Methodist Church by such noble missionaries.

The first direct appointment to Bombay was that of the Rev. J. Horner by the Conference of 1817, the Rev. J. Fletcher being sent out the following year as his colleague. Three years after their health gave way, they were invalided home, and the mission abandoned.

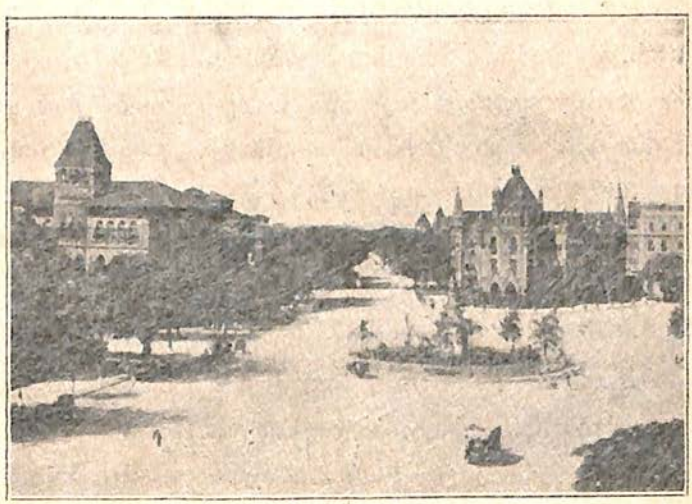
Attention was again drawn to Bombay in 1856 by a local newspaper, "wondering that there should be no Wesleyan Mission in either Calcutta or Bombay." In its issue of 27th January, 1857, the *Bombay Times* pro-

ceeded to answer the question, alleging various reasons, and concluding a sympathetic article in these words: "So aggressive and energetic is the spirit of this movement, that we do not doubt a Wesleyan Mission here would speedily be followed by a Wesleyan Chapel and Society, and it is perhaps desirable that such a mission should be established. It would probably gather to itself at once the greater part of the Indo-Britons of Bombay, for its constitution is admirably adapted to secure the confidence and love of the poor. It finds work for every man to do, as soon as he becomes its member, and makes him esteem himself by showing that the Church does so; and the old Wesleyan motto affords the surest index to the unparalleled progress of this great movement, 'at it, all at it, and always it.'" A few weeks after the appearance of this appreciative note, a godly sergeant and Methodist sent it to the Mission House with a donation of £5, and urging the immediate occupation of Bombay, in acknowledgment of which and other requests it was stated in the Missionary Notices that "it would become a subject of grave consideration whether the Wesleyan Missionary Society ought not to resume its long suspended missions in Calcutta and Bombay." This was in April, 1857, on the very eve of the mutiny, which led the committee the following year to resolve to send out ten additional missionaries. Unexpectedly Bombay was one of the first to receive attention.

At the Conference of 1858, the Rev. Benjamin Broadley was appointed to Ceylon, for which his name appears in the Minutes of that year; but on his arrival in Bombay in January of the following year *en route* thereto, he found letters awaiting him, in the hands of Dr. Wilson, of the Free Church Mission, directing him to see what facilities there might be for work among the troops in the Bombay Presidency, a step originally suggested by Dr. Rule, whom he had assisted at Aldershot previous to leaving England. The mutiny was just over, and in consequence of it, the English garrisons had been strengthened. Sir H. Somerset, the Commander-in-Chief, received him kindly and promised the countenance and help which he gave him all through the period of his command, a favour of no small value in days when Wesleyans as such were not recognized in the Army, and when, as Mr. Broadley himself testifies, and to whom I am indebted for these facts, a Wesleyan minister was only permitted to visit the military hospital when sent for, in contrast to the liberty and respect he now enjoys, equal to that accorded to the other recognized Churches. At the suggestion of the Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Broadley went to Poona, where he laboured for six months in co-operation with the Rev. James Mitchell, of the Free Church, and then acting Presbyterian chaplain.

From Poona, as a base, Mr. Broadley visited and

commenced work in Bombay, holding services in houses, rooms, etc., as occasion offered, including the disused Episcopal Church at Colaba, which, however, were not a success. Others were held at the Government coal depôt, peculiarly enough not two minutes' walk from, and within sight of, the spot where Methodism was to take permanent root and erect its Metropolitan church.



POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICES, ESPLANADE, CATHEDRAL SCHOOLS, AND FRERE FOUNTAIN.

At that time the depôt was on an island which was entered from the Grant's buildings side, the Apollo "reclamation" of the foreshore not having then taken place. Mr. Tinckom, in charge of the depôt, was a Wesleyan, and rendered much help, as did also Mr. Glover, Mr. Lodge of the Ice House, Dr. Fraser, then

of the Parsee Institute, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. McKenzie of the Dockyard, Mr. Chas. Jacka, now of Penzance, and others. The 28th Regiment was then stationed at Colaba, in which there were about forty members and a large number of adherents ; but not being declared as Wesleyans, there was no parade service for our own men. On the Sundays of his visits to Bombay Mr. Broadley generally preached in St. Andrew's Scotch church, or that of the Free Church, which was then without a pastor, the Rev. Geo. Cook being in charge of the former. He also conducted services at Byculla, Mazagon, and other places on the week evenings. At this time there was no Nonconformist service in Bombay, excepting the two Presbyterian churches and the Harbour Mission, which was also then Presbyterian, the chaplain of which, Mr. Rosie, strange to say, was a decided Calvinist. That prince of Bombay missionaries, the Rev. Geo. Bowen, who was then in his prime, gave Mr. Broadley much help and sympathy, as well as assisting in many of the services. The same might be said of the American (Mahrathi) missionaries, who had then, as now, no English work. The Back Bay had not then been reclaimed, and Colaba was connected with the Esplanade by a mole, while on the Esplanade, the old Fort with walls and ditches still stood, of which to-day there is nothing to remind us beyond the name attached to that particular locality.

Mr. Broadley, however, was not long enough either in Poona or Bombay to establish a permanent Church, for in September, 1859, nine months after his arrival, he was removed to Kurrachee, where he laboured with much acceptance and success to the British troops and the European population, of whom I have met more than one who remembered the services and the work with gratitude and pleasure. He visited Bombay once again in 1864, but that was only when he was in ill-health, and for which cause he had to return to England in the following year. Thus from 1859 to 1886 no name again appeared on the Minutes of Conference for Bombay, during the greater part of which, a period of twenty-seven years, the ground had lain fallow.

I received my appointment from the late Dr. Kilner on December 2nd, 1886, from which time Bombay has been officially attached to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. A petition, he informed me, had been sent to Missionary Committee asking for a minister, enclosing a subscription list of one hundred rupees a month, and saying that as soon as he arrived sufficient to maintain him would be immediately forthcoming. I shall not forget the unaffected and unpatronizing kindness of the doctor, whom I was to see no more on earth, nor his counsels nor his prayers when he bade me *bon voyage* in the s.s. *Ellora* in January, 1887. I shall not forget that voyage, for the boat broke down not

less than four times, and took no less than forty-two days on the journey. I had said good-bye to my wife and elder boy on shore, but as soon as we got out into mid-stream the steamer stopped, and we had to go back into dock for another night, every moment of which she was under repair.

Fortunately my wife had not left the docks, and she remained with me till next morning and accompanied me as far as Gravesend. At the North Foreland we broke down again, at Malta again, and what with being the only passenger on board, and a bad sailor into the bargain, I was glad when that voyage was a thing of the past. I went ashore both at Aden and Kurrachee, both of which ought to own to the presence of Methodism, if only in the interests of the soldiers and bluejackets.

I arrived at Bombay on February 22nd, ungreeted and unknown, entirely through my not getting a letter sent to me at Kurrachee. Fortunately I had studied on the way out both a guide to Bombay and a primer of Hindustani, and thus I already knew my way about Bombay, at least on paper, and so was able to land and direct the ghariwalla to the address already given me. There I received a hearty welcome from the Rev. Albert Fentiman, the Chairman of the District, and from my old college chum, the Rev. Joseph Parson, of Lucknow, Mr. J. Staples, and Mr. F. Pearcey. Neither of my ministerial brethren were familiar with the

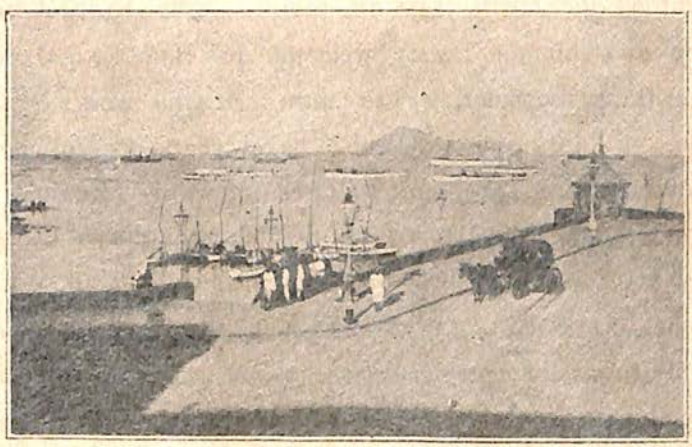
city, though they had lived in India for years, and we all smiled somewhat when I pointed out to them the various public buildings of the city. For other reasons I was thankful for the knowledge I had gained. I knew where I was from the beginning, and was able straightaway and intelligently to consider with my brethren the best centres for our work. After a good meal, we set down to a council of war or of wisdom, and before the day of my arrival had closed our plans were arranged.

Certain factors, already fixed, left room for very little liberty. In 1884 Mr. John Staples, a local preacher and an engine-driver on the G.I.P. Railway, and Mr. Frank Pearcey, a permanent-way inspector connected with the same company, commenced services in their own houses, respectively at Byculla in Bombay, and at Igatpura, eighty-five miles therefrom. At the following District meeting, the Rev. Joseph Parson, then residing at Jabalpur, 616 miles from Bombay, was instructed to visit the place quarterly. He says : " I cannot say that the arrangement of making Bombay an out-station of Jabalpur was much of a compliment to Bombay, or that it was, or was likely to be, a very successful arrangement. It would be just as much in place to make London an out-station of Plymouth. We were so occupied in Jabalpur, and Jabalpur was so far from Bombay, that we had no opportunity of working out beyond the narrow bounds of the then existing organiza-

tion. Still the day of small things was not to be despised. I felt the necessity of a more worthy representation of Wesleyan Methodism, and more than once urged the Missionary Committee to send out a minister. Others also urged the same petition. At length the Missionary Committee began to see there was some force in our arguments, and sent out the Rev. George W. Clutterbuck. It afforded me much pleasure, early in 1887, to meet him and give him a hearty welcome to Bombay. I do not think, considering the nature of the work before him, the Committee could have sent out a more suitable man. The work required foresight, a genius for organization, business capabilities, more than usual energy and activity, great powers of endurance, courage and faith. What has been already accomplished has, I think, proved the wisdom of their selection. Having recently visited Bombay (February, 1889), I have had a good opportunity of seeing for myself the present state of Wesleyan Methodism there, and knowing what it was up to two years ago, I am well qualified to make comparisons and to give my testimony as to the rapid and great progress that has been made."

But there was a third factor, and that the most important. My commission was to establish Methodism in Bombay, and with that object in view, and by request of the Army and Navy Committee I had been appointed chaplain to the

British soldiers of the garrison of Bombay, and to the sailors of the East India squadron and of Her Majesty's Troopers, the barracks of the one and the landing-place of the other being both at Colaba. There are three chief neighbourhoods in Bombay, the southern called Colaba, with the barracks at the southern extremity, with the Apollo Bunder and Fort to the north. The central portion



APOLLO BUNDER.

is the Fort or the City, with the Government buildings, prominent houses of business, etc.; while north of that again is the manufacturing district portion of the City, embracing many minor neighbourhoods, and particularly those of Byculla, Mazagon, and Parel. To be of any truly metropolitan benefit to the City, our chief centre therefore must be in the neighbourhood of the Fort or Colaba, and the military and naval work gave weight to the decision to fix

on the latter place. But there were other considerations which may not be out of place to mention. To-day there is a vast and rapidly increasing population in Colaba, but ten years ago there were no European houses, with the exception of the White House and Grant buildings. There were no Sirdars' mansions, no buildings on the Apollo Bunder, no Apollo Hotel, and none of the large European dwellings which now crowd the neighbourhood, and especially the Colaba Causeway. It required very little business prescience, however, to see that Colaba would rapidly develop, as indeed it has. What pleased us most, in considering its suitability for our work, was the absence of any church in the whole of Colaba, except the Garrison church within the Barracks' boundary, and a purely military church. Two older Churches were contemplating new buildings—the Scotch Free Church and the American Methodists. The former, we ascertained, were hoping to build in the Fort on the Hornby Road ; while the " Fort " church—as it was then called—of the American Methodist Church, was in expectation of a site on the Frere Road, also in the Fort, and situated further from Colaba than its then present place of worship. No one more thoroughly believes in Church comity and amity than myself, and it was with genuine pleasure we discovered we should not trespass in these respects. Judge, then, our surprise when, four years after, our American brethren, after in vain seeking for various

sites in the Fort, erected a very nice church on the Apollo Bunder, to hear it freely circulated that we, the Wesleyans, had come near to the American Methodists, when, as a matter of fact, they had come near to us. The personal relation of this is utterly immaterial to me, but I am constrained to point out that in deliberately and intentionally fixing upon Colaba we did it to avoid clashing with the interests of our Transatlantic brethren. There is, however, no disguising the fact that a very ignoble jealousy possesses, or did possess, a not inconsiderable section of that Church against Wesleyan Methodism throughout India, with the result that "not wanted" imputations against the work, etc., etc., were not only freely bandied about, but made our attempts, again and again repeated, to be brotherly to our spiritual kith and kin, painful and abortive. In its proper place I shall have no scant eulogy for them in this book, but here, and with regret I have to say, that in every step of advance we made throughout the Bombay Presidency it was with their covert and sometimes with their overt opposition.

Thus then we had three places to put on our first plan—Colaba and Byculla in Bombay, and Igatpura up country. The work at the two latter places was only in an infant condition, but our two brethren living there argued with some reason that while they agreed to commencing at Colaba and making it the centre, it must be on the

condition that the other two places were attended to as well. Untrammelled by any such considerations, I should have commenced at Colaba only, but this brief recital is the reply to some critics who deplored that a young and enthusiastic missionary should undertake so much at once. But had not these brethren been responsible for the request for a minister? Had they not guaranteed a hundred rupees per mensem to his support? In fairness or unfairness, therefore, able or unable, the pioneer missionary and Church had to shoulder this triple burden from the commencement. Unknown at the moment, a fourth was to be borne from the same time. The sanguine letter accompanying this subscription list assured the Committee that no more subscribers would promise until a minister were sent, but that as soon as he arrived on the ground, his full support would be forthcoming. There was of course no dishonesty, it was only the folly of brethren zealous in the work and ignorant of business; but in experience it was found that the hundred rupees represented every possible person who would be likely to subscribe, and that one at least promised in the hope he would never be asked for his subscription, and who at that time could not shoe his own little bairns. And yet to this baby circuit, without any plant, without any grant, with three places in it to begin with, willy-nilly, on the one hand; and on the other, the rent of premises, the need of plant at least costing £5,000, to say nothing of

the support of the ministry, the pioneer missionary was sent, as the writer, to his readily-to-be-forgiven amazement, only afterwards learnt, on the basis of self-support! This was the prospect, these were the conditions which we had to face, and had we, Jonah like, turned from our task, who could have blamed us? But this we did not do; with the unanimous support and approval of the brethren who met me on the day of my arrival, we shouldered the burden, we set to work, in less than a month our first circular asking for £5,000 was already issued, and the following pages describe in what measure we succeeded in the herculean task imposed on the young Church as well as in the other work into which we were providentially led.

The words of Lowell fitly express the resolve with which we entered upon the work :—

"Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime! . . .
We are not poorer that we wept and yearned;
Though earth swing wide from God's intent,
And though no man nor nation
Will work with full consent
In heavenly gravitation—
Yet by one sun is every orbit bent."

CHAPTER III.

COLABA.

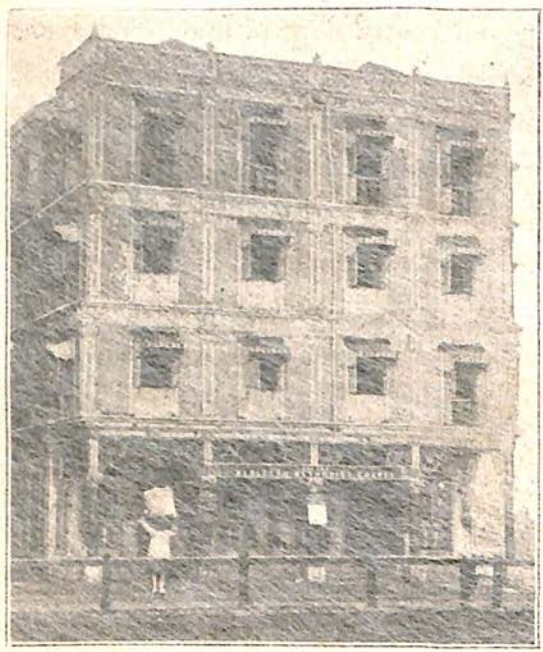
"From the glory and the gladness,
From His secret place,
From the rapture of His presence,
From the radiance of His face,

Christ, the Son of God, hath sent me
Through the midnight lands;
Mine the mighty ordination
Of the pierced hands."

COMMENCING with Colaba, Mr. Fentiman, with myself, made various attempts to rent a suitable place in which to begin operations, and at last hired the hall of the Y.M.C. Association, where we commenced on Sunday, February 27th, but we had barely held services for six weeks before we had a reminder that the place was undenominational, and a long tenancy was not desirable, and yet the same hall was afterwards let to another denomination for some eighteen months. In other respects our services at the rooms bring us no pleasant recollection, for they were all but a complete failure. At that time a large dwelling for European occupation was in course of erection on the Colaba Causeway, and

although neither doors nor windows were in we secured one half of the ground floor, including a room measuring 28 feet by 21 feet, which we furnished with a rostrum, china matting, and seats, and which we opened on Sunday, May 29th, for public worship. In September we took the other half of the ground floor, the landlord removing the dividing wall, and swelling our accommodation to 120 people. This increased our rent for the ground floor to £120, for which we were entirely dependent on the voluntary contributions of our then fluctuating congregation. But the step was soon justified, for the place began to fill, and for two years after it contributed largely to our growth and establishment in the city. The morning services were held at eleven o'clock, except during the hot season, from April to June, when they were held at eight o'clock. The evening service was held at six. When a trooper or a man-of-war was in harbour, the sailors would land and march to the morning service; the soldiers to the evening service. Throughout India the parade service is invariably in the morning, but we succeeded in obtaining the parade for the evening service, which the men much preferred, being in the cool of the day, and especially because they were not forced to fall in after the service, but could have their evening stroll, which they generally took in the neighbourhood of the Fort, to which our church was on

the way. After the evening service we had an evangelistic service for soldiers and sailors particularly, with cake and tea and coffee, and many were the happy evenings we thus spent in providing a home from home for the many lads thousands of miles away from those they held most dear.

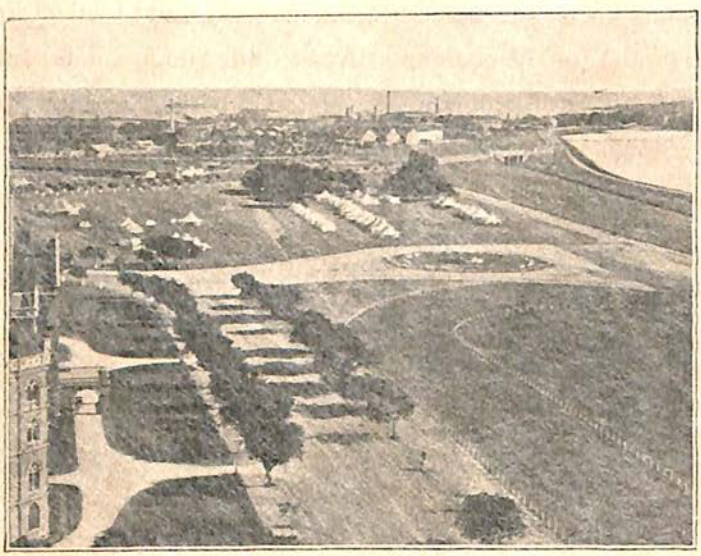


TEMPORARY CHAPEL AND MINISTER'S RESIDENCE, COLABA.

Very soon our church became a hive of industry, and of religious and social effort. A Sunday school, a weekday service for children, social gatherings and four-anna concerts, a high school for European boys and girls, which was opened in June, 1887, with a modest inaugural of one

mistress and three scholars, a medical mission to native women and children, and sundry other efforts. We had plenty to engage our attention, and to tax our resources. In November my wife and children arrived, and we moved into the right hand half flat at the top of the building in which we held our services. The Rev. J. H. Bateson, so deservedly well known now as the Secretary of the Army Temperance Association, in the summer of 1888, had just finished his work as chaplain to the Burma Expedition, for which he had received the medal, and was waiting for instructions as to what he should next do. He very kindly came to us in the interval, and during the whole of September we held a five weeks' revival mission, a fortnight each at Colaba and Byculla, and a week at Igatpura. What a time of blessing it was. Our chapels were packed, and the number of inquirers reached close on a hundred. Night after night we remained behind till nearly midnight, and sometimes after, on purpose to help burdened and sin-sick souls to Christ. But our very success was our embarrassment. Literally not more than a handful of workers, and with much other work demanding instant attention, we were unable to give that time to the new converts which was essential to their well-being. The net result therefore was not large, though we can never forget our indebtedness to Mr. Bateson, nor the blessing which descended so copiously in that month of months.

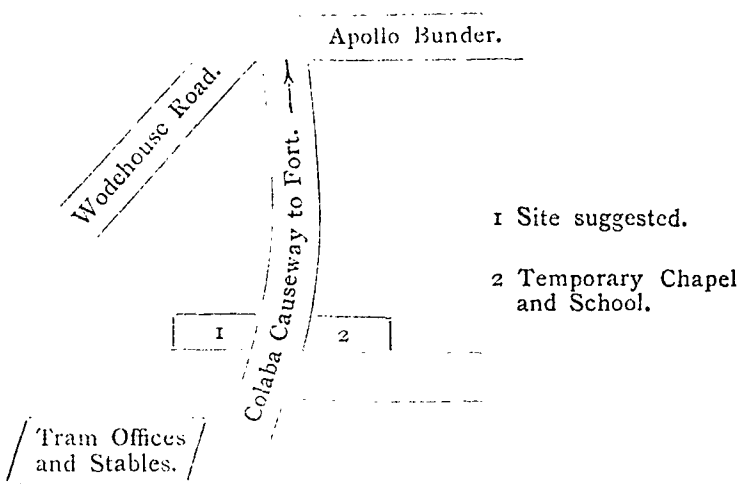
In the portion of Colabac ontiguous to the Fort, the land belongs respectively to the Government and to the Port Trust. The latter body controls the whole of the harbour waterways and adjacent lands, the docks, etc., and owns the land it does in Colaba owing to its reclamation of the foreshore from the sea, for Colaba was very different



COLABA (VIEW FROM UNIVERSITY TOWER, BACK BAY), WITH SECRETARIAT TO LEFT.

fifty years ago to what it now is, when the tide covered the land on both sides of the Colaba Causeway. Ten years ago the Port Trust was beginning to let off the land on lease, but on terms and conditions entirely prohibitive of our consideration at the time, and as it turned out afterwards, to our advantage. They would sell none of it, would only

lease for fifty years, which has recently been extended to a hundred, and on a ground rent at the rate of two rupees per square yard per annum, with the prospect therefore of saddling us with a ground rent for, say, 500 square yards of £70 to £100 per annum. That therefore was not to be thought of under any circumstances. We therefore turned to the Government. At first I asked for a site on the Wodehouse Road, but under date, 9th August, 1887, I addressed a letter to the Secretary to Government P.W.D., W. C. Hughes, Esq., with a drawing of which the one herewith is a copy, by which it will be seen that we then applied for the very site which afterwards we obtained.



My first application entreated Government to give us a site on which to erect a military and naval church, but

that was afterwards amended to cover also the minister's residence, the Colaba High School, and the Soldiers and Sailors' Home, which had become part of our work. The reply was that Government would be pleased to consider an application if we could state what price we were prepared to pay. My reply was that we could not pay anything, as we wanted the site to be given. The Government denied our right to any such grant. As is generally known, the Government of India is neutral in the matter of religion, and therefore gives grants of land to no religious bodies as such, but it very properly does so to certain churches which minister to its military, naval, and civilian servants, amongst which the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan only are officially recognized. In purely military cantonments the military authorities give grants of land to these churches, but on conditions they shall be handed back immediately if, and when, wanted. But here the land was under civil direction, and was very valuable. Locally, too, we were at this disadvantage, that the Bombay Government had never heard of Wesleyan Methodism; indeed, it was curious to observe the ignorance existing about us, and very humiliating sometimes. A lady once asked me if Methodism were a new sect; while a Staff Officer seriously said, "Let me see, you Wesleyans don't believe in the Old Testament, do you?" It was therefore a big claim to

ask for a free site, and it can hardly be surprising that two years passed in persuading the Government that we had any *locus standi* in the matter. Another thing contributed to delay us, and for a time to disconcert us. Bombay was growing so rapidly, and land still belonging to Government so decreasing in quantity, owing to its utilization for various purposes, that a Committee was appointed to consider the extension of Bombay, which at length reported amongst other things its recommendation that Government should give no more grants of land for the future. However, in 1889, the Provincial Government acknowledged our standing, and referred to the Supreme Government, which, while acknowledging the correctness of our contention, replied that it was its policy to grant sites to the Church of England only. I still persisted; and in July, 1889, had the satisfaction of learning that the local government had recommended the Government of India to grant us the piece of land we asked for.

Meanwhile our work went steadily on, but as time wore on we became very anxious. The raising of the rent for our premises, in addition to other expenses, was becoming a burden far too heavy for a young church to bear, and as our lease was to expire in October, 1889, and the landlord declined to decrease our rent, we decided to take a piece of land from the Government for the cold season, and erect a tent thereupon, in which to hold our

services, and another in which to live. The dry season in Bombay extends from October to May, and it is quite a feature of Bombay for military officers and civilians to hire a plot of land from Government and live in tents, which, under ordinary conditions, is a not unpleasant life, each tent having a double roof and sides, through which the air circulates. The act was not done without deliberation, and was considered the only one possible. First it reduced our rent by one half—it was on the site that we had asked Government to give us, and on which our permanent property now stands; but even so, though the arrangement was the best we could make, could we have remained in our old premises another year the subsequent events might have been very different. We had, however, come as a pioneer missionary, and we were prepared for all it was to cost us, and one comfort has at least been ours, that our successors and brethren have reaped the benefit of our sacrifice and toil, while we trust they will not be without the comfort and the stimulus which the contrast of their own position affords. The public was, of course, ignorant that we expected to build on the site; that could not be divulged at any cost then; and so whether they thought that from temple to tabernacle was a way to extinction we cannot say, but certainly our services were not so well attended as they had been, and notwithstanding one or two bright gleams through the darkness, it was literally the

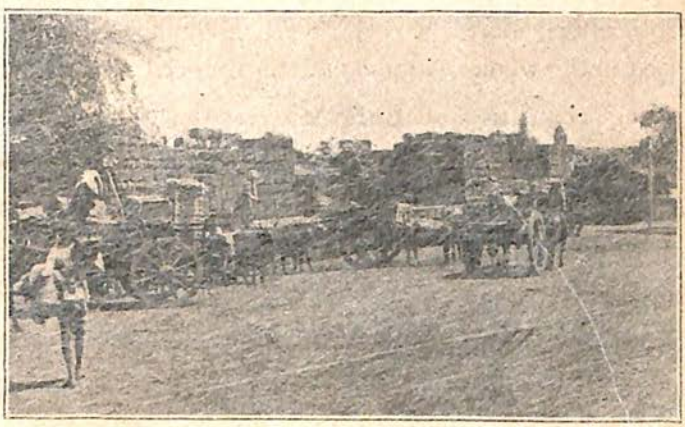
darkest hour of the night to us. Here it was, not because we lived in a tent so much, as that we were overdone with the care of the churches, that the seeds of my wife's malarial fever were sown. No sooner had we commenced services in the tent, than I was taken with scarlet fever in the adjacent one in which we lived, which was quite sufficient to scare away timid people. I was very poorly; I had just returned from the Bangalore Conference, and in going my rounds of the military hospital at Colaba, I visited two men who, unknown to me, had had scarlet fever on the way out from England. From them I caught it. Whether because this disease is not known in India I cannot say, but thankfully I had it so very lightly indeed, that, as I told the doctor, I had the scarlet without the fever. At that time, too, there were those who, probably taking the opportunity afforded by my being on my back, sought to damage our work in more ways than one. The outlook was dark, and as the year closed I almost trembled as to what the new year would unfold. And yet how often in that time of trial did I find comfort in believing and singing,

"Thou doest all things well,
God only wise and true,
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.
Soon finds each fevered day
And each chill night, its bourn,
Nor zeal need droop nor hope decay,
Ere rest or light return."

Truly, as I have ever found it, the darkest hour of the night presaged the coming morn, for the very first letter I received in 1890 conveyed to me the intelligence that the Government of India had definitely sanctioned the grant of our site exactly as we had asked for it three years before, and in such a position as to give us three frontages; one on to the Colaba Causeway opposite our late temporary chapel, and two on roads then not made but projected. The site thus granted us is one of the finest spots in Colaba and indeed in the whole of Bombay. Surrounded by a rapidly growing population of Europeans, within sight of the Elphinstone College students' quarters, containing provision for 350 native students, a congregation in themselves; not two minutes' walk from the Fort and the Apollo Bunder, where the men of the Royal Navy land; and only ten and thirty minutes respectively from the Sassoon Dock, where the soldiers fresh from England come ashore; and from the Colaba Barracks; with the tram passing the door and with a magnificent view of the sea both east and west, it forms a splendid centre for the Metropolitan Methodist Church for the whole of Western India, and of which Methodism may be justly proud.

Our next business was to see about building, for which the site had been given not a whit too soon. Our tent in which we were worshipping could only avail us till the rainy season, which might commence at any time after the

20th May. There was absolutely no other building that we could rent, and had there been, to have taken it would have put us into a financial condition from which extrication would have been impossible. On the shoulder of a babe a man's burden had been imposed, for such you will acknowledge to be the truth before you have finished my account; the wonder is that it was borne so long, so



COTTON GREEN, COLABA.

bravely, and so well by the young Church. Certainly many others would and have succumbed in similar circumstances, and but for the loving devotion and generosity of the few, Colaba would have gone the same way. We must either build therefore or shut up. This was the unanimous opinion. We must burn our bridge and boats and advance or give up ignominiously. The Bangalore Conference,

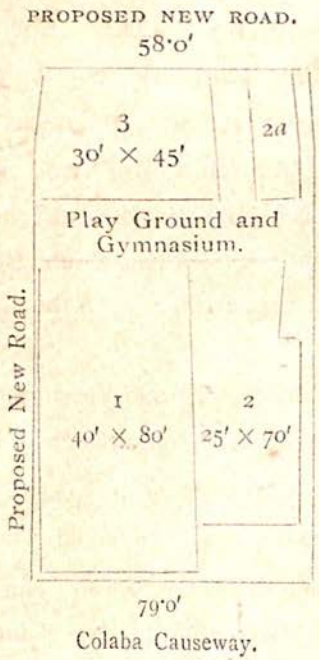
which gave a very gracious hearing to the account of the work, resolved, "That unless the General Committee is prepared to secure for the work in Bombay *that support which the circumstances of the case demand*, we see no other course open but to withdraw from that city altogether. Such a course would cause us the deepest regret, and we are of opinion that it should not be contemplated till every effort has been made to secure the requisite funds." The Lucknow District Synod, to which Bombay is at present attached, at its meeting in February, 1890, "congratulated the Society on the acquisition of such a site," and deemed my scheme for building "feasible, practicable, and the best that can be devised, *indeed the only one* by which Brother Clutterbuck can be made self-supporting." To this agreed every member in Bombay.

And what was this scheme? The site measured 600 square yards, which with its three-sided frontage was equal to much more. This was a free gift except for the Government seat-rents we relinquished, and which only brought in some two hundred rupees per annum, against which we received this piece of land worth Rs. 18,000 at least. An additional 300 square yards were bought from Government for the Soldiers and Sailors' Home for the nominal sum of Rs. 4,515, making 900 square yards in all, but, as will be observed, with a frontage specially granted and peculiarly suitable to our purpose.

The plan to which the Government readily assented is as follows :—

Parsonage (3 floors)	...	Rs. 20,000
Home (2 ,,)	...	Rs. 15,000
Chapel School (2 floors)	...	Rs. 30,000 to Rs. 40,000

arranged in the following way :—



1 Military and Naval Church, and Colaba High School.

2 School Chapel, and Parsonage. 2a Servants' Quarters.

3 Soldiers & Sailors' Home.

Scale 50 ft. = 1 inch.

This was the plan in all its completeness, for the fulfilment of which we obtained from the Government a period of five years, in which time we thought it possible to carry it through. Immediately, however, we only proposed to

erect No. 2 portion of the scheme, which, in addition to providing the minister's residence on the two upper floors, would temporarily house both church and school on the ground floor. To build this and the necessary servants' quarters would involve an expenditure of Rs. 20,000. That was the minimum outlay—what should we do? We had no money. The Missionary Committee, with a then diminishing income, was unable to help us. Prolonged correspondence was impossible, time did not permit of it. Forced to decision by force of circumstances and we might truly put first by the essential conditions of taking up Bombay—for from the commencement of the work we had realized the absolute need of generous outside assistance to give the mission a fair chance,—in March we accepted the responsibility of building ourselves, and which, though weighty at the time, was more than justified and will increasingly be so. I do not say that under normal conditions we should have been justified in acting as we did. I don't think we should, but we were *in extremis*, and nothing but an heroic remedy would have saved us. But for our then action, Methodism would have ended, as abortive as the previous occupations had. On the 18th March we signed the contract for the building, which was then proceeded with.

The Governor of Bombay at this time was His Excellency Lord Reay, whose period of service was drawing to a

close, and who would soon be leaving India for good, or until he should perhaps return as the Viceroy. As Governor he had acted with courage, uprightness, and impartiality, and with a strict regard for the highest welfare of the State. To his lasting honour he cleansed the augean stable of official corruption, and while it brought him the unrestrained vituperation of those who had profited by it, it secured for him the esteem and admiration of everybody on the side of the righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. He took a deep interest in missionary work, as indeed in all matters which affected the moral and spiritual well-being of the people under his gubernatorial sway. To him it was due that I, with the representatives of other missionary societies, had the honour of an audience with H.R.H. the late lamented Prince Victor. To me personally Lord Reay showed many kindnesses, which I shall never forget, and to which under God we owe much of the success which came to the work. As soon as I

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD REAY.

commenced my mission he encouraged me with a subscription, and repeated it on other occasions. I for one never omitted going to Government House when invited, whether to public reception or private dinner party. In India it at least represented a privilege as well as a duty to Her Gracious Majesty's representative; and to me it was an expression of my personal respect for their Excellencies Lord and Lady Reay themselves; but in doing so I never lost the ability to work harder than I had done before, nor the grace the next day or the same night if it were possible to greet and treat as a brother the humblest of my native or European flock. The privilege I had in these respects I ever placed at the service of my Divine Master, and the very favour shown to me only placed me under deeper obligation of courtesy and kindness to those unable to share it. Not unfrequently in this way I obtained an opportunity of speaking to the Secretary to Government and to others about our site under the most favourable circumstances. Still, I knew from one of the Secretaries, that but for His Excellency's interest, we should never have got our site at Colaba. It therefore occurred to me that while we could not build the church at Colaba, we could have the foundation stone only laid, a not unfrequent habit in India, and that it would be a fitting acknowledgment of the help he had rendered to ask Her Excellency Lady Reay to perform the ceremony. This

she did on March 14th, a few days only before their departure from India. It was a lovely day. A spacious awning had been erected for visitors, a canopy for their Excellencies; the site had been fenced in with canvas to the height of eight feet, while poles, with banners flying, erected by the help of loving friends, dotted the ground.

Punctually at the time appointed, the Governor and Lady Reay arrived, followed by their bodyguard. An address was presented to the Governor, after which Lady Reay laid the foundation stone, in which in a sealed copper canister was contained the *Bombay Gazette*, the *Times of India*, the *Harvest Field*, *Indian Methodist Times*, *Methodist Times*, *Methodist Recorder*, and *Methodist Record*, Report of Bangalore Conference, 1889, Bombay Circuit Quarterly plan, Report Bombay Mission, 1887-8, and the different silver and copper coins of India. The silver trowel was presented to Her Ladyship as a memento of the occasion. Returning to the canopy, his Excellency, on behalf of Lady Reay, said:—

"GENERAL BUGDEN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It has given Lady Reay very great pleasure to be allowed to lay the foundation-stone of another Church in Bombay. We have often had occasion to lay foundation-stones of hospitals; but those for whom this building is intended will, I hope, enjoy good health. But this building is intended, not to recruit physical strength, but to secure and increase spiritual growth. Speaking as Governor of this Presidency, it gives me great pleasure to be associated to-day in the beginning of this work, because it is part

of my duty to look after the well-being of our soldiers and sailors, and I am aware that both in Her Majesty's Army and Navy there are a good many members of the Christian Church belonging to this Branch. It is of the greatest importance that the church should be in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in the neighbourhood of the barracks ; and therefore Government did not hesitate in putting this site at the disposal of the Rev. Mr. Clutterbuck, who is the pioneer of the church in these parts. After the former fruitless attempt, and after a long interval of many years, I hope that you have struck root firmly on the spot, and that for many years to come this church will be a blessing to successive generations by adhering to the principles of its illustrious Founder. The number of institutions which will be clustered together on this site is so numerous, that I am almost afraid to forget one. I am glad to see that you are starting a High School for European children. It is important that as Colaba increases the numbers of its European population, and I think it is destined to increase them, if the views of Government with regard to the extension of Bombay are carried out, the educational institutions should increase in proportion. The recognition of its duty with regard to education has always been a prominent feature of your Church in England, and in the United States, and I am not surprised that you have accepted the responsibility in India. I am well aware how strongly in England your community hold the doctrine of denominational education, and I cannot forget that one of the foremost men in all educational controversy in England is also an eminent minister of your church, I mean my friend Dr. Rigg. When I get back to England it will give me great pleasure to discuss with him many of the educational problems of India, and he will, I know, be pleased to hear of the good work undertaken here to-day. In addition to the church and the school you will have the Home for the Sailors and Soldiers, and it is a very good thing that the Church and the Home should be in close proximity, whether the church leads to the Home or the Home to the church.

It will strengthen the ties of friendship which ought to exist between members of the same congregation and make it easier for them to put into practice what they have been taught in the church. I take it for granted that the preaching of the church will be of a thoroughly practical nature, because your address bears evidence of your determination to leave your mark on social intercourse, and therefore I am glad that this building will be so placed that the soldiers and sailors will have easy access, not only to the church, but also to the parsonage. I am aware that with the fortunate increase of the temperance movement among our soldiers and sailors, there are many who take a leading part in these institutions; and if these institutions are to prosper, it must be the soldiers and sailors themselves who are to make them a success by feeling at home within their walls. I am quite sure that if His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught had been in Bombay to-day, he would have honoured this ceremony with his presence, because our soldiers and sailors have a true friend in him. I hope that God's blessing will rest on the work you intend to carry out here, and that it may prove a blessing to all who will come under the influence of these institutions."

Brigadier-General Bugden, commanding the Bombay District, proposed a vote of thanks to her Ladyship, and thanked her himself on behalf of the Military.

Captain the Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, commanding the Flagship of the East Indian Squadron, the *Boadicea*, seconded the proposition, and thanked her on his part on behalf of the Navy.

Needless to say the proposition was carried with acclamation.

Our work in the tent meanwhile went plodding along with one or two specially interesting events. George Müller, of Bristol, having been in India for two or three years, came to Bombay on his way home, and arranged to give us services every night for a fortnight, most at Colaba,

one or two at Byculla. The tent was crowded, and a gracious influence rested on all. He is a fine old man, now nearly ninety years old, with the German accent as of yore. He insisted with much earnestness on the daily study of the Bible, told us he never read less than twenty chapters daily, and that only when he thus learnt to love the Word did he begin to grow in grace. While the services were in progress the German man-of-war, the *Carola*, was in harbour, and I suggested to Mr. Müller that he should hold a service in German. He willingly consented, and I wrote to the officer commanding acquainting him with the arrangement, and extending a cordial invitation to the service. To our surprise and satisfaction, although it was Saturday afternoon, some fifty men attended with three officers. It was a unique service, and one which I believe afforded to Mr. Müller a great deal of pleasure. The German civil community in Bombay is large, but alas! very few care anything for religion. If a minister knowing German could devote some time to them it would pay in every respect.

Another visitor who gave us much and generous help was Miss Von Finkelstein (Mrs. Mountford), who, in addition to an address in the tent, gave us a lecture at the Town Hall on the "Bedouins of the Desert," which brought nearly £20 to our building fund, since she would not take even her expenses. Miss Finkelstein was born in

Jerusalem, where she became familiar with the customs of the people. When twenty years of age she was in America, and heard a lecture by Ingersoll ridiculing the idea of going through the eye of a needle. Recognizing his ignorance, and finding it not at all exceptional, she resolved to turn lecturer and tell the people about Bible manners and customs, which she has now done for many years with great success.

Amongst our Methodist visitors were John Clapham of Manchester, John Coates of London, and the late W. P. Griffiths of Bromley, who all helped us most generously, Mr. Griffiths in addition preaching a sermon on Rev. ii. 17, which blessed many.

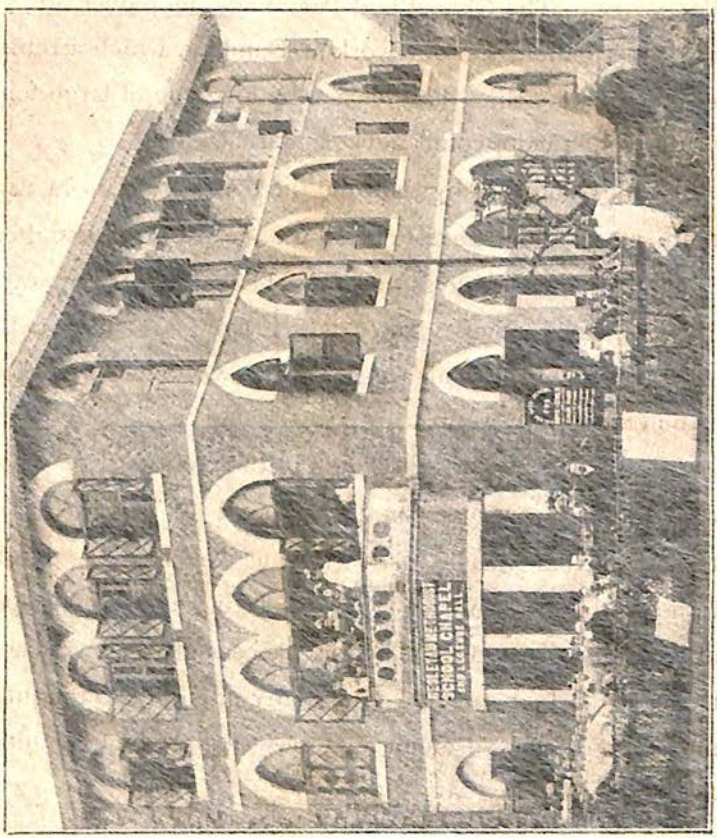
From the time our building contract was signed to the beginning of the monsoon at the end of May, we only had two and a half months in which to erect a stone building of three floors, the foundations of which had to be carried down seven feet. It was hardly possible to do it, and the hope was entirely extinguished by the loss of a fortnight in April, when the works were temporarily suspended. The last day of May but one came, and being a Saturday the tent was taken down in preparation for the monsoon, because its owners would not risk its being damaged by the rain. We were without a church, and our condition at the moment forced upon our minds what a plight we should have been in had we had no building in prospect.

Fortunately the ground floor of our new building was covered in, and although without doors and windows we determined to worship in it on the morrow, especially as the monsoon was not expected for some days. Usually it breaks at Colombo some fifteen days before it reaches Bombay, and as it had only broken on the 23rd May we felt quite secure on that point. But alas, the unexpected happened in our case as it does in others. When the evening service had just begun the rain commenced, and in five minutes it came down as it only can in the tropics. First here, then there, and by the time the service was over, the rain had found its way through the flooring over our heads, and for the protection it gave us it might as well have been the open sky. The storm turned out afterwards to be a cyclone. From this time to the completion of the building we suffered similar inconvenience, though less and less as it reached the finished condition. The incident, however, illustrates what we had to pass through, and yet the providence of God. Had we retained the tent over the Sunday, as I wished to do, it would have been spoilt, and we should have been responsible for its value of some two thousand rupees, besides which it would have been impossible to worship in it. The giving up of the tent was thus a significant and symbolic act. It indicated in a very real sense that our uncertain wanderings were at an end, that we had passed the Jordan of our

difficulties, and were in possession of our promised land, our tabernacle was replaced by our temple.

At length the building was roofed in and finished, and the opening services took place on Sunday and Monday, August 4th and 5th, the photograph on the next page being taken on the latter day, when the place was crowded to its utmost capacity. Assisting the photographer to focus the picture I had not the pleasure of being taken with my *chef d'œuvre*, but I had the greater joy of beholding the completed work, and the immense gathering of the people, many of whom, having stood to the south of the building, are not shown in the picture.

The Rev. A. Fentiman, the Chairman of the District, whose brotherly sympathy and help I received all through, preached the opening sermons, and he naturally has the place of honour in the photograph. The architecture is neat but without extensive ornamentation, and so designed that it should show up the greater beauty of the permanent church when erected at its side. The external walls are of stone, the corners and quoins of coursed blue stone, and the rest of the walls of faced random rubble blue stone, with facing and dressing of white Porebunder stone. In the District Report for 1890 there was the following gratifying paragraph : " The combined building of a School, Chapel, and Parsonage at Colaba was opened and occupied in August last. It was just what was needed, and the cost,



SCHOOL CHAPEL, AND PARSONAGE, COLABA.

about Rs.20,000, is regarded by many who know as cheap for such a building in Bombay. The saving effected in the payment of rent is at least Rs.200 per mensem, which, apart from interest, will cover the expenditure in eight or nine years. The Chapel and Parsonage, moreover, give a look of permanence to our work at Bombay, which a rented house and preaching hall, varied by a couple of large tents on the Esplanade, could never inspire."

We may add that by the time the opening services were over, more than one fourth of the entire cost had been raised. As no struggle in our short history was comparable to this, so no other victory was. Not only was such a building essential to our progress, but without it we should as inevitably had to give up the whole of our hardly fought and dearly won campaign. What the conquest of Sedan was to the Germans, or the capture of Jericho to the Israelites, this was to us. With it we have a natural terminus to our work in Western India, and the prospect of a continually and increasingly successful work. Success, however, as Jean Ingelow and many others have taught, is not our business, so much as to deserve it, which is indeed, the greater of the two.

"I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to *discover* and to *do*,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.
I will trust in Him
That He can hold His own."

CHAPTER IV.

BYCULLA.

Men cannot know from whence they came,
Else they would never call the sun
Or moon their god. They would not bow
To idols made of clay, or mud
Baked in the fire. No image made
Of stone or wood, no linga stump
Built up of earth and made by hand,
Could ever seem divine to one
Who knew he came from God.

. . . . . .

How mad are ye who offer praise
To carven stones! as if such things
Could fitly image God most high!
Can He be but a dirty stone?

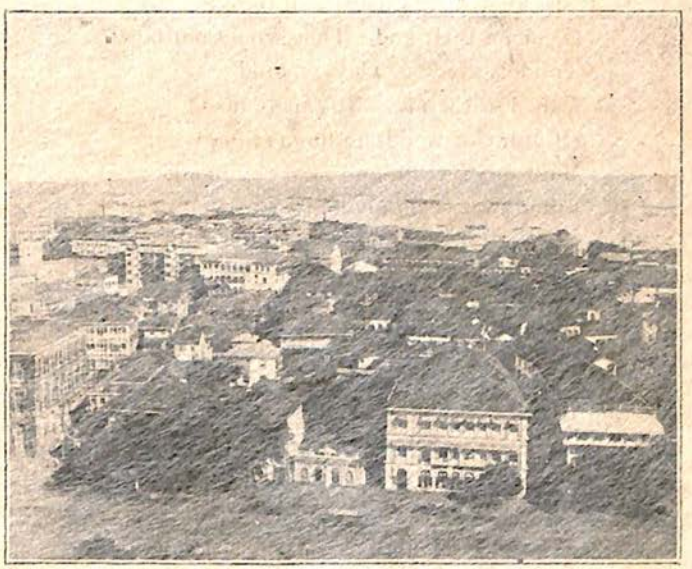
. . . . . .

Who teach that copper, stones, or wood
Are gods, and also those who follow them,
Shall never reach the blessed home,
But perish in the seven dark hells.

PATTANATTU, a Tamil Poet, 10th Century.

As visitors to India we want to see the people in their homes and at their businesses. When this fit seizes us we are, let us say, at Colaba. What shall we do? The tram passing the door is painted "Colaba and Victoria Gardens." We shall do well to get into it, for there is no better way

of seeing the place and the people. Rapidly we pass down the Rampart Row, from which the last vestige of rampart was removed a few years ago, admiring *en route* the European hotels and establishments, and especially the Government buildings and railway termini; for we not only get a glimpse of the new terminus of the B.B. and



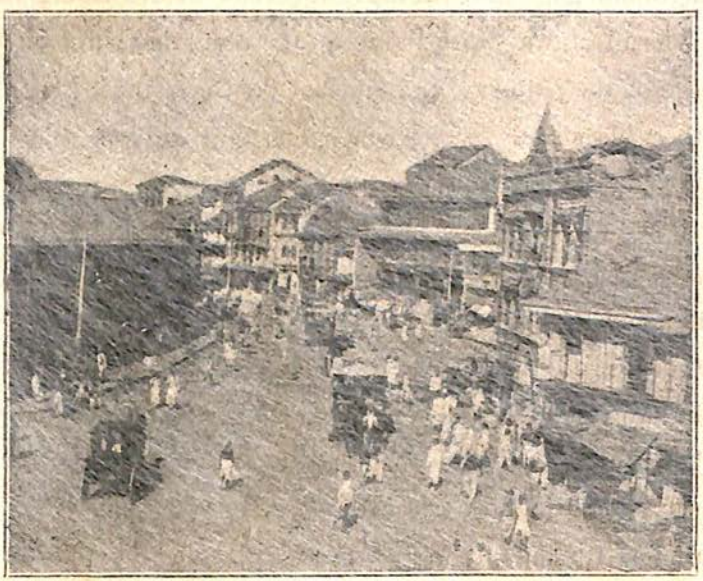
VIEW OF TOWN AND HARBOUR FROM RAMPART ROW.

C.I. Railway at Church Gate, but having reached the Hornby Road, named after a Governor who built the Vellard, the term by which it was then known, on the right hand we are wonderstruck with the magnificent proportions of the Victoria Station; and on the left by the Corporation buildings and a beautiful vista of trees dotted here and

there by begardened colleges and hospitals. Now we are where four ways meet, and the Crawford meat, fish, and vegetable markets, cool, beautiful, and equal to any in Europe, serve the populace of Bombay with their edibles. But now the scene is changed, and from broad thoroughfares and semi-European surroundings we drive along "Abdool Rahman Street," a narrow, congested, but exceedingly busy artery about a third of a mile in length. You are now in the native town, and the name of the street would indicate a somewhat Mohamedan population. Beggars innumerable, some of them lepers, and many of them hideous to look at, have whined for *taura taura pisa mem saheb*—(I give the colloquial pronunciation) "a little little money, good lady"—and now you busily scan the shops and the shop people. The former are all open to the front, with no windows, and no great display of goods. And yet they are all busy. Here is a native draper showing to his European customer the mill's brand to guarantee its English origin. There is a grain seller with, perhaps, a passing cow helping herself complacently from the grain basket from which the religiously-scrupled shopkeeper is afraid to drive her away. At another the master is performing his morning toilette in the presence of the public, which doesn't disturb him, or, as we have ourselves seen, a disciple of the Jains, with similar nonchalance, maybe, cleaning her child's hair and dropping the live

insects on the ground, because, since life is sacred, she would as soon take her own life as that of the harmless flea. Just here is the Copper Bazaar, where the country copper-cooking utensils are sold, and which your travelling tinman re-tins periodically, if your cook does not forget it and you are not poisoned as the result of his carelessness. One or two large shops for the sale of gas pipes and water pipes and manufacturing utensils and tools of all descriptions, tell you the modern spirit has invaded Bombay; while here and there grog shops, grocery stores, etc., with a very occasional private house, bring us out into a larger place called Pydhownie, where the native town still continues, but where the impress of the European, in wider streets and more uniform elevations and proper pavements, is to be seen more conspicuously the further you go. Just by is a massive stone building, in the very midst of native houses of grotesque architecture and dirty yellow fronts, and the presence of one or two Sepoys tells us it is the Police Station. Within sight are two JAIN temples, while away to the left is the Mumbadevie Tank, after which Bombay is said to be named. But continuing northward we enter Bhendi Bazaar, or Parel Road, with a Mohamedan mosque to the left, and with devotees going in at all hours to say their prayers as they stretch themselves on the ground at full length. But what a sea of life, bewildering in the extreme. Your guide, an old resident, begins to describe

the people. That is a Musalman, a Hindoo, a Parsee, an Armenian, an Arab, perhaps confounding confusion by pointing out Mahrathi or Bengali, Pathan, Sikh, Afghan, etc., etc., until you wonder how he can possibly distinguish them in this way, and whether or not this description is at all true. But it is. Nationalities of all the world are



PYDHOWNIE.

represented here, and jostle one another, courteously or discourteously, in the crowd. A jargon of tongues goes on incessantly. Few women are to be seen, except of the poorer class, and a few Mohamedan women, who look curious in their white dress, or overall, which goes over their head and envelops them completely, except at the eye-holes. The

dresses both of men and women, as well as of the boys and girls, defy description, whether of colour, cut, or contour. All the colours of the spectra are to be found here, the brilliant hues predominating, making an ordinary day scene under the cloudless sky a living romance to the European fresh from western and more sombre, and certainly more uniform, surroundings. And yet along this road we are riding in a modern tramway, with the telegraph poles and wires on the edge of the pathway, and other evidences of the invasion of other ideas and visions which one day will rob India of much of its old world picturesqueness. A minute more and we are in the neighbourhood of Byculla, with the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital and Grant Medical College, the Iron Works of Richardson and Cruddas, the New Byculla Bridge and Railway Station ; Christ Church and the Education Society's Orphanage on one side, and the Scottish Schools on the other, while in the grounds below the bridge is a little bungalow, which in 1886 was used as a preaching hall for the Wesleyan Methodists. In a minute we will come back, but we want to see the Victoria Gardens, a little farther on on the right hand, belonging to the Corporation, and partly facing the Byculla stables of the Tramway Company. We could go further, because beyond are Chinchpoogly, Parel, Dadur, Matunga and Sion, before the limits of Bombay are reached, but we must be content with a look at the Technical Institute,

which was founded by Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, Bart., Bombay's Parsee millionaire philanthropist, and which takes the place of the Elphinstone College, which, once domiciled here, has found a newer and a more pretensious home at the Oval facing the Apollo Bunder.

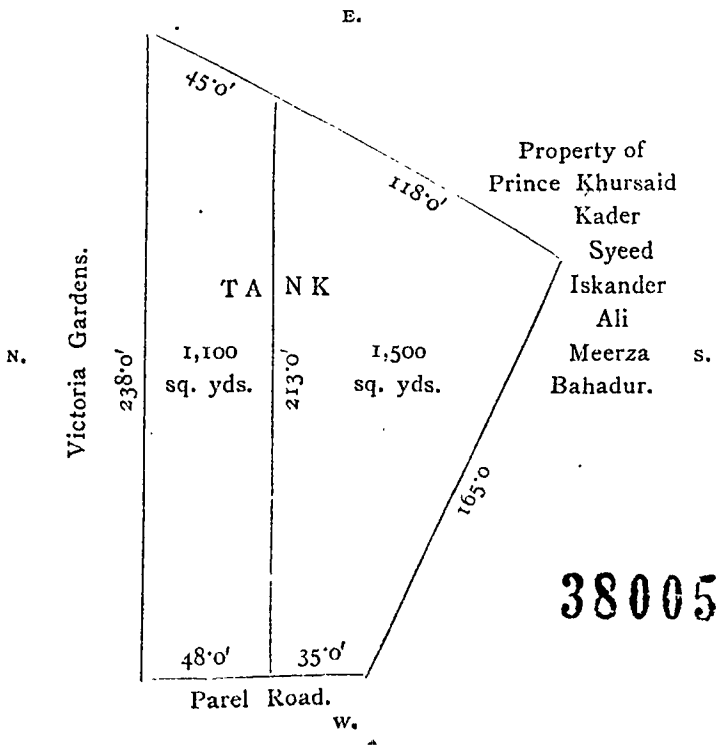
When the first band of Wesleyan missionaries early in the century went to Parel to stay with the Governor, Byculla was in the country, with large gardens everywhere. Now it is fast being converted into one of the busiest manufacturing parts of this huge city. The largest ironworks of the Presidency, and probably of India, employs thousands of hands; on its borders at Parel the two railway companies possess repairing and constructing workshops of growing magnitude, whilst away to the east is Mazagon, a very seethe-pot of industry, with its magnificent docks, warehouses, shipwrights, etc., etc. But Byculla is the Bacup or Burnley, or rather a miniature Lancashire, with its hundred cotton mills, more or less within its boundaries and certainly within its sight. Each of these mills, except where the Parsees have ousted them, has a European manager, European engineers and foremen, and the parallel positions in the railway workshops are similarly held. The G.I.P. Railway particularly employs only European guards and drivers to its engines; the Bombay police, superintendents, inspectors and policemen are all whites; only the constables—the rank and file—being

natives, many of whom find their residence and home in Byculla, which thus presents a very fine field for evangelistic labour, both native and European.

Mr. and Mrs. Staples, who commenced the work here, are now in Canada, but he was an engine driver on the G.I.P. Railway, and was respected and known by his comrades as a single-minded Christian. When I arrived in Bombay and preached at Byculla I found a little room some fifteen feet square, with a table and chairs and some twenty people. There were six members of society, and a thousand rupees had been collected towards a building fund. But at the best the place was a makeshift, and little or no progress was possible unless we got into better surroundings and in more suitable quarters. Once fairly under weigh at Colaba I spent some time at Byculla inquiring about vacant land which we might purchase, since there was no public building available which we could hire. I kept to the main thoroughfare, the Parel Road, for I believe in the very best positions for the Lord's work, but after weeks of inquiry and disappointment I was driven almost to despair. The very lowest price that I could get land for was at fifteen rupees per square yard, and as it belonged in every instance to natives it meant money down, which, beyond our little fortune of a thousand rupees, we could not do. In every town in India, and of course in Bombay, there are what are called "Tanks," but which we in England would term ponds or reservoirs of

water, and which are used by the natives for bathing, washing and drinking purposes, so that ordinarily, and especially in the hot season, the effluvia is so repelling that a European will find his handkerchief useful and essential, especially if it have a little *Eau de Cologne* sprinkled on it. In places, however, where a water supply has been provided, as was the case in Bombay, these tanks, as also the many wells which were once so invaluable, have become useless and offensive and in many cases have been filled up and built upon. In the course of my peregrinations I had observed a pond adjoining the Victoria Gardens, but not having been long in India and these facts not being so familiar to me as they now are, I gave no more thought of the pond as a suitable investment for a building site than I should of a piece of water at home. Now, however, I was at my wit's ends, and I had to deliberate what I should do, when the idea came into my mind to inquire about this identical tank. Necessity is the mother of invention. This counted for something, but Divine guidance had been asked for and was doubtless given. No sooner thought than done, for prompt action following mature decision I hold to be a vital condition of successful effort in anything. Going therefore to the property on the south side of the tank, where some buildings were in course of erection—the Victoria Gardens being on the north side—I asked the *maistri* or foreman I saw there as to whom the tank belonged. He said he

thought the Corporation. Within half an hour I was at the municipal offices interviewing the executive engineer, who not only confirmed my information but said he thought the Corporation would be willing to sell it, and was good enough to suggest the price he imagined they might accept for it. I went home and sent in my formal application for it the same day, the 11th May, 1887, in a letter the copy of which I have before me. A rough description of the plot at this point will assist the reader, and if he will refer to the plan drawn to scale he will quickly grasp the salient features.



The boundaries explain themselves. The area of the tank measured 2,600 square yards, 600 of which were dry land, the remaining 2,000 being submerged under about twelve feet of water. Although I had inquired about the tank in the most casual way the quick-witted *maistri* had evidently informed his master, Prince Khursaid, whose property came right up to the tank, about my call, for within a day or two of my own application he sent in one himself, offering to buy the tank at a price only less than mine by a few pounds. Up to that we had two points in our favour, prior application and higher price. Having taken the bearings of the whole case I wrote to the Missionary Committee that I had offered for the tank and detailing what I wanted to do with it should it be sold to us, which was that we should reclaim it and sell off the portion that we did not want. That I was so sure of the enhanced value it would have after reclamation, that if they would lend me £1,000 temporarily, out of the proceeds of the portion I would pay for the whole, repay the loan, have £500 in hand and a freehold site into the bargain sufficiently large for our purpose. Unfortunately the committee declined to do so, and perhaps not unreasonably—in view of such a statement—thought I had got a little excited.

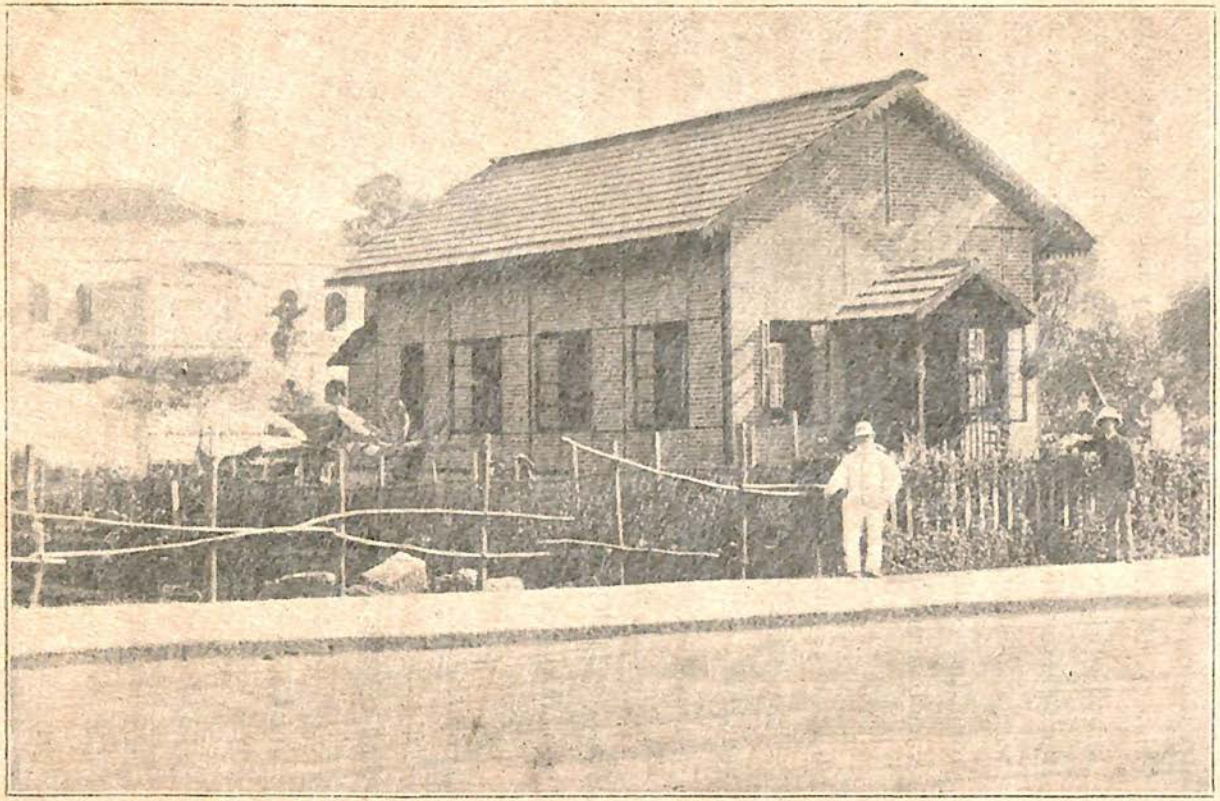
In the interim the Corporation inquired of the Nawab if he would increase his offer, but he declined to do so, the reason which was suggested to me being that years before

the Corporation did offer it to him and he would not have it, and he therefore possibly thought he would again get the refusal or perhaps that his price was quite safe. In August, in reading the Corporation's proceedings of the previous day in the *Bombay Gazette*, I learnt that they had sold the land to us, the price being £728 for the tank as it was. My success, however, brought me embarrassment, as success always does and always will, though sometimes it seems difficult to understand why, for although the tempting fruit was placed within my reach I was really unable to take it, for I only had one tenth of the amount required for the purchase, and the help I had sought from home had failed me. What should I do? Should I let it go and allow an opportunity to slip which might never occur again. Such seemed the inevitable, for we were a young church in Western India, little known and with no credit in the money market, and even if we had, money on churches and church work in India outside of interested friends was at that time almost impossible, and still is to a great extent, and owing to which thousands of rupees are annually lost in rent when properties ought to be purchased. But dare we go back? Had we not made it a matter of prayer, and was not God's finger pointing us onward? Such were my thoughts. I was in a dilemma, and I confess that both at that time and at the various "crises" which came to us in the process of our establishment, and which, thank God,

can never recur, I was often tempted to give up the work, and would have done so but for the consciousness of God's hand upon me for good. Single-handed, the nearest minister to me six hundred miles away, and confronted with that insidious and damaging opposition which seems to attend every extension of God's work, and proceeding, I regret to say, so frequently from Christians themselves, it was a task from which my flesh shrank again and again. But what has been may be, and I conjured up in my mind the memory of God's dealings with me in the past and I felt strengthened. My brother and sister, do you ever despair; your hands hang down or your knees become feeble in the Master's work? Take my word for it, nothing will help you so much as putting down on a piece of paper the outline of the Divine blessings of which you have heretofore been the recipient.

I therefore went to the Municipal Commissioner, told him my position, asked him to accept the thousand rupees, requested immediate possession and permission to sell off the portion, and begged the longest grace he could give me in which to pay the balance. Very kindly he granted all my heart's desire, and allowed me till the end of the financial year in the following March to pay the balance. How considerate, how helpful, chiefs and subordinates alike, were the municipal authorities, I cannot with sufficient thankfulness record. I thanked him for his consider-

ation and withdrew. I then entered into a contract for the tank to be filled in, the filling in being broken rubble stones at the bottom of the tank for a height of five feet, and above that to the pavement level, red morum earth, for £400, which brought up the cost to £1,128; and erecting a temporary structure we commenced services in October. In November, and while I was wondering as to how I should dispose of the portion we did not require, I received a letter from the Tramway Company offering to buy it for £1,200, subject to approval from the Board of Directors in America. Surely, I thought, God is indeed honouring our faith, and intimated my willingness to accept it. This brought me up to the beginning of March, when they declined to proceed further with it. The agent of the Prince Khursaid then asked me my price for it, but natives are always slow at bargaining, and with March 31st staring me in the face, there was no time for delay or prolonged negotiation. I must, therefore, put it up to auction, trusting to realize a good price. The day arrived. The auctioneers in Bombay are mostly Parsees, and call out both in English and Guzerathi. Very slowly the bidding went on. Two rupees a square yard was offered, then two rupees and a half, a good local preacher bidding in our interests up to the limit of our reserve, until finally it was knocked down for Rs. 8.15 annas a square yard—which in English money amounted to £950



BYCULLA CHAPEL, WITH RESIDENCE OF PRINCE KHURSAID IN REAR.

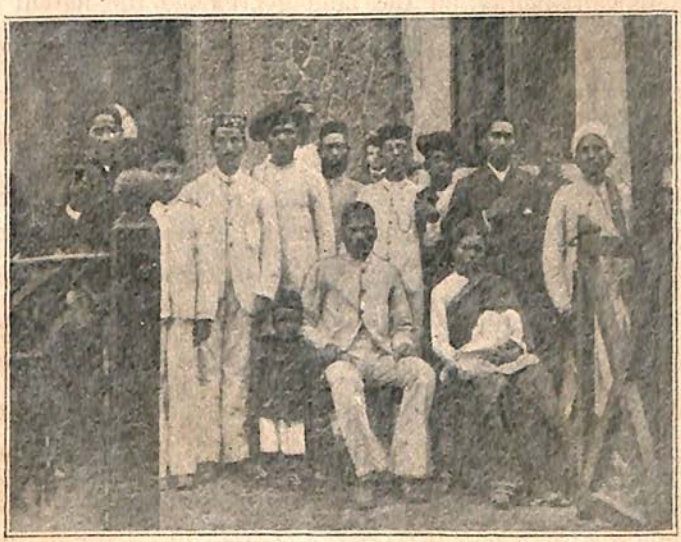
for the 1,500 square yards—to a suspicious looking native, whom neither the auctioneer nor any one else seemed to know. It is needless to describe the intervening weeks to the time of settlement, nor how I pacified the Corporation with a considerable amount on account, which I borrowed from the National Bank of India, whose courteous but very business-like manager, Mr. H. Chalmers, helped me in this way once and again, though sometimes with hesitancy, which was not unnatural, considering we had at that time so little real security to offer. Suffice it to say that on the same day on which I received the purchase money from the buyer and handed him his deed, I paid the Corporation the balance of what we owed them and received our deed. The nett result of the transaction was that we obtained our freehold site of 1,100 square yards, which, being of the shape shown and adjoining the Victoria Gardens, was by far the better piece of the two, even allowing for the difference in area. Its nett cost to us was £178, while its value to us, at the very price I had been asked for land in first going into the neighbourhood, viz. fifteen rupees per square yard, returned itself at £1,178, or in one word we had gained or saved a thousand pounds in the transaction. How thankful we were to God for His manifest blessing, which was in no small degree intensified when we learnt who the buyer was, none other than the Prince Khursaid himself! who thus gave for the

less valuable half £950, or only £178 less than he could have got the whole for had he been willing at the first to increase his price a little in advance of ours. The Nawab personally is a very nice and well educated gentleman, speaks English fluently, and has visited England more than once, but to us it was Mahomedanism versus Christianity, for the land overlooked the harem of his mansion, as it does to-day—and so we put it in our request for the Divine blessing.

Gathering assuredly that the Lord who had so markedly shown His favour and opened the way had a grand work for us in the neighbourhood to do, we commenced the erection of the chapel shown in the sketch. The opening services were conducted in May, 1888, by Major-General A. H. Campbell, of Secunderabad, and the work since has abundantly justified our anticipations. The genius of Methodism specially suits the class of people to be found in Byculla, so that our English services were very successful, and time and again I have preached there with the place full to overflowing, and people even sitting in the vestry behind. Our best English Sunday school is at this place. Here we regularly had moonlight concerts in the compound, which, in the gloaming of an oriental evening, were greatly enjoyed, and contributed much to the popularity of our work. Just as we had the chapel in erection, Mr. David Christie, an engineer, arrived from Glasgow,

and from that time, and later still with his devoted wife, has rendered invaluable service to the cause, as also Mr. T. Redmayne, Mr. A. Shore, Mr. T. Sweeney, as well as many others whom I might name.

The *Lingua Franca*, or common tongue in Bombay, as in other parts of India, is *Hindustani*, and it will continue to



NATIVE MAHRATHI MEMBERS, BYCULLA.

be so until English ousts it. But the two chief languages of Western India are Mahrathi and Guzerathi, for out of a population of thirty-three millions in the Presidency, Mahrathi accounts for 18,892,875, and Guzerathi for 10,619,789, according to the last census, Guzerathi being the commercial, Mahrathi the Brahminical language of the

West. And yet up to the time of our mission Wesleyan Methodism had not a single worker amongst the whole of these teeming millions, and even when we moved in the matter, certain of our own brethren actually suggested we should keep only to English work. If one desire more than another urges me on in writing this book it is that a very real interest may be awakened in the conversion of the native races of the Bombay Presidency. I for one could never be content to live in a heathen country and minister only to my own kith and kin; indeed I cannot conceive the right of a Christian church to existence that does not locally and generally heartily enter into the work and privilege of evangelizing the heathen populations by which it is surrounded. It was this feeling that led me in September, 1887, to engage the services of a young Mahrathi Christian about eighteen years of age as our first native evangelist or catechist, more because I did not want to lose one who had shown an attachment to us, than how best to employ him. For a time he preached and laboured at Igatpura, but on opening Byculla I decided that he should make it his centre. Samuel Rahator was born in a Christian home, his father having been converted from Hinduism previously. He is a "rajput," the Rahators being a caste of good standing. The employment of Samuel and the necessary expenses of the native work was a burden we could ill bear, and for

this reason we were often tempted to close it, and which we should have done but for the heavier burden of unsaved souls. There is one very grave defect in native mission workers, and that is the general absence of a spirit of fidelity to the particular mission to which they are attached. The ordinary evangelist is such because it affords him employment, and not infrequently he leaves without scruple if another mission offers a rupee per month additional, which may afford one reason why our missions are not more successful, a vital condition of which is a settled and faithful agency. Let no one think this is an attack. My native brethren who know me will free me from such a suspicion. It is the simple truth. The older missions fare somewhat better, and some of our own districts can now say that their agents are all of their own growing. On the other hand we noted that another district was manned without exception by agents of another mission. Though the Evangelists are most to be blamed, "purloining" and "decoying" by the missions themselves has not been unknown. If people at home only knew how poor were the tools we worked with, morally and spiritually, the surprise would be very great that we should retain such agents with us, but after a lengthened residence in the country, we learn to sympathise rather than to blame, to instruct and encourage rather than scold and dismiss. Whilst, however, the facts are as described, both the quality and

quantity of their work suffers, for instead of working all the hours they can and putting into the labour a high-souled devotion for the love of the perishing, they measure their service by the rupees they get, and by the hours of labour of those in secular employ. Commercial principles are not sufficient in spiritual service, and missionaries cannot labour too zealously in training men who by devotion and zeal will be worthy of comparison with our rank and file at home. In general this was Samuel's deficiency. A good fellow, converted, I had no doubt, but untrained as to what was involved in coming into the Lord's work, as he afterwards frequently acknowledged. Many were the hours I spent in instructing him, and was so often dispirited by the apparent fruitlessness of my task as to be on the point of dismissing him. In this condition of things there was no result to his labour. But his consecration came, and prosperity in the work followed, six baptisms from heathenism taking place in the immediately succeeding two years, all of whom I baptized. These converts were all genuine conversions from heathenism, and demonstrate that the conversion of the heathen is neither impossible nor the sham that some people suggest it is. One we baptized we gave the name of *Lal Sing* to, a bright lad of some sixteen years. After a probation of some six months we deemed him worthy of baptism, which was administered one Sunday morning at Colaba in the presence of the

European congregation. The male Hindoo shaves his head except at the crown, where he allows his hair to grow long and forms it into a plait or knot. This fashion is full of religious significance, for by it he is to be taken up into heaven, a method which suggests to me the words "I pray thee have me excused"! This, therefore, we require to be cut off. We learn that the same habits and ideas prevail

REV. SAMUEL RAHATOR AND NATIVE SCHOOL BOYS, BYCULLA.

in the South Seas * and may be of common origin. I had asked Lal Sing as to his knowledge of the commandments, the Lord's prayer, his faith in Christ, and, with the scissors on the desk, I asked him if he would have his hair cut. For a moment he hesitated, for he knew it was parting with the last vestige of heathenism. Consenting, I cut his

* From Darkness to Light in Polynesia, p. 330. Rev. W. W. Gill, D.D., Religious Tract Society.

hair and then baptized him. After that he was sent to Lucknow for two years' training, and then returned to Bombay as an evangelist to work with Samuel Rahator. Soon we had a native school of forty boys of all castes, in the receipt of a Government grant, and where the children were taught the Bible and Christian hymns without exception. Samuel Rahator preaches in Mahrathi and Guzerathi, speaks English and Hindustani also, is the master of the native school, preaches in the open air, and is thoroughly devoted to God's work. A little incident he will pardon us telling at his expense, but illustrative of much. One day a Mahomedan, without provocation, came up to Samuel and smacked him on the cheek, saying, "Your Gospel says, 'if a man smite thee on the one cheek turn to him the other.'" "Yes," said Samuel, then a very young worker, "but it also says, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,'" and forthwith gave him one from the shoulder. That Mahomedan did not molest him again.

Early in 1888 we commenced a Medical Mission at Colaba for women and children, which was afterwards extended to Byculla, under the charge of Dr. Kate Stewart, who afterwards became Mrs. Christie. Eventually the number of patients reached 300 per month, and it was with very great regret that we had to stop the work some two years after through lack of funds. As it was, it was the means of much blessing, for Dr. Stewart took healing for

the soul as well as medicine for the body to her poor patients, some of them barely twelve and thirteen years of age, and yet in the extremest need of pang and of pain, which we in England associate with the idea of adult and married women: Dr. Stewart's family is very devoted to Methodism, and her brother, Surgeon W. T. Stewart, I.M.S. of Bûrma, was a very generous contributor to our funds again and again. Before the medical missionary and medical missiôns in India there is a glorious future, and one which will yield greater and quicker results than the same work in China. For that reason we are glad to hear of the proposed Mission Hospital at Jabalpur, and especially of the success of the Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Frater in soliciting subscriptions therefor. The one we trust will be speedily established. We pray still more that it may be the forerunner of many others yet to come.

At present Byculla is the only native Church we have in Western India, but we may fain hope that the bitter cry of these needy millions will reach the ears of some who may read these words, and who continually pray "Lord, save India," and thereby lead to the provision of more workers.

In addition to room for a larger chapel, there is ample room at the back for the erection of a training Institution or Mission House where a second minister for Bombay should be stationed and find ample scope for his energies.

CHAPTER V.

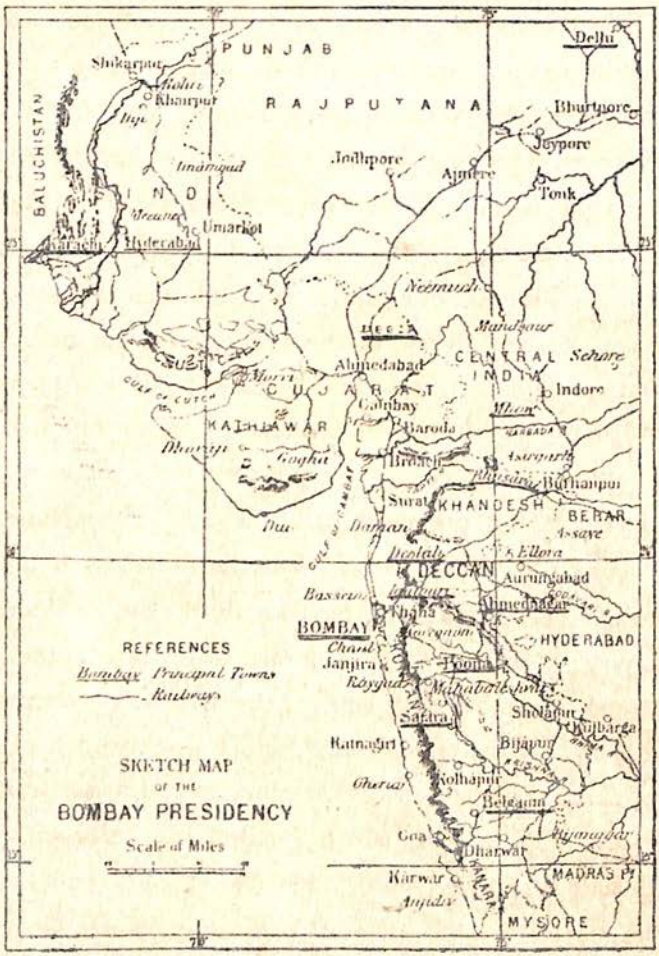
THE THULL GHAUT.

"Yea, best it is, indeed,
To spend ourselves upon the general good;
And, oft misunderstood,
To strive to lift the limbs, and knees that bleed;
This is the best, the fullest meed.
Let ignorance assail or hatred sneer;
Who loves his race, he shall not fear."

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

HAVING done Bombay we are very wishful to see what the country is like, and having decided to go Calcutta-wards we take train at the Victoria Terminus of the G.I.P. Railway in a first or second class carriage. Except for the native employés there is little to remind us of India in the station or the make-up of the trains. All the porters are natives, but the guards and drivers are English, and relatively hold a much higher position than they would at home. All the officials wear the Company's dress, the natives a dark blue, the Europeans a clean white twill. On this railway there are only three

classes of fares, but the passenger who in England rides third because there is not a fourth, can have his wishes gratified on the B.B. and C.I. Railway, and others, where he will find an "intermediate" between the second and third class, making the latter really a fourth. The first and second class are for Europeans and natives alike, but in the third class separate accommodation is provided for Europeans, but few care to travel boxed up in the English fashion for a journey extending over hundreds or thousands of miles in a tropical climate. In the first and second class the seats are arranged lengthwise, like those inside English omnibuses, and about as long, on which two or three may sit during the day, but only one sleeps at night, the first class providing four sleeping berths, two at each side, one above another, the upper being let down for sleeping; while in the second class there are also two more running down the centre of the carriage. Lavatories are attached to every carriage. Ladies can travel by themselves if they wish. In the hot season the carriages are provided with a cooling apparatus made of *kuskus* or cocoanut fibre, which is fitted in the centre window space, with a wind-catcher outside. It is circular in shape, the lower half being hidden in a water tank. By half turning it, the wet part comes uppermost, and the hot air falling on it is cooled as it passes through into the carriage. In travelling any



Govt Photographic Office, Poona 1889

SKETCH MAP OF THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

distance it is customary to take your bed with you, that is, resais or rug, pillows, hand punkah and *pyjamas*, or night suit, which consists of a pair of trousers and jacket made of a light texture, and not infrequently worn also in the daytime when the weather is intolerably hot; for with all accessories, travelling in India is positive torture, except in the cold season. Meals are provided at certain stations *en route*, ample time being allowed for eating the meal in comfort. The rate of speed varies, but even in mail trains it only averages thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. By recent arrangements a dining saloon is to be attached to the Calcutta mail trains, which are to accomplish the journey of 1,600 miles in forty-three hours; a very great improvement on previous performances. Fares, however, are very cheap, being penny a mile for first class, halfpenny for second class, and a farthing for third class. The extraordinary cheapness of the fares is owing to the fact, amongst others, that the land for the railways is given to the companies by the Government, which greatly decreases the capital required and used. Another reason arises from the necessity of the case, which is, that the native is very poor and very mean, and must be encouraged to travel. Another fact of a different kind may illustrate it. In England we can get stamped envelopes and postcards, but we have to pay extra for the "stationery." But in India, though the postage is practically the same, and a letter may

be sent, say, as far as Burma, a distance of nearly 3,000 miles, for a penny, the stationery is given, the native's education in epistolary correspondence not being sufficiently ingrained to bear the strain of the additional expense which a charge for it would entail. So, perhaps, with the railways. For the mail trains, English coal is used, as it is of a better quality; for the local trains country coal is consumed. A new coal, the Singari, has been discovered in India, which is of so good a quality as to threaten the extinction of the English trade in the near future. On the Madras and other railways wood takes the place of coal.

But the Indian Railway is a great boon, and, in the saving of time, is a grand auxiliary to both missionary and merchant. The greater number of the companies very considerately grant passes to ministers officiating on their lines. In my own case this concession was only yielded after much persistence and two or three applications and interviews, not from lack of desire to treat us as others, but because to so many other churches passes had been granted, which had been on the ground so many years before; one more of the difficulties of the many arising from our late advent. Eventually, however, the same kindness was shown to us as to others, and I most gratefully remember the splendid service this was to us, both financially, and enabling us to visit Igatpura, Poona, and our other stations far more frequently than had we had to raise

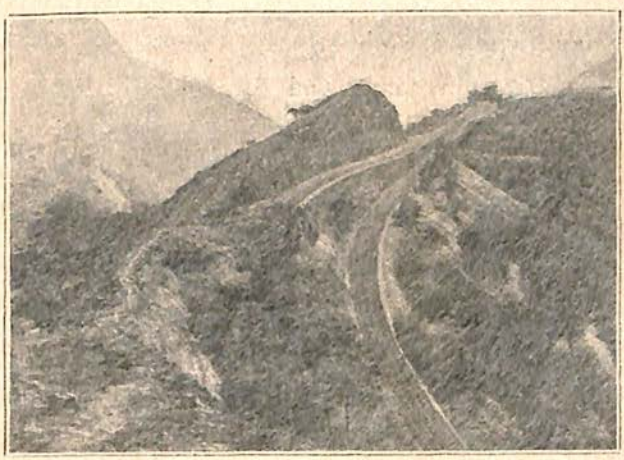
the cost ourselves. Some 20,000 miles of railway now cross and recross the continent, and the mileage is rapidly increasing, thanks to which, a mutiny, such as occurred in 1857, can never come again. In those days it took months to march from Calcutta to Delhi; now, within a week the whole of the British army could be concentrated at any given point. For the same happy reason famines on any extended scale are almost an impossibility. Drought may come, and does come in particular districts, but the railway and considerate Government grants enable relief to be given in time.

Leaving Bombay at the time advertised, we rapidly pass through Byculla and other suburbs, including "Sion," not having the meaning familiar to every Englishman, but simply denoting a "boundary," which it is, after which we run across the island of Salsette on to the mainland, where, within an hour's journey, we arrive at "Kalyan," the junction for Calcutta and Madras. Up to now the country has not presented any particular feature calling for remark, except at Umbra, where the hills on one side of the railway show a crater-like formation, and the palms and vegetable life on the sides running down to the lines give us a touch of real Eastern scenery. On the left, for some considerable distance, we have had delightful views of an arm of the sea, and in passing "Tanna," a very old town, we observe the remains of a decayed castle-like building by the side of

the sea, which sweeps up beyond us, indenting the land to a considerable distance inland.

Once at "Kalyan," however, we commence an ascent familiar to all who have been in India, namely, *the Ghauts* or mountains, which rise in this part as much as 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and which, forming a buffer to the high lands of Western India, run from north to south for a length of 400 miles. At "Wassind," fifty miles from Bombay, we take a second engine, known as a Ghaut engine, and weighing sixty tons. By the time we reach Kassara, some twenty-five miles further, the gradient has increased, while at various points we have passed through cuttings in the solid rocks. This is the Ghaut Station, leaving which, we literally climb the mountains, the gradient in some places being as much as one in thirty-seven, the engine and train snorting and creaking, much as a big ship does under stress of stormy weather, and seeming sometimes as though it would give way under the enormous strain. When the railway engineers came to construct this and other railways in India, they found the direct ascent to be well-nigh impossible, except by the "mountain" system which has since been discovered and applied in Switzerland and Snowdon, and I think even in Assam. But that would hardly have done for the heavy and enormous traffic which was destined to be carried over these railways. After much thought the engineers con-

ceived the idea, instead of taking the direct ascent, of making a short detour on to a lower but connected mountain, and thence up to the top, and thus going the two sides of the triangle instead of the ascending base. Imagine the line for a distance of ten stern miles to follow the shape of a letter V, thus __/ the lower arm being depressed, and the upper raised to a stiff incline, and then you have a faint idea of



REVERSING STATION.

what ascending the Ghauts in India means. To describe it adequately, without seeing it at the same time, is impossible. The result is that the train now comes to the top of this lower mountain or apex of the triangle, where the "engines" and "brakes" are changed, for which reason they are called "Reversing Stations." From this place of vantage the view is simply grand. Looking over the

mountain right ahead, we see precipitously down into the valley and away over the Deccan, as far as the eye can reach. Behind us to the left is the line of rails we have just covered, sloping away down to Kassara, which is now hidden from us. And right in front of us is the steeper ascent we are about to make. Everybody is looking out of the train, for the ascent of the Ghauts is ever fresh and exciting. We only stay for a minute, and then away we go, but no sooner have we gripped the mountains again, than the whole train creaks and drags itself along at the rate of ten miles an hour, moaning and groaning the whole time. Soon we approach a tunnel cut through the solid rock, and so on, one after another, until thirteen are passed before we are fully out into the open. Here and there we see a single line of metals, running from the main line up the side of the mountain, called a "catch siding," so that a train which by any error should run away, would, instead of running headlong to perdition, be stopped in its mad career, and sent up where it could do no harm. And prevention is better than cure, for history relates with a shudder how, in 1866, I think, and before these "catchers" were made, a train actually did run away, and those who were at the reversing station said that they saw a flash of fire, for by this time the train had got to a lightning speed, and it toppled over, and so great was the force and distance of the fall, that only a little wreckage was

found on the surface of the ground, the bulk having been quite buried. At length, although we have emerged from the last tunnel, we are not yet on level ground. Once we have crossed a viaduct having a sheer depth of 192 feet on one side, with valleys stretching away as before; while on the other side of the railway the mountain literally leaps into the air. But, beautiful as this journey is at any time, to see it in perfection you must travel in the Monsoon when the foliage and vegetation is luxuriant beyond description, and waterfalls and cascades and swollen streams leap from rock to rock. Above, the clouds actually cover the tops of the mountains; below there are huge whirlpools, the very violence of whose movements changes them into a thousand pretty breakers. The visitor to India in the cold season sees much, the dweller in India sees all—the difference cannot be described.

At last, for ten miles an hour and for an hour is slow work, we get to a level and run into the next station, where all the Ghaut engines are kept, and which is called "Igatpura." We are now 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, a rise which we have accomplished in five hours, but which will probably be done in three hours not many years hence. If you are observant you will have noticed a distinct change in the atmosphere. That of Bombay is close, and muggy, and moist. This of Igatpura

is open, clear and dry. Perceptibly you feel your skin getting drier as you rise, or moister as you descend. Up country you may have a very high temperature, with the wind like the breath of a fiery furnace, but you will perspire little if any. In Bombay the temperature very rarely exceeds 100, in the hot season the sea breeze is beautifully refreshing, but perspiration rolls off the body almost in tiny rivulets. Take the year round the climate of Bombay is very equable, but when, a few weeks before the monsoon or those directly after, the clouds gather and lay over the sky, or the earth exudes the moisture which it has superabundantly received, the heat is almost unbearable, and every one pants for relief, though, with few exceptions, overhead punkahs are discarded. Far away up country the heat is made bearable—if such a description is correct—by completely shutting up the doors and windows of the house during the day and having punkahs swung over the head, which, connected by ropes and pulleys with the outside, are monotonously lugged by the *Punkah Wallas*, who not infrequently drop off to sleep, and have in some instances been known to continue the movement notwithstanding. In Bombay the windows are never closed except in the monsoon. All this explains why; when you are in the train and coming Bombaywards, you hear some old Anglo-Indian execrating the Bombay climate, and thanking his lucky stars he does not live there, or, arriving at

Igatpura, rejoicing that he has again returned, as he deems them, to reasonable conditions. The climate of Bombay suited me exactly, so that I could not enter into his jubilate, but it is very relaxing and therefore very trying. If, therefore, it is in May when you have travelled from Bombay to Igatpura you find that instead of your forehead being beaded with drops of sweat, as it was when you left the capital of the Presidency, it is now quite dry, if there is not in addition a feeling all over the body akin to being parched in every pore.

This village of Igatpura is very pretty. Although it is on the *Deccan* or high land, it is here surrounded on three sides with the upper peaks of the mountains, some of which tower 400 or 500 feet higher. On the left hand as you enter the station, and on the right further on, the scenery is very fine. For from the feet of the mountains to the path of the railway the land is undulating, with hillocks and dales covered with mango, banyan, betel, mulberry, and other trees which give the whole a very English appearance, for as far as the eye can reach, there is hardly a tree which in leaf or build is so distinctly eastern as to mar the run of our comparison of the landscape with home scenery. In the "cold season" especially, when the heat is less fierce, and walking through some of the lanes is a pedestrian luxury, you might for all the world imagine yourself in some country lane at home, except for the snake which is now

and then to be seen darting across the path, or hanging from the trees. And its English character is considerably enhanced by the "Bungalows" or houses and gardens of the European guards and drivers of the Railway, which are as little different from what they would be in England as climate, surroundings, and skill can make and permit them. Great pride is taken in the gardens, and well these might be, for the seeds are imported from "Sutton's" and other English firms, and carefully cultivated. So that you will see geraniums, violets, primroses, roses, sweet williams, stocks, etc., etc., in perennial luxuriance.

Although not a "hill" station as such are reckoned in India, Igatpura is so very pleasant and delightful that it is bound to advance into very great importance in the future. Already so great is its growth that a water supply has become an imperative necessity, and will soon be a *fait accompli*. A very beautiful bund or lake was constructed by the Railway in 1864, and from this the town is at present supplied. Its average depth in the rainy season is twenty-seven feet, and in the dry season never less than seventeen. The population has rapidly grown, especially during the last few years, its qualities as a health resort being increasingly appreciated by a growing influx of European visitors from Bombay. From Mount Moriah or Moria, the origin of the designation is unknown, it is said the sea can be seen on a clear day eighty miles away, but the best view

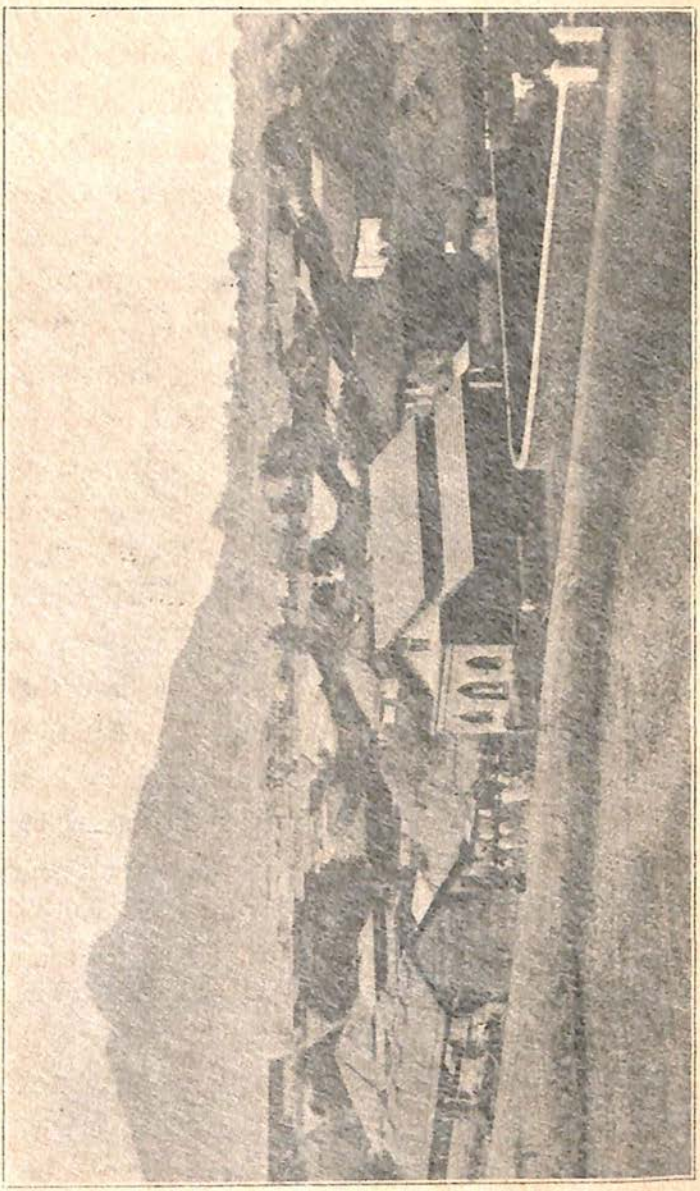
of Igatpura is to be obtained from the Monkey Pass, about two miles away. In the near ground lies the lake with its pleasure boats floating on its quiet waters, and with surroundings which have often been compared to an English park. One hill goes by the name of Dead Man's Hill. It is just the shape of a figure one sees on the tombs lying at full length. In the south-west in the far distance are two peaks, very rugged and very steep, called by the natives *Má-i-Bap*—mother and father—and which they worship. The neigbourhood is thickly populated—the plains by Hindoos mostly, the hills by aboriginal tribes, the mild Thackoor and the warlike Bheel. The Railway community forms a not inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants. There are at least 200 European families connected with the railway, and owing to the proximity of the Ghauts some of the most trusted of the Company's servants live here, among them being a family whose name is known all over the system, for four of the sons have been drivers for many years, while the father is respected far and wide as a patriarch worthy of the name. Father Osborne, for so he is called, is an old Wesleyan who hails from East Greenwich, and later from Bedford, and remembers many years ago being a humble co-worker with Mr. Geo. Lidgett, in the former place. And to speak of one of the sons in the name of the rest, Charles Osborne is a brother truly beloved, whose first and last thought is the welfare of God's work in time and in

pocket, whose wife is a helpmeet indeed, and the daughter of one of Bombay's best Christians, Mr. Thos. Glover, of the Bombay Corporation. I dare not allow my pen any liberty here or I should fill page after page describing one after another of the really good and true men and women it has been my privilege to know in this and other parts of India.

Methodism had its children here for many years, but they were not gathered into formal church fellowship till visited by the Rev. W. Burgess, of Secunderabad, who formed them into a class under the late Mr. Frank Pearcey, to whom Methodism is indebted for its commencement and establishment in Jabalpur and Igatpura. My very first service in India was conducted at Igatpura, in the verandah of Mr. Pearcey's house, who was Permanent Way Inspector on the Railway. In the evening we had thirty in the congregation. Simultaneously with our other work at Colaba and Byculla we carried on the work up country, and before long, encouraged by the generous response of friends in the station and beyond, Igatpura was the first place in the whole of the Bombay Presidency to have the honour of a permanent Wesleyan church, a substantial stone-built edifice to seat 150, which was erected on the Constitution Road, and opened in 1887 on a piece of land held on perpetual lease, at a low ground rent, and opened free of debt at a cost of Rs. 5,500, to which Mr. Pearcey and

his family contributed liberally. In its erection we had the good fortune to secure the help as architect of Mr. L. H. Butcher, the then resident Engineer of the Railway, who, as a labour of love, superintended the whole of the building operations, in addition to designing and drawing out the plans. A member of the Church of England, he was greatly esteemed by Christians of all denominations, and to him we owe many kindnesses other than this; while Igatpura itself is as attractive as it is owing to his zeal and indefatigable labours. At present the church and congregation are exclusively European, but there is a fine field for native work, which, in the charge of an able missionary, might radiate from here for many miles in the villages on every hand.

Twenty-seven miles further up the line, and 113 from Bombay, is a military encampment, familiar to every soldier who has been to India. Mention Deolali and his face brightens up at once, at the recollection of the time he spent there, and perhaps where he gained his first impressions of Indian life. In the summer the place is comparatively empty except for two companies of British infantry—really a detachment of the regiment serving in Bombay—a number of convalescents, and various military schools for musketry practice. But during the trooping season, from October to April, the place is full of activity, and not infrequently there are 3,000 troops in the station,



IGATPURA CHAPEL AND TOWN.

partly provided for in the barracks, and partly in tents, which are scattered all over the place. When the Troopers from Portsmouth arrive in Bombay with a freight of a thousand to fifteen hundred men and women, the soldiers land at Sassoon Dock in Colaba, from whence within an hour or two of landing they are taken in trains to Deolali, where they receive their Indian equipment, and from whence in the course of ten days they are drafted off by rail to their various regiments in the different parts of the country. The reverse process takes place with men going home. In some instances regiments go through Bombay direct to their destination without touching at Deolali, and it is possible that some day the Troopers may take the supply for the Punjaub to Kurrachee—indeed this has been done in a few cases by way of experiment—a town yearly growing in importance and urgently demanding the presence of a Wesleyan missionary. But, even so, Deolali is, and is likely to be, a place of strategic relationship to army work for many years to come. How urgent then the duty to meet the young soldier on the threshold of his new life and bid him keep close to his God and his temperance pledge. Equally urgent to guard the old soldier, who has completed his time, and who, in prospect of soon being home, feels kindly to all; from breaking out and squandering the money, which, though he knows it not, will be of so much service to him when he gets to England. More

urgent still to help him to stick close to the Lord Jesus Christ both then and when homeward bound. Nothing could be more significant than the fact that the Army Temperance Association wisely deems the presence of an agent there an absolute necessity for the all-round success of its work. Rightly and adequately manned and worked Bombay and Deolali lie at the very base of our military work in India. This I soon saw to be the case, and lost no time in adding it to the Bombay Circuit and to our quickly growing work, after due correspondence with the military authorities, who set apart the schoolroom for us to have service in. Time would fail me to tell of the blessing our presence has been, both to the station and to men passing through, of men converted, of men strengthened, and of many more who have received their first impressions of good in a new and a strange land, and under all the influence of a new life as a removal to India is. Apart, however, from the good we do, its acquisition as a centre of labour is a distinct gain, financially and otherwise, to our work at Igatpura, as owing to the military grant we were able to employ an acting chaplain for both places. By an arrangement with the senior Presbyterian chaplain, we undertook to minister to the Presbyterians at Deolali as well as our own men, and as the two form some fifteen per cent. of the whole British army in India it will be seen how important a charge it is, there being on

occasion as many as three to four hundred Wesleyans and Presbyterians in the camp at the same time.

One result of commencing work in the Bombay Presidency was to have the whole country placed before us as an open door, and to be requested from time to time to visit and commence work at various places. Another cause which led us forth was the desire to occupy those places which would enable us to keep up a line of communication with our brethren in other places. The nearest Wesleyan missionary to me on my arrival in Bombay was the Rev. E. Mortimer, of Jabalpur, on this very Calcutta line, but 616 miles from Bombay and 500 from Deolali. Such isolation we thought our successors would prefer not to enjoy, and so, all things considered, we decided to commence work at Bhosawul, 286 miles from Bombay, and nearly half way to Jabalpur. It is a well laid out town, the creation of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, and forming its junction leading to the East Indian and Indian Midland systems, and other lines to the north, and to the new and more direct Calcutta line to the south-east, *via* Nagpur. At this time the only other church in the place was the Church of England, and we prospected the place as well as sites for a church building. In a line we may chronicle the opening of a place, but many lines would not describe all the labour and correspondence involved. Bhosawul is a case in point. The land was in the nominal care of the railway authorities, but it belonged to

the Government, and so correspondence had to go on with both. For some time we corresponded with the Mamlatdar, or native magistrate, but made little headway, in spite of the Assistant Commissioner of the district saying it had been sent down to him for report. Journeys of 300 miles were not to be undertaken lightly, and yet how many we went to secure our position here it is unnecessary to say. On one occasion I determined to see the Mamlatdar myself. It was a broiling hot day in May, the hottest month of all in India, and I have found no place so hot and trying as Bhosawul. The native town was some distance away. There was no shade of any kind—dirty mud huts and dirtier natives alone relieved the dry arid land. The sun beat with a fierceness and a directness I had never before experienced. I had the lightest and whitest suit I had ever worn. My double-lined umbrella with its white covering turned to the sun seemed useless to mitigate its rays. At last I got to the court-house, and found the magistrate hearing cases. In the Kutcherry compound was a treasury Sepoy, or clerk, counting up the cash. Inside, a Brahmin postman was being tried, and was sentenced for stealing. Another man was tried for an assault, and after that I had an interview with the Mamlatdar. He was very polite, and promised me to write to the Commissioner about the land. With great courtesy two of his attendants saw me to the outskirts of the village, and I then turned my face

towards the station. How I got there I cannot tell. I had heard of people being dazzled and overpowered by a snow-storm and lying down to die. I felt exactly like that, only from the opposite cause. Not a speck in the heavens. The sun pouring pitilessly down. It was awful. I felt then as I never had before the force of the words, "Oh for the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Ah! how like that is India, with its inhabitants sin stricken, and their souls parched and dried up within them. A land without shadow or refuge. Nothing to shield them from all the fierce heat of sin and sorrow. Surely it shall be ours to provide them Christ, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." We carried on services in a room placed at our disposal, but up to the time of my leaving India we had not secured our site. Some of these days we trust that both Bhosawul, and Nagpur, "the serpent city," will own to the residence and work of a Wesleyan missionary. Everywhere, and in how many places in India, does God seem to say, "I have set before thee an open door."

"The world waits
For help. Beloved let us love as well.
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BHORE GHAUT.

"Why do our senses love to list
When distant cataracts murmur thus?
Why stealeth o'er your eyes a mist
When belfries toll the 'God with us.'
It is that every tender sound
Art can evoke, or Nature yield,
Betokens something more profound,
Hinted, but never quite revealed."

FROM whatever point the high mainland is reached from Bombay, except to the direct north, the western ghauts have to be crossed, so that if, instead of going north-east over the Thull Ghaut, we desire to go south-east or south, Madras or Mysore-wards, we still have to ascend the Ghauts as before, though at a different point, and on this occasion that which is known as the Bhore Ghaut. There is of course a general character to all the mountain ranges of India, but in hills of such size and such varying contour there is always something worthy of notice, and distinct from the rest. In Central India the Indian Midland Railway, in the neighbourhood of Indore and Bhopal, has brought within daily

view to those who pass over their system the Vindhya range of hills, which from the alignment of the rails form a panoramic variety of hill and dale, river and rushing stream, jungle and wheat fields of a character bewildering and bewondering the beholder. Considerably to the south of Bombay, and in the regions where Portugal still holds remnant sway in India, but between the Ghauts and the sea, run the coast line districts of the Concan, Canara, and Malabar. Adjacent to Canara is the Nugger jungle, through which the Sherawutty river winds, and where one of the three wonders of India—the Gairsoppa Falls—are to be seen ; the other two being the Taj Mahal or the White Tomb at Agra, and the Himalaya mountains. "Rushing along a tree-clad gorge, and seething and splashing among water-worn rocks, the river suddenly leaps in four cascades down a chasm nearly a thousand feet deep, where the waters plunge into the terrible abyss, flashing silvernly in the sunshine, and throwing up a white spray garlanded with perpetual rainbows." So the Bhore Ghauts, which we now propose to ascend, are prettier than the Thull Ghauts, though in matters like these we are prepared for the opinion of any reader who knows and who dissents from this view.

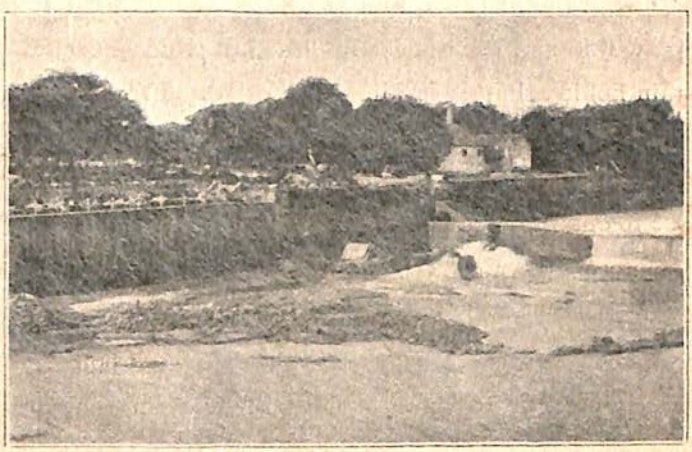
Leaving Bombay as before, and travelling as far as Kalyan Junction, where a splendid cup of tea can always be had, we now make a turn to the right in a south-

easterly direction, and somewhat sooner than in the case of the Thull Ghauts, we have the dark-faced mountains frowning before us. In the early dry season immediately succeeding the rains, everything looks luxuriantly lovely, with a verdant green everywhere, but in the hot season the whole country in colour and in character presents the picture of an English wheatfield in the distance, in which only the stubble has been left, a dry brown, burnt up, sun baked appearance, which piteously appeals for a moisture and a dew it longs for in vain. The buffaloes, never hiding their gaunt outline under the fattest of Indian grass lands, now look positive skeletons, and man, beast, bird and land alike painfully pant for the early and the latter rain. But it is now the monsoon season, and when we left Bombay it may have been raining, succeeded by a brief interval of fine weather, but as we near the big hills, whose paths drop fatness, we see signs everywhere of an abundance of rain. Everything is misty and moist, and upwards the hills are hidden in wet blanket clouds which we shall only partially pierce when we have got much higher still. On the plain below us are the "paddy" or rice fields in small plots, so cut out as to retain a foot or so of the welcome water that falls in such munificent prodigality from an overladen sky. Sown close together and having grown some twelve inches high, the plants are being thinned out and transplanted by poor ryots, who stand in the water knee-deep for twelve

hours at the stretch, men and women alike, for twopence or less a day.

Arriving at Kurjet we take on our Ghaut engines, our next station being Narel, where, were it the hot season, we should be glad to debouch and go by dhooli, chair, or pony up to Matheran, the Bombay Brighton, to a height of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea and overlooking it too, with Bombay in the distance, and being the highest peak it can boast within another hundred miles, but which just now is so rain holden that it is almost deserted. From Narel we get to a reversing station, from which point we obtain ever-changing pictures, a living panorama of tropical scenery. Close to our right the mountains shoot straight up into the air, almost like a wall. Opposite, in the little distance, they are covered with rain clouds far below the level or incline on which we are travelling, while the rain itself pours down in a deluge ; nor to our eyes do the trees wear that abject and ragged appearance which seems to be the case in a heavy storm at home, for though borne down at times by the very strength of the cloud torrent, they seem to welcome as a friend the wet embrace which now holds them and will do so for three months more. It may be that we are transferring to them our own thankfulness for the rain, and for the clouds which hide for a period the hideous glare of that sun and give us a little more of the sombre home tint by way of a change. It may be, but we cannot help

believing that even nature "claps her hands for joy" under such conditions, contrasting to the parched panting of everything a few days before. Our pace if anything is slower than on the Thull Ghaut, and the ascent is steeper, it being in one place 1 in 34, while the number of tunnels we pass through ere we reach the summit is no less than twenty-three in a distance of ten miles, when we are again on the



MUTTA MULLA RIVERS, BUND, AND GARDENS, POONA.

high table land, and pass through Lanowli and Khandalla, near to which are the far-famed Karli Caves, Lanowli being to this Ghaut what Igatpura is to the other. Proceeding now at a rapid pace, we soon get out into the open, leaving the hills behind, till at length, passing Kirkee, three miles away, we reach Poona, 121 miles from Bombay, the capital of the Deccan, and indeed of the Presidency itself.

To our great surprise, however, the weather has entirely changed. When we left Bombay it had been raining heavily, and the air was charged with prickly heat. On the mountains you could hardly see for the rain and clouds; but now the air is soft and mild, the sky very lightly overcast, if at all, or a light April shower may be gently refreshing both earth and air. Such changes in a little over a hundred miles are peculiar, but the reason is not a difficult one. Strictly speaking monsoon is "wind," and therefore we have a north-east and a south-west monsoon. It is common, however, to speak of the wet season as *the* monsoon, that is when the wind, from about June to October, blows from the south-west, although in a few parts, such as Madras, it is usual to have two monsoons or rainy seasons. In England the average rainfall is about thirty-five inches, but in India it varies considerably. Owing to its proximity to the sea it is ninety inches in Bombay; owing to the height and again being surrounded by the hills the summits of the Ghauts register 160 inches, but Poona, Deolali, Ahmednugger, etc., though as high as the Ghauts, are out on the Deccan or open tableland, and consequently only register some thirty inches. At Matheran and Mahableshwur it comes to 300 inches; whilst out-topping all others the figure on the Khasia Hills reaches the enormous total of 600 inches for the season only. If "cats and dogs" be a reasonable and certainly a lively simile for the rain at

home, then "camels and elephants" must be the most modest we can conjure up to describe that in India. These differences explain why Bombay people and those on the Ghauts are thankful to escape to the plains of the highlands for the wet season. Consequently for eight months of the year the climate of Poona is as delightful as an English summer. In Poona, as in all places where there is a cantonment for troops, there are two cities, the native and the European, abutting on each other, but for all practicable purposes distinct; the cantonment being under the military authority, the native under civil. To the European it is a mercy that it is so, for in the cantonment he will have cleanliness and attention to sanitary and health rules and laws, for which he might look in vain in the native quarter; together with wide and well made roads, aligned at right angles or in easy crescents; for which reasons the cantonments throughout India become pattern cities to the native ones, the result of which is to create or induce on their part a spirit of emulation, though to its credit Poona, in these and other respects conducive to health, is much ahead of others. The native city of Poona is the most Brahminical city of the Bombay Presidency, as well as one of the oldest; and contains over 100,000 inhabitants. In olden days it was the seat of the Mahrathi Dynasty, which nearly a hundred years since was made to lick the dust, never to rise again; for

from the near eminence of Parbutti, a circular-shaped hill rising from the ground to a height of a hundred feet, and crowned by a Hindoo temple dedicated to the worship of Gunesha or Gunputti, the favourite god of the Mahrattas, the last Peishwa, safely ensconced in the tower of the temple itself, watched with eager anxiety the battle of Kirkee, some six miles distant, which sealed the fate of his kingdom ; since which period his possessions have been an integral part of the Bombay Presidency, and under direct British administration. Poona is a busy place, and its Corporation, for a native one, is one of the most enlightened, as may be gauged from the statement that while the population attending school in India is only one per cent. of the whole, and considerably less than that in the case of girls, it proposed a few years ago to inaugurate compulsory education for both sexes—a suggestion bold enough to take the breath away, and one which the then Governor, Lord Reay, who had done so much to foster an educational spirit, had to tell them that the time was not ripe enough for. Happy the day when such public-spirited bodies are to be found all over the land. The Satya Sabha Association has its headquarters in this city, and though its membership is entirely composed of natives, it takes an intelligent and critical interest in all legislative and public affairs which affect the welfare of the native populace. Like all reform movements its existence and

action are severely criticised and even sometimes pooh-poohed, but within reasonable limits one can only rejoice at the creation and exhibition of a public spirit like this, which, however common in England, in India is the exception and not the rule. In the native city, the Church Missionary Society, the Cowley Fathers of Oxford, and the American Methodist Church are represented ; the Church of the Cowley Fathers being an especially attractive and imposing block of buildings.

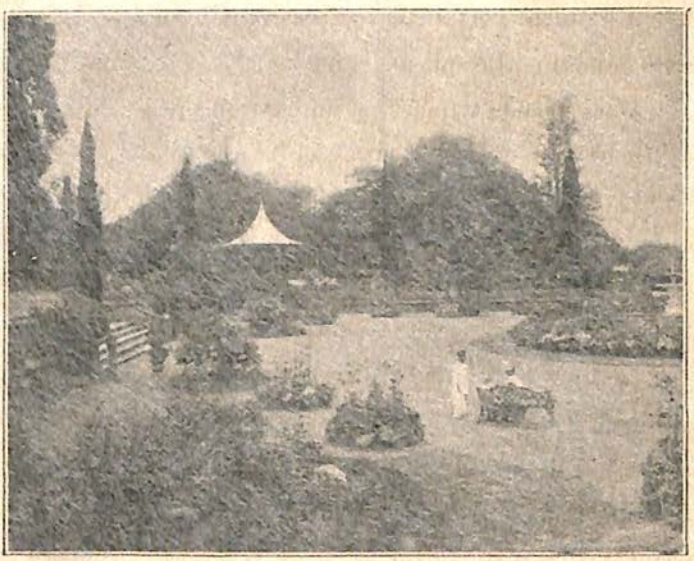
Cantonments as such exist only for military purposes, though it results from many causes that ordinary civilians, in addition to the civil officers of Government, are invariably found living in them, and in what are therefore called the civil lines. It is so in Poona, where the houses or bungalows are enclosed in ample compounds or gardens. Then there is a large stretch of land in which the two barracks Wanowrie and Ghorapuri are erected, separated from each other by about half-a-mile, and which provide accommodation for two regiments of British Infantry besides hospitals and the usual details of a military encampment. Altogether the European population is not less than 5,000 people.

Poona is the military capital, Bombay being the civil capital of the Presidency. There the Governor, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, the Governing Council, and the élite of European and native society

reside for six months in the year as compared with two in Bombay, the other four being spent at Mahableshwar.

Public buildings are springing up on every hand, principal amongst which is the Governor's residence at Gunesh Khind; the Deccan College; the Sassoon Hospital, given by Sir David Sassoon, one of the wealthy Jews of Bombay; the Victoria School for European and native girls, which is unique of its kind in India, since the lady principal and mistresses are Mrs. and Miss Sorabjee, Hindoo ladies, highly respected throughout Western India and bearing a high Christian character. The Bishop's High School represents the Episcopal Church, and Bishop Taylor's is the name given to an exceedingly well-managed establishment belonging to the American Methodist Church. The Council Hall and the Government offices are to be found in the centre of the cantonment. Amongst the churches represented are the Church of England, the Scotch Church, the Free Church of Scotland, the American Methodist, and until recently the Baptist Church also. The cantonment of Poona is equal to any I have seen in India. In the broad, well-drained, and well-made roads you might imagine yourself in a modern English town. Many of them are planted with trees, which overhang and meet in the centre of the road, forming a most delightful drive, shaded by the umbrageous and eternal Banyan tree, the gold mohur or the Pipal. To the north, and forming

its boundary in that direction, are the rivers *Mutta Mulla*, which at that particular point form one stream, and overlooking which are the Bund Gardens, which are beautifully kept. Crossing the Elphinstone Bridge, named after the man whose career was so much identified with the Western Presidency, we pass the Poona gaol, and over high and



BUND GARDENS, POONA.

picturesque ground arrive at the cantonment of Kirkee, a couple of miles away, but which to all intents and purposes is only a suburb of Poona.

Kirkee is the headquarters of the Royal Artillery for Western India, in which are permanently quartered five batteries of artillery, besides a gunpowder and a small arms

factory, to which there is now to be added an establishment for the manufacture of cordite.

Early in 1887 a Mr. Adams, one of the European foremen at the Kirkee Gunpowder Works, having heard of my arrival in India, wrote to me, and as a Wesleyan asked that services might be commenced in the cantonment. At that moment very little aggressive Christian work was being done in the place, and as Mr. Adams already had a class of men which met and worshipped at his house, and there was every prospect of his remaining, and being able to conduct the services, I arranged for the commencement of a parade service for the troops, but one of the disappointments of a class to which we became familiar, soon afterwards met us in Mr. Adams' resignation of his appointment, and his return to England. Remembering that this was our first introduction to this part of India no surprise need be felt that Methodism was almost entirely unknown. A Wesleyan Corporal from Norfolk, who had been in India sixteen years, had never seen a Wesleyan minister the whole of that period in which he had been quartered in the Bombay Presidency. The military school room was placed at our disposal, and services were regularly held, and it was no small pleasure to me when visiting the Deccan to be brought into contact with the men. The Good Templars have many lodges in India, and are especially strong amongst the soldiers, and at Kirkee, as in Bombay and

elsewhere, it was my privilege again and again to assist them and encourage them in their good work. We applied for a site on which to erect a church and a minister's house, and as there was plenty of land to spare, our request was soon and generously granted.

Our work in Poona, however, was not commenced in real earnest till 1889, although our attention was drawn to its needs some two years before. Our entry into Poona illustrates the way in which existence and success in one place demands our work in another. Resident in Poona at the time was a Mrs. Morgan, cousin of the Rev. J. H. Morgan, and daughter of the late Captain Mitchell, of Great Consols, Devon, who within three months of my arrival invited and encouraged me to commence work in this city, and who, with her husband, most generously helped us from time to time. Between Bombay and Poona there was a very considerable exchange of population, and amongst these was a gentleman employed in the Public Works Department, who with his family had been converted in connection with our work in Bombay, and whose removal accentuated the call to commence work there. In addition there were probably not less than 150 declared Wesleyans in the army, so that, but for the distance and for the lack of workers, Poona ought to have owned to our work from the first, if only in memory of the fact that Mr. Broadley had himself worked there. That

such an important place had not sooner owned to the labours of the church which claims to be the premier amongst the free, only testifies how apathetic our people must have been, for if their intelligent knowledge and zeal were only abreast of the world's requirements, our missionary parliament and government would be as eager to accept their guidance as our English legislature is to listen to the voice of the people, when they make it known. In all brotherliness we need an open-eyed people, who would not let the missionary committee go to sleep, even if it were at all likely to do so; nay more, who would follow advice with money and so make the former pertinent and practicable.

Our first need was to obtain a place in which to worship, and as far as possible equi-distant to the two barracks. This we secured in Kahun Road, where a bungalow was placed at our disposal in which to commence our services, and from which we moved into the adjoining one to continue them. Here we commenced services in May, 1889, and it was with no small pleasure and feeling that I conducted the first parade service on the first Sunday morning, the morning service at Poona being held at seven o'clock all the year round. For the first time the Wesleyan soldiers of Poona were marched to their own parade service. For some years previously, our men had attended the American Methodist Church, whose attitude to our work was not mollified by this further advance on our part.

Everywhere we were met with statements that we were not wanted, and the protest against our presence went so far as a remonstrance to the parent committee at home and a request that our services should be given up and the former arrangement reverted to. Nor was this in any sense attributable to any lack of considerateness on our part in our way or method of going about it. So far as it was possible everything was done to avoid the slightest feeling. Suffice it to say that our action was approved. Whatever the subsequent history of our work in this and any other place, thankfully there can never fall to the lot of those who succeed us the distasteful and unpleasant necessity of seeming thus to come on to another's preserve; or the initial entry or the correspondence or any of the pioneer difficulties essential to the commencement and laying down the lines on which the work was to be done. The one difficulty that perpetually harassed us in all extensions, and which may well at this point have a full description, was the difficulty of maintaining the public services without break or failure.

The Missionary Committee were unable to send out any reinforcements to the work, and there was no possibility of coping with our ever enlarging borders except by the help of lay agents or chaplains. Byculla, Parel, Igatpura, Kirkee and now Poona owned to our presence. What was to be done? Hired local preachers in India at that time

there were not, and what Christian men were at all available belonged to other Churches. We might have got men direct from England, but our difficulty was that we were quite unable to pay their passage out, their salaries would be, comparatively small; while the military system of payment, for services rendered to the troops, demanded the actual presence of the Chaplain in the head station of the district, which Poona was, and which precluded me from treating it and visiting it as an out station of Bombay.

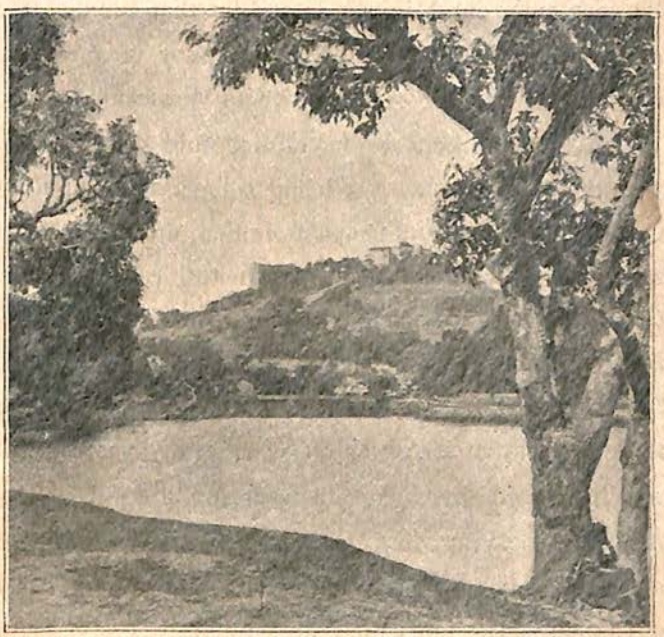
To describe my experience in my endeavour to obtain men in India would be as painful as it would be ridiculous. On one occasion a European loafer responded to my advertisement, and said he had come for it because "the job would just suit him." Another applicant was a Parsee, by religion as well as birth, and he was sure he would give me satisfaction because he had been plucked in the matriculation examination in the Bombay University. Pressed by the necessities of the work, and the dearth of men grown to our needs and approved by an intimate knowledge of them, we were compelled to employ in more than one instance men who brought little credit to our work, and over-sighting whom made our burden at times an almost impossible one. On the other hand there were men good and true, whose services were gladly and generously rendered, and to whom, in no small manner, I was indebted for the ability to take up new centres and to maintain the

pulpit supply. Chief among these were Messrs. H. S. Kearsey, E. H. Burrows, T. G. Charter and others.

Thankfully the Missionary Committee and the Conference have sanctioned a scheme, which is now in full working order and operation, by which Europeans in India may enter our Ministry in and for that country, with the result that already Mr. H. S. Kearsey is a minister amongst us, and doing good service as Wesleyan Chaplain at Jhansi, whilst others are in training and candidates for the work. In this way is being solved a problem the solution of which we, perhaps more than any other part of India, felt the acutest need. Meanwhile our services at Poona were well attended, and time after time men were soundly converted, and rejoiced before God for our presence in their midst. An application to the General commanding the Poona District for a site on which to erect a church was refused again and again, but eventually Major-General Solly Flood, commanding the Poona District, approved of the granting of a site for a church and minister's house on the Lothian Road, but which, unfortunately, was vetoed by the Cantonment Committee. It is nothing less than a shame that this state of things should exist, especially when we are rendering so large a service in moral and spiritual welfare to the British troops of the garrison.

Ahmednugger is 95 miles beyond Poona and 215 from Bombay, and quarters a regiment of British infantry and

a battery of Royal Artillery. This we visited from Poona twice or thrice a month. There is nothing different in the work there to that in Poona, except that we were the only Free Church who ministered to the men, the troops heretofore having been marched to the Episcopal Church.



PARBUTTI HILL, NEAR POONA.

In the native city of Ahmednugger a very successful Mission work is carried on by the American Mahrathi and other Missions. A few years ago a Wesleyan young lady, hailing from Cheltenham and engaged in mission work, was married to one of the Ahmednugger missionaries. And it

is a joy to note that neither she nor her husband forget the church to whose spiritual training she owes her fitness to be a missionary's wife, for she asked me if she might help us, and prayer meetings and social gatherings for the men were frequently held in their house as the result. In such apparently out-of-the-way places can Methodism find her children and give them work to do if only they be willing to lay themselves out for such a blessed service.

Directly south of Poona there are two other minor military stations which are attached to the Poona command, Purandhur, a sanitarium, some sixteen miles drive, and Satara still further south, at which resides a Mr. Paul Myatt, an old Army pensioner, and doubtless the oldest Wesleyan to be found in India. He arrived in Bombay in 1837 and remembers conducting a prayer meeting for his comrades away from the lines. For many years he has resided at Satara, moving only from Mahableshwar in the hot season, and year after year he and his family have held services in his house for the benefit of the men of the detachment stationed there. His youngest daughter is the wife of one of our most devoted members in Bombay, Mr. W. Lane. The good old man was delighted when he heard of my arrival, begged that I would let him see my face as soon as possible, declaring that he had not seen a Wesleyan minister for fifty years, and that Satara was the very place where to commence my work. He is hale and

hearty, and Methodistically carries us back to the very commencement of our Indian missions. Methodist visitors to India may account themselves privileged to visit such a patriarch who has been honoured with the friendship of Gen. Sir Robert Phayre and others.

CHAPTER VII.

RED COATS AND BLUE JACKETS.

"To skies that knit their heartstrings right,
To fields that bred them brave,
The soldiers come not home to-night:
Themselves they could not save.

Death dawns in Asia, tombstones show
And English names are read;
And the Indus spills its overflow
Beside the sacred dead."

A. E. HOUSMAN.

"Shout Britons for the battle of Assaye!
For that was a day
When we stood in our array
Like the lion's might at bay,
And our battle word was 'Conquer, or we'll die.'"

JOHN LEYDEN, M.D., MADRAS.

IT will be a surprise to many to learn that the portion of the British army to be found in India forms no less than one-third of the regular British army to be found throughout the world. We are of course excluding the militia, the reserves, and the volunteers. The number of British troops now in India is 77,000. To many this will be a

discovery—to all surely a significant fact. When a battalion or battery is ordered to India it usually remains there sixteen years, but owing to the short service system, the *personnel* of the men will be changed three times during that period, few men nowadays remaining in India longer than five years. Short as it is, however, many and painful have been the attempts of men who have taken a dislike to the country, to get invalided home, even to the extent of serious self-disablement. Stories to illustrate this are recounted in every garrison. One man, it is said, feigned madness, and from day to day perched himself upon the rafters of the barracks with a broom and declared he was fishing. At length, so the story runs, he got his discharge as unfit for Her Majesty's Service, "which," he declared, as he received the papers, with sufficient saneness to show his duplicity, "he had been fishing for." Another, on his arrival in the country was seized with a continuous attack of diarrhœa which baffled all treatment until the doctors discovered that a comrade had been supplying him a daily diet of Beecham's Pills. Yet a third overdid it. His mania was to get a box of matches, range them in a line and put them through military evolutions. He was placed in charge of an orderly. On one occasion the doctor visited him at night, and arranged for the orderly to go away. The match drilling was going on as usual. The doctor left the ward and then returned, altering his step to the quick

march and heavy tread of the orderly. The lunatic, thinking it him, cried out "Come on, old fellow, and have a smoke, now that old bloke has gone." Needless to say he drilled no more matches. There is, however, little reason for the soldier to complain of while in India. The old type of barrack is being replaced by lofty, well-ventilated, sanitary arranged buildings, and on sites the most healthy. In the hot season he only wears "whites," and is strictly only a redcoat in the cold season. All fatigue work is done before nine in the morning, his boy cleans his boots as well as the other dirty work of the barrack room, and altogether his life is so easy that his difficulty is to kill time. True, to live comfortably, he has to contribute something out of his daily allowance, but he has money left over then, which is by no means the condition of his civilian brother after he has paid for the necessities of living. The whole time I was in India mixing freely with the men I heard few or no complaints of their condition. If anything the officers commanding err on the side of too great considerateness of their men, which is a splendid tribute to their humaneness.

At a moderate estimate Methodism should count for eight per cent. of the Army, which would give us in India at least 6,000 declared Wesleyans. The number given in the Minutes of Conference for 1896 is 4,438, including Burma, which is now an integral part of India, and recently

elevated to a Lieutenant Governorship. In other words we are nearly 2,000 below our very moderate computation. The reason is easy to give. In fifty out of seventy garrisons we have no Wesleyan Chaplain. Some of the fifty are visited by our men, but that does not help us much. A soldier when he enlists declares himself as an Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, or Wesleyan, and he is marched to church accordingly. But he is not bound to continue as he began. He may change his "religion" by simple request to his commanding officer. In the absence of a minister of their own church they naturally change. Take an instance in point. When I commenced in Bombay, the 2nd East Yorkshire Regiment was there. The number of Wesleyans should have been proportionately large, but it was very small. We had no sooner got a footing, however, than the men began to change to Wesleyan in such numbers as to alarm the Church of England Chaplain, who had some of the men to his house to ask them if I had persuaded them to change. But the fact was they were Wesleyans, as were many more who did not change because they had changed once before in our absence.

Why then do we not appoint Chaplains in every station? Confessedly the present number is very inadequate. The fault of that rests with the Missionary Committee, and their fault is the responsibility of the Methodist public, without

whose aid the Missionary Committee cannot move. Yet things are considerably better than they were. In 1886 there were only twelve Ministers appointed to Army work in India. There are now twenty. In England to 4,855 Wesleyans in the Army there are 120 ministers to care for them; in India to only 400 less men there are twenty ministers. The contrast is startling, even remembering as we are bound to do that the conditions of India are so different to those of England. The Army and Navy Committee have had this matter before them for many years, and I, for one, cannot withhold my ungrudging word of praise for the way in which the Rev. R. W. Allen, the secretary, has helped our Army and Navy work, by the influence he exerts at the India office, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty. On one occasion a chaplain on board one of the Troopers outward bound had interfered with the men holding meetings, but more particularly had reflected upon the standing and qualifications of Wesleyan Ministers. Mr. Allen, by his representations, at once had that put right, an instance which might be multiplied. Nor, may I add, is Methodism likely to forget how much her military and naval work has been helped by the political and social influence of Sir George Hayter Chubb.

It is the contention of many in India, however, that the army work in India should be considered as an integral part of home mission enterprise since the soldier

returns to England with the greater part of his life before him. Every trooping season 11,000 men, in addition to women and children, are homeward bound. What th y have been in India they will be in England. If in India we neglect them and allow them to become godless and reckless, not only have we wasted the effort spent upon them in their youth, but on their return home, instead of becoming earnest members of the Church, they swell the number of the unreclaimed upon whom Home Missionary money is expended from year to year. Work amongst soldiers pays in every sense. Every converted soldier in India is one of the most powerful arguments for Christianity. Two at least of our Indian Missionaries are ex-soldiers. Chivalry at least says look well after the defenders of your country, but self-interest speaks as well and tells us that as a church, "there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth" in this matter as in others.

But at present we are blocked by the Government of India. Up to 1883 no allowances were made for Wesleyan troops at all, but since that time a capitation grant has been made of one rupee per month per man up to 100, and over that eight annas per man, or in English money one shilling and sixpence respectively, together with pew rent calculated at the rate of three rupees per annum. In practice this has been found to be quite inadequate in some cases, and an impossible arrangement in others. Given a change of

regiments and 150 may become fifty, a practical financial collapse. The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, have certain fairly liberal fixed allowances for certain stations, which assures stability of arrangement whatever fluctuations may occur in the garrison. They are equally favoured as regards sites for building and the erection of churches, liberal grants providing for both of these. It seems a moderate and a reasonable contention that Wesleyans should at least have the same consideration, and yet for years all efforts in these directions have been unsuccessful except at Colaba, an exception which ought to become general. The reasonableness of our contention is such that if only some Member of Parliament would interest himself in this matter, the wrong, we are persuaded, would soon be righted. Meanwhile every station taken under our care, and every man added to the total now looked after by us, will furnish an argument for consideration which cannot be gainsaid. However kindly disposed towards us, the Government of India is not likely to give us much beyond what we are worth. Let this be shown and a fresh application will stand a fair chance of success.

And this we are doing. In the past ten years the whole of Burma, the Punjaub, and the Bombay Presidency have been annexed to the Army work, with here and there notable stations left unoccupied, and especially those of Karachi and Aden, both of which ought speedily to witness to the

presence of a Wesleyan Chaplain. Amongst the stations occupied in the Lucknow District are the important garrisons of Mhow and Jhansi, as well as a number of smaller ones. But in this direction it must be conceded that the Rev. J. H. Bateson, now the Secretary of the Army Temperance Association, did better than them all. In the incredibly short space of two years he spread himself and his works all over the Punjaub, the part where our opportunities are greatest and our services most urgently required, by which time he had a colleague, the Rev. A. W. Newboult, four lay "acting chaplains," besides a whole host of voluntary workers. So tireless were his movements and so keen his observations, that there can be few better informed men on, and in, that part of India than he is. And what gives us greatest pleasure in putting this laurel tribute on his work, is that he is neither sluggard nor mean. His is no mere official idea of the chaplain—from which may God preserve us—but his whole soul burns with love to his men, loving whom he wins their confidence and love, and the respect and friendship of all officers who are worthy of their position. By his services in the theatres, in the hospitals, in the open air in the lines at eight and nine o'clock at night, after he has been preaching two or three times already; by his brotherliness to all, but especially by his enthusiasm, he has lit a lamp of spiritual service to our dear lads in the North and North-west that will, we trust,

ever burn brighter and brighter. The future of our Army work will lay more and more on the northern frontiers. The policy of the Government of India is well known in this respect, and but a few years ahead will witness the establishment of large garrisons in all the more strategic and vulnerable points of our ever-extending frontier. Work done there will therefore pay, and we hope year by year to see additional men appointed to cover the now too thinly protected areas towards Afghanistan, Chitral, Tibet, etc.

To some, doubtless, Army work is tedious, but to me it was a constant pleasure and privilege to minister to the men, especially with the variety which the work in India brought with it. To welcome them to the country, commend them to their garrison, correspond with them, or if remaining in Bombay becoming often their adviser and helper, and many a time leading them to the Lord Jesus Christ. The brother of a minister was a sergeant whom drink had made a slave; another a private whom the same curse had claimed; a corporal in the R.A. whom immorality held as in a vice; these are specimens of those one was brought in daily contact with. I, for one, admire the men who, in the stern test of the barrack room, are found faithful to Christ. And none are more appreciative of Christian kindliness of the manly sort than Tommy Atkins.

Soon after my arrival in Bombay I became acquainted

with one of our men in the 2nd East Yorkshire Regiment, which was then stationed there, and whom I found greatly addicted to drink. I got him to sign the pledge, and this was followed by his conversion. While he remained in this city his conduct was exemplary. Though at that time only a private, he adorned the doctrine as well as if he were an officer. He never seemed tired of working for his Lord and Master. On my return to England I visited the town where his regiment was quartered, and I was gratified to find my old friend and fellow-labourer promoted to corporal, and still rejoicing in the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He showed me the pledge card he signed in Bombay, and told me he was still working in the good cause, and meant to do so all his life long.

One of the most interesting and satisfactory cases I have ever known is the following. Only those whose duty brings them into association with men in the ranks can form any idea of the temptations with which they are beset, nor the difficulty there is to free themselves even when they would do good. In a service which unnaturally forces men to be single, one learns to imitate the blessed example of Christ in His treatment of the poor woman taken in adultery. Most certainly if you would win Tommy's heart and help him, you must be out-and-out sympathetic, compassionate, and brotherly.

I had been preaching one Sunday evening, and going

afterwards to the door to shake hands with the people, according to my custom, I noticed that a corporal of the Royal Artillery was visibly affected, and urged him to stay behind, which he did. As, however, he still showed a hesitancy I invited him to my study, and implored him to make a clean breast of his trouble, so that I could help him. I then gathered that he had become acquainted with a married woman when stationed at Rangoon, and that both there and at Madras their relations had been improper, and two children the ungodly fruit. On his removal to Bombay he had besought her to forget him, as he had always felt, even when sinning, to be condemned. She, however, followed him, and while he was anxious to live a good life, this was his difficulty. I told him what I thought should be done, and he at once acquiesced. I undertook to write to her, under cover, to the friend he usually sent his letters to, so that her husband should not know, telling her of his decision, begging her forgiveness of his sin to her, beseeching her to give her heart to Christ, but that if she wrote again the letters would be handed to me. She did write again, but as the letter was given to me, and I answered it also, he was not troubled any more. He was soundly converted, while in Bombay remained a consistent Christian, and so in Aden, and thereafter at home.

Hospital visiting is never inspiriting, but the case of Bombay made it less so. Men who had finished their term

and already written home advising their arrival, have been taken ill on the way down to the Trooper, and have had to stay behind at the Colaba Hospital; others to be invalided home, perhaps, with liver complaint, have been tenderly brought down to Bombay—to die. They have seen the blue waters, and, it may be, a glimpse of the Trooper, but they were too far gone, except to be pointed to the one man mediator, Jesus Christ. It is weird work sometimes to do full service under such circumstances. Sailors and soldiers alike have found their last resting-place in the cemetery of Bombay who least looked forward to it. Sewree is a five miles' drive, familiar to most who know anything of Bombay. It is the Christian place of interment. It is very beautiful with its eastern foliage, and at first looks very unlike our home-kept cemeteries, and yet it soon grows upon one, and repeated visits have enabled me more than once to send home to sorrowing and stricken parents the description of the resting-place of the one they had soon hoped to see. One funeral and firing party at least, deputed to follow the burial of a comrade from one of Her Majesty's ships, produced six converts at the next Sunday evening service. A lad on one of the ships of the East India Squadron was taken ill with typhoid fever, and as his ship was ordered to the Persian Gulf he was left behind at Bombay. He was only eighteen years of age, and it was his first voyage out. Poor fellow, he died, and

the next day I buried him, the firing party consisting of men from another ship. Standing two deep on one side of the grave, and in charge of a lieutenant and a petty officer, the order "Reverse arms" was given, and the funeral service proceeded as usual. At the place for the extempore prayer I besought Divine comfort for the parents and other friends of the lad far away and innocent of their loss, and that God would bless those before me. The benediction was pronounced. "Attention!" "Present arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Fire three volleys in the air!" followed each other in quick succession, after which the men were formed into line, and marched off. It is an impressive and painful ordeal, and one not soon forgotten.

Unknown to me at that moment the service had touched them as they never had been touched before, as they declared when the next Sunday evening they confessed their faith in Christ. Speaking for the others and himself one declared that he had attended many firing parties, but had been hardened rather than softened as the result. "But," said he, "I never heard the funeral service read and conducted as it was the other day, and I was so deeply affected that I could hardly fire, and, though a vile sinner, then and there determined to give my heart to Christ."

The work had its disappointments, truly, and from one view they were exceptionally frequent, but remembering the fact that for a soldier and sailor there is no diurnal

retirement into private life such as there is for the civilian, the cause of backsliding was both more reasonable and more easy to be traced.

For many reasons my attention was soon called to the need of a Soldiers and Sailors' Home. The only two then in India were at Bangalore, admirably floated by my friend the Rev. Amos Burnet, and at Secunderabad, which, under the skilful administration of the Rev. William Burgess, had to be enlarged to twice its capacity a year after it was opened. Now, in addition, there are homes at Dum Dum, Mandalay, Singapore, Umballa, and Poona, and including Ceylon, at Colombo. But Bombay had peculiar needs. The barracks are situated at the extreme south of the town, and the afternoon walk and evening recreation of the men invariably meant a walk northwards through Colaba into the Fort. Men granted furlough from up-country stations had no home to which they could come during their stay in Bombay. Young women coming out to India to be married to soldiers had no place where they could be kindly received previous to their marriage, though the marriage laws could hardly be simpler. Any minister may be licensed by any Government to perform marriages, upon which he becomes registrar as well. Four days' notice by either party to the minister only was all that was required, and it was his duty under penalty to send a copy of the certificate to Government within one month of the ceremony. Ordinarily it worked

without a hitch. The exception was with soldiers. Arising from various causes soldiers and their sweethearts wished to be married on the day of her arrival, and this the Church of England minister could do by special licence, but not the Wesleyan, with the result that the Archdeacon of Bombay not infrequently married those who with the same liberty would have come to the Wesleyan Church. It seems not unfair that the Wesleyan chaplain at Bombay should have the same privilege as the chaplain of the Established Church. As the headquarters also of the East Indian Squadron, there was no temperance home for the blue-jackets, or any place where they could fraternise with the redcoats. The Royal Alfred Sailors' Home is a very fine establishment, but its drinking-bar was a snare to many. We therefore decided to open a home for soldiers and sailors on the Colaba Causeway. The project at once caught on. To furnish our temporary premises we required Rs. 2,000, and we got it, every penny. From H.E. the Viceroy, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and from every high civil and military official we received substantial encouragement. The only opposition we received was from an anonymous correspondent in the *Bombay Gazette*, who afterwards turned out to be the then Episcopal Chaplain of Colaba, whose co-operation had previously been solicited as a member of the committee, but in vain. The attack caused a little excitement in Bombay, but as soon as the author

was known, it was soon judged by the public to arise from jealousy of the Wesleyans doing the work he would liked to have done himself. In the end it did us good, we laughed good-humouredly when we had made our antagonist reveal himself, and we were assured by a professor of the Elphinstone College, who was himself a member of the Church of England, that the Chaplain's Diocesan reckoned him the exact opposite of "wise" for his action in the matter. The opening ceremony was all that heart could desire. The opening took place in the middle of the monsoon on Monday, July 1st, 1889, but the weather was simply superb. Flags, evergreens, and other decorations, kindly lent by sympathetic friends, gaily decorated the place, which soldiers of the garrison had been busy arranging during the whole of the day. Native police, under the superintendence of European officers, kept splendid order; and soldiers of the garrison, men from H.M.S. *Kingfisher*, and civilians were present in large numbers. The band of the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment performed suitable selections of music, and the whole affair went off with great *éclat*. The enthusiasm was great, and reached its climax when Mrs. Boyd sang "Home, sweet Home." The General Commanding the district, Brigadier-General W. T. Bugden, D.S.O., took the chair, supported by the Rev. T. H. Greig, Senior Chaplain Church of Scotland; Colonel Collingwood, commanding 2nd Glos.; Colonel

A. N. Pearse, commanding Royal Artillery; Colonel D. V. Shortland, Major E. P. Wilford, Commandant Colaba Depôt, without whose aid and chivalrous support the work could never have been completed, and many others. A lady, Mrs. Edwin P. Smith, a member of the Church of England, collected over Rs. 500, but I am sorry to say both she and General Bugden have been called hence. In the first year after opening 700 beds were let, and the following gratifying testimonials to its value were recorded in the visitors' books by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, their Excellencies Lord and Lady Reay, and His Excellency Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Freemantle, after their personal inspection of the Home :—

"I have been much pleased and interested with my visit to the Home, and am sure that it will fill a real want in Bombay both amongst sailors and soldiers. (Signed) Arthur, Lieut.-Colonel, Commander-in-Chief, Bombay; Louise Margaret; W. F. Cavaye, Colonel; A. W. Cavaye."

"A very good beginning has been made, and I trust the Institution will develop rapidly. (Signed) Reay; F. G. J. Reay; Walter C. Hughes; A. G. Curzon-Howe; C. F. Pinney Lieutenant A.D.C."

"14th April, 1890.—E. R. Freemantle, Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, East Indies. The Rev. George Clutterbuck was good enough to show me over the Home at an early hour. I find it clean and tidy, and I hope that his exertions to erect a more complete and commodious establishment will be successful. (Signed) E. R. F."

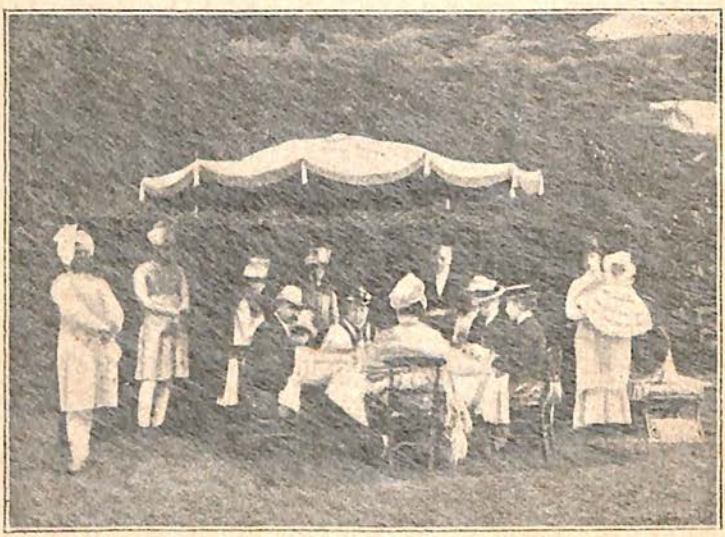
The second year was more successful than the first, and

many were the evidences of the good done. It afforded no small pleasure to see men of the Royal Navy sitting in the library on a Sunday afternoon writing letters home or reading under happy and helpful surroundings, and remembering that but for it they would perchance be listening to foul language on the quarter deck.

Eventually, as stated in chapter three, a site was granted by Government for the permanent housing of the institution, and the Army and Navy Committee generously voted Rs. 5,000 towards the erection, His Highness the Maharajah Holkar of Indore promised Rs. 500, the Hon. Sir D. Manockjee Petit, Bart., also promised substantial help, as did other native gentlemen. It was, however, with great grief I learnt that the Home had to be closed in the third year of its existence, owing to the cost of its upkeep in premises heavily rented. In premises of its own its continuance would have been easy, but I am bound to admit that it was no small task to attempt their erection with so much other and perhaps more pressing work on hand. The need of the Home, however, still exists, and a generous layman would find his money well laid out in contributing a thousand pounds for the erection of a permanent Soldiers and Sailors' Home in Bombay.

Before I left India, Bombay, Poona, Kirkee, Deolali, Deesa, Ahmedabad, Ahmednugger, Purandhur, and Satara owned to our oversight and work, nine garrisons, contain-

ing on an average not less than 500 Wesleyans, which previously had known nothing of us. Owing to this fact and to the position of Bombay as the trooping seaport of India, I had the pleasure of coming into contact with an unusual number of officers and men, military and naval,



H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, ATTENDED BY INDIAN SERVANTS.

leaving very many pleasant recollections. There are many godly officers who witness for Christ most nobly, but so many of them seemed to adopt Plymouth Brethren views, to avoid sometimes, one couldn't help suspecting, the opprobrium of being a "Methodist" or "Dissenter."

The Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, H.R.H. the Duke

of Connaught, was a man much beloved by all. A thorough soldier, demanding as much of himself as he expected from his men; an exemplary husband, and a father of whom his children might well be proud, he was esteemed and respected by English and native alike, who vied with each other to do him honour, not only as the son of Her Gracious Majesty, but because he added lustre to that fact by his own sterling personal qualities. On one occasion the Duke was being entertained by a Native Chief at Poona, who, about to conduct his royal guest down a flight of steps to the garden, thrust aside the ladies of his house to allow him to pass. The Duke, however, requested that the ladies should be allowed to go first, which of course was immediately complied with. I often appealed to him for his help, either his influence with reference to a site or a subscription to our work, and the appeal was never refused. He was always gracious and equally generous. The simplicity and unaffectedness of their relations with the outer world contributed in no small degree to the popularity of their royal highnesses. Often the Duke and Duchess of Connaught would be seen riding out together, unattended by groom or servant of any kind. Their official residence at Colaba was only an old Government bungalow, and there, while they were in residence, the young princess and prince, Margaret and Arthur, might be seen with their governess or being drilled in the grounds by their instructor.

If real worth should be the ground of promotion, whatever be a man's titular rank, then in due course the Duke of Connaught should become Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. I shall ever consider myself under deep obligation to His Royal Highness for his ungrudging and oft-repeated help to my work.

First and foremost among the many efforts made to benefit the soldier in India must be placed the Army Temperance Association, of which the Rev. J. H. Bateson, by permission of the Conference, is secretary. His salary is paid by the Association under the authority of Government, and throughout India, in every garrison, Mr. Bateson has the right to go in the interests of sobriety. When he took over charge, eight years ago, there were 13,000 soldiers who were abstainers; there are now 25,000 out of 77,000.

Thanks to this and all else that is being done for him, Tommy Atkins is by no means the bad fellow he used to be; nor is it an altogether undesirable thing to be in the ranks. And what with the humane influence exerted by the nurses in the military hospitals under Lady Roberts' scheme, the Exhibitions designed both for his education and edification, and not least the various "Societies for the Employment of Discharged Soldiers," not omitting the preference now given to all soldiers of three years and upwards of service in the Post Office, he has a chance of being better off than ever, socially, morally, and spiritually,

nor will any begrudge him any of these attentions and benefits, even though they do not, as an article of creed, believe in war under any circumstances. The British soldier, as a rule, is a brave and good-hearted fellow, and when thoroughly converted, one of the best Christians; while Jack Tar is always jack blunt, but never offensive, because transparently honest. In peace he is as jolly as the day, in war as deadly in earnest, but as a Christian he is a credit to his great Master and the cause of Christianity itself.

With a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, there are those who sedulously endeavour to alarm us as to the health of the English troops in India. For many things the *Times of India* is a most reliable journal, but in this matter it is one of the greatest sinners, and on no subject does it seem to get so wild as on this. Its only justification is its consistency, and that it never lacks supporters to uphold its view. Yet there is little wisdom in either one or the other. Regulations and enactments, familiarly known as the Contagious Diseases Acts, were for nearly ninety years in existence and operation in India with the avowed object of permitting the English soldier to do wrong, and to reap no ill to himself as the result. Hospitals for himself, hospitals for women, compulsory detention and examination, indeed every artifice which ingenuity and resource could suggest, have been placed at his service and for his

sole benefit. For over twenty years the Army Sanitary Commission, consisting of eight specially selected military and medical experts, have had this matter under their special care, and have furnished annual reports to Parliament. If baffled and oft-repeated efforts out of sheer desperation could have made the Acts effective, then certainly they ought to have succeeded in their avowed object. That they have failed has not been the fault of Indian officials. Yet, from 1832 to 1892 and since, the medical and military authorities in India have confessed, again and again, that the Acts have failed in their purpose, and that, instead of diminishing disease, disease has always increased with their full operation. Officials like Lord Bentinck, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir John Lawrence, Lord Ripon, Sir Anthony Home, Surgeon-General in India, and others, have unanimously testified to the hopeless inadequacy of the measures to effect the purposed end. From 1868 to the end of 1890, during which period the Acts were in full force in India, the percentage of disease rose from two hundred to five hundred, from twenty to fifty per cent. Since their repeal in 1890 the increase was only about three per cent. Could anything be clearer as to the verdict? It was the same in England. When the Acts were in practical operation in this country from 1875 to 1882, the figures leapt from a hundred and seventy to two hundred and forty-six. In 1895, with no regulations, it had

gone back to a hundred and seventy-four ! And yet, if it can be believed, there are those who positively shriek for their re-enactment !

Medically, and impossible of contradiction, the Acts have been a gigantic failure, and must never be re-imposed. That is the only ground on which some would submit. But, morally, the suggestion to re-enact them is infamously wrong, and an outrage on the rights of poor Hindu women, whose very inability to defend themselves should be their best claim to our righteous treatment of them. With army officials in India we think much could be done to reduce the temptations of the men. Their time should be better occupied. Moral, physically recreative and instructive exercises should be perpetually provided them, in which surely our Soldiers' Homes may play a worthy part. The folly and the wrong to themselves of evil living ought to form part of their military tuition. There ought to be a greater percentage of men allowed to be married. The true, and only true, remedy is a moral one, and in this direction alone can we look for improvement.

But whether or no, never again we hope will the Contagious Diseases Acts stain our Statute Book, or their enactments be surreptitiously and wickedly enforced, in spite of their repeal. Regulation by law could only mean to the common soldier a military and official provision, sanction and encouragement in the worst of vices.

Nay, it meant more. It professed that he, different to other sinners, should not reap what he had sown. Could anything be more wicked? As I think of some of the sights of men I have seen in hospital in India, literally eaten up with disease and hideous to look at, with cheek and eyes eaten away by the rotting filth of wrong doing, my soul has cursed the foul provision that encouraged rather than dissuaded the poor ignorant lad, fool though he was, from damning himself, body and soul. How futile my discouragements of vice, when authority higher than mine as chaplain had declared it to be no sin.

And what of the woman? Lowell says :—

"They have rights who dare assert them."

But what poor native woman of India knows anything of asserting anything of the kind? In the name of common humanity we demand that she shall be free in her choice of her life, equally free in the control of herself. In the name of God and of Christianity we protest against any wrong doing in the Christian name, and by Christian authority, which would make Christianity a bye-word and a shame amongst those we ought to be most careful and most anxious to prejudice in favour of it. We want our soldiers in India to be saved from suffering and sorrow, and we have a right to preface these by the word "sin," both in its order and importance. But we want equally the

same result for the native woman. And in both cases, while medical testimony is on our side, and we are thankful for and content with it, yet even if it were not, we say now, and shall say always, what is morally wrong cannot be medically right, any more than it can be politically so.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR KITH AND KIN.

Men hate thee, do they, England? Let them know,
  Thou seekest no man's hate, but all men's love;
  That thy designs are ever far above
The plots of those who fain would lay thee low.
Hast thou not lifted up each humbled foe,
  Abolished sacrifice of babe and wife,
  Made pure the home, extinguished tribal strife?
Is it for this men seek thine overthrow?
There is a God of nations; thou art His:
  What sons of earth so numerous as thine
  Tread the dark path His own loved Son hath trod?
If, then, our faith hath not been placed amiss,
Thy greatness is a part of His design,
  Thou isolated Splendour, loved of God.

G. B. HEWETSON.

THE European population of India, the military excluded, is considerably over 100,000, is increasing and is likely to do so. Including Eurasians the total comes near to 250,000. When I returned from India I was surprised to discover how many I met had friends in India, and Bombay in particular. Yet on reflection there was little to surprise one. India is a British possession,

year by year adopting English ways, and with the increase of commerce thereupon, the number of Englishmen finding a livelihood in India grows side by side. The many public works, the railways and canals, commercial and manufacturing enterprises of all sorts depend, for their successful initiation and completion, upon the presence and superiority of the English mechanic and mind. A factor which enters into this question is the increasing number of Europeans who domicile in India. Bangalore is in India what Bedford is in England, a home for retired Anglo-Indians. The same may be said of other hill stations. Time was when nearly all the engine drivers on the Trunk Railways were covenanted out from England. "Now," said Mr. Henry Conder, the general manager of the G.I.P. Railway, "we grow nearly all we require from the sons of our old employés." The police force and the staff of railway guards are largely recruited by soldiers who deliberately purchase their discharge to remain in India. No wonder, therefore, that so many of our kith and kin are to be found all over India, and especially in the large centres of life. The Europeans in Bombay number some 25,000 souls, the sons and daughters of English soil and of English homes. What a claim these have to our first attention and to our pastoral care. English work is very similar in character and work in India as in England, but in the sense in which it is dissimilar, its claims are accentuated, the separation from

those they love in the old home creating sadness on the one hand and exposure to unusual temptations on the other. Isolation even with such a European population as that of Bombay is a very real thing remembering its percentage to a million inhabitants. When living beyond the seas in a heathen land, how often one longs for that mesmeric influence of numbers of our own colour and language which both thrills and satisfies, but which in India one longs for in vain.

Then the misfortunes, and sins and deaths, which, whether they occur there or amongst those from whom they are separated, make of Anglo-Indians a class demanding and calling forth peculiar sympathy. For all practical purposes "English and army" work in India are one, except in the financial assistance which they may require or render, in which respect they are very dissimilar. But alike or unlike, are we to minister to them? Shall we form them into churches and classes, or if far away from others pastor them as best we can through the post? If a local preacher comes from Glasgow, or engineers from Manchester, clerks from London, chemists from Cornwall, men and women of all businesses and grades but in many cases earnest Christians from all parts of the fatherland, what shall we do? Let them fare as best they can, which means "go to the devil," or dare we say anything except that having begotten them in England, whether as "adherents" or "members," or more,

we will, in imitation of our Master, and with all the ability we have, "neither leave them nor forsake them?" And lest this should seem superfluous or ironical, let it be understood that I ask the question with two assumptions; first, that inevitably it will take some of our time which might be spent on direct native work, and second, that financial assistance will have to come for this work for many a day.

For dealing with these two points more closely our "already existing" obligations to our kith and kin are not cancelled by our creating new ones—even in religion we are to be just before we may be generous—and if you question this I must tell you what needs to be spoken on the housetops, that the conversion of the native depends on the conversion of the European. That while their interests are two for the purposes of discussion, and administration and convenience, they are only one when we speak of the conversion of India. Strictly speaking, therefore, there is no such thing as English work, it is all native. Take the following sentences selected out of a thoughtful article in the *Harvest Field*, by the Rev. Henry Rice, of Bangalore, and a son of one of the most honoured of India's missionaries, on "British Influence in India," a testimony that might be confirmed by a hundred others, and then see that to support English work is to invest your money for the conversion of the Hindu, the Musalman and the Parsee,

and that to minister to the one, you are getting to the hearts of the others.

"It is impossible," says he, "to conceive of the gospel not triumphing gloriously in this country if it were at all worthily commended by the lives of its professed followers. Let Christianity be exemplified before the eyes of the Hindus by the individuals who bear its name, and further evidence of its truth would hardly be necessary. . . . It is time that every Englishman and Englishwoman began to consider themselves as distinctly the promoters or the hinderers of the evangelization of India by their example in the duties of life. . . . The chief part of the work lies with the mass of the English population in India." Mr. R. P. Karkaria, an educated Hindu, says, "A single true Christian life, lived in the midst of the Indian peoples, would have greater influence, would incline them much more favourably towards the faith, than any amount of preaching or controversy. Even the small way which Christianity has made in India has been chiefly owing to the saintly lives led by some of its missionaries."* *The Hindu*, edited by a Brahmin, said, "If all Christians in India had been as Donald M'Leod, India would have become Christian long ago." The same is true all over the world. The Marquess Ito, the Prime Minister of Japan, recently said, "You sent us missionaries who told us we

* "India: Forty Years of Progress and Reform," p. 75.

were immoral. Possibly, but what about the lives of many of the English merchants living here, or the English tourists who visit our country?" Let this fact be weighed as seriously as we have ventured to state it, and the inference is inevitable that English work must be considered an integral factor in the conversion of India.

And, dealing with the question of support, are you of those who say, "By all means let them be ministered to, but let them support their own ministers and build their own churches?" Then, besides ignoring the thesis we have just placed and proved, you lay down a rule which if imposed even in England, would stifle at the birth the majority of the churches that may yet have being, as such a rule had it been in operation would have acted in respect of the majority of the churches which are. If this would be the case in England how much more so in India, only, by the necessities of the case, help for English churches in India must be larger and for longer than at home. At the most, even in the Presidency towns, the adherents of each church are but a small community, and while it is true that many of them have good salaries and much larger than they would have in England, their very fortune becomes a reason why they should and do support and help parents and other friends, not so favourably placed at home. And when you have, in addition, deducted those expenses, which, though incidental to a life in India, are extraordinary in their character;

instead of showing that the ordinary Anglo-Indian is fabulously rich, you only prove how well he spends his money, thereby enhancing the nobleness of those who, as I could give instance after instance, give to the work of God far more generously than those in similar circumstances in England. No mean Anglo-Indian shall take credit out of this description, for the words are not written of him, but the open-pursed, warm-hearted Englishman in India is a thorough godsend, of whom both nation and church have cause to be proud. Then again for each English community of any size scattered over that vast country a place of worship is required, while it may be further remarked that in such a country the proportion of English people to be depended upon for help is much less than in England.

Away then with specious pleadings, and let Methodists and all Christians for their particular church give of their substance as God has blessed them for the spiritual welfare of their kindred in India, whose position is no more analogous to those in colonies essentially English, than is that of the Hindoo himself. Thankful indeed shall we be to contribute in any degree to an intelligent understanding of this question which shall yield such a practical result that before long, from Aden to Mandalay, from Rangoon to Karachi, and from Afghan to Ceylon, flourishing English Methodist churches shall be found, fostering the highest interests of our own children. In the words of one

of our best and most experienced ex-chaplains in India, the Rev. Amos Burnet, "We want men who are possessed with a consuming passion for souls, whether they be English souls, or Brahmin souls, or pariah souls, or any other kind of souls."

In a mission so young as Bombay, where every congregation and church had to be gathered and grown, and where so much time was devoted to the erection of buildings and the acquisition of plant, the full value of which belongs so much to the future, it will hardly be expected that, in addition to the general and successful establishment of the work, we should be able to produce many trophies of saving grace. Yet that we were not without these, even in the native work, will have been already noted. In English work the difficulty lies less in their existence than in the fact that most, if not all, we have influenced for good, are alive and are known to some of those into whose hands this book may come. At the risk, therefore, of robbing it of what might very properly increase its interest, we must, with a few exceptions, draw over them the veil of privacy. Yet we thankfully know that amongst all classes of Europeans, commercial and civilian, whether living on land or sea, there are many who were soundly converted to God in connection with our work, and who will, we fervently pray, be our crown of rejoicing beyond.

Before long Bombay will probably rival London in the

number of its well-equipped hospitals, which, thanks to the incentive of Government, the generosity of wealthy natives, above all to Lady Dufferin's fund, have rapidly increased within the last few years, one of the best and oldest being the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital, to which the Grant Medical College is attached, and which was founded by the first Parsee baronet of this name. In his early days he was a poor bottle merchant, and in memory of an honourable fact, it is known by the natives as the "Bottlewalla" or "Bottleman" hospital.

For the benefit of Europeans, the disused "Fort" Barracks was, till within recent years, the only hospital. Before Lord Reay left India, however, he laid the foundation stone of the new St. George's Hospital, the completion of which has wiped away the disgrace which had so long rested on this otherwise progressive city and has brought it into worthy fellowship with the European hospital in the sister presidency town of Madras, which, though called the "Benighted Presidency," possesses, and has had for years, one of the finest and best equipped hospitals to be found in India. In India people of all grades use the hospitals, different wards being provided for paying and non-paying patients, the former costing one, two and three rupees a day, according to the ability of the patient and what they wish to have in the way of diet. Twice a week the hospital was visited by my wife and some other ladies, who,

besides taking soup and other nourishing things for the poor, were privileged to lead some to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." One of these was a sailor hailing from Durham, who had been left behind by his ship, suffering from typhoid fever. He got well and gave his heart to God. He told us his wife was a Christian, that he had been brought up as a Primitive Methodist, and after leaving the hospital he came and spoke at one of our fellowship meetings, telling us he had already written his wife about his conversion, and declaring he would remain faithful to Christ.

On another occasion a steamer from Hull had five men down with the same disease, which is very common amongst sailors, and they were all taken to the hospital. Four were very bad, but the fifth was a powerfully built fellow who complained of not being allowed to have solid food, and declaring that he would leave the hospital the next day. He did leave the hospital the next day, but it was to be buried. When I tried to point him to his spiritual condition he only cursed and swore. Another of the five was a Wesleyan, and long and earnestly did I speak to him since I saw he was so ill. The day following and the next I urged his acceptance of salvation. As I was about to leave I put before him the possibility that he might not recover, and asked him if he would like me to send his wife any message in that event; and in answer

and speaking slowly but clearly he replied, "Tell her I belong to Christ." The same night he died, as did another of the five, and the next day I buried him in Sewree Cemetery. I found out the wife's address from the captain of the ship, who attended the funeral, and wrote her as full an account as I could of the whole affair, and described the cemetery, etc., which I always did in these cases, knowing that even little matters like this afforded comfort. Three months passed and I had almost forgotten the matter when the English mail brought me a letter from the widow, expressing her grateful thanks for the letter, informing me that she was a member of a Christian Church, that she had been plunged into deepest distress on the receipt of a telegram that her husband was dead—he having left home as a man without hope and without God—until she received my letter, which she took as a message from Heaven. I also had the pleasure of receiving a letter from her daughter's mistress, who was an earnest member of another church. Another of my converts became a candidate for the American Methodist Ministry, and went to America for training. Much of my pastoral work was done by correspondence, with people in far-away towns and places without any godly or European surroundings of any kind. But the work was not all success. We had our failures and some very sad ones Others were never anything but unsatisfactory, baffling all effort on our part for their

welfare. One such case I call to mind. An ex-soldier of smart bearing and good address, whose wife was one of our members and through whom we tried to influence her husband, was unfortunately no stranger to the intoxicating cup. On one occasion he was summoned on a jury at the High Court. In the vestibule was a list of jurors, under the headings Parsee, Mahomedan, Hindoo, and Christian. Discovering his name under the last designation, he exclaimed loud enough for a friend of mine to hear, "Well, I'm blowed; I never knew I was a Christian before. Won't old Clutterbuck be glad." I have smiled many times at his ready wit, but have always sorrowed that he never yielded to good and to God.

In a place like Bombay and in the circumstances under which our work was carried on, the addition of one member after another was to us what I should imagine relief or assistance would be to a beleaguered garrison, such as the arrival of the Prussians at the Battle of Waterloo; eagerly welcomed and seized upon, made the most use of and imprinted on the memory as a picture in which the salient features of their providential service group themselves round the particular individuals. To some I have already referred, others I have in mind whose advent and devotion, though highly treasured, was local in its interests and of that character which precludes more than the bare mention of it; others again who became and are "pillars of the

church" have rendered a service to Methodism in Bombay second to none. They are the living foundation, the record of whose love will always be sacredly cherished by me, and to which I desire to give some degree of expression.

Mr. Samuel Leech as a lad was connected with South Norwood, where the father of the Rev. W. H. Hart, of Calcutta, conducted a Bible Class, of which both lads were members, and in association with which he was soundly converted to God. He preceded me in Bombay by a couple of years, at which time he was in a responsible position in a local firm. In the absence of our own church, he had identified himself with another, and did not ally himself with us till a considerable time after my arrival. This indeed was one of my difficulties. It had been suggested that the Wesleyans would join us as soon as our work was commenced, but those who would have done so had very properly thrown in their lot with other churches, though others, as I found to my sorrow, had, in the absence of their own church, entirely fallen away. Now every new arrival comes to us as a matter of course. But so soon as Mr. Leech did throw in his lot with us, he worked with heart and soul. I shall never forget the service he rendered to us when my financial efforts connected with the Byculla property were pressing hard upon me. I had told him of my position in the ordinary way, when, without the least ostentation, he offered to lend me a thousand rupees,

which on a further necessity he increased to two, nor would he, nor others who helped us in this way, take any interest for it; and this incident is characteristic of him. Retiring, self-depreciating, but withal a dear good fellow. Now he is in business for himself, and who will not join in the prayer that "everything he doeth may prosper."

My introduction to Mr. William Lane was at the close of one of my Sunday evening services when he was introduced to me as "a young man you ought to get hold of." The hint was sufficient, and I did. For years he had been a consistent Christian, but at that time belonged to no church. From our introduction our mutual affection steadily increased, and he became my right hand in many enterprises as well as a most reliable counsellor. As Circuit and Society Steward, a most acceptable local preacher, sub-editor of the *Methodist Record*, his articles in which were thoughtfully written, and as my *locum tenens* when I was compelled to return home, he has served the church in a manner deserving its highest praise. In thorough sympathy with social Christianity, and very generous, his support in the principles and methods of our work was as unfailing as it was inspiriting. With stations a hundred miles apart, involving absence from home from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, to be a local preacher under such conditions demands a real spirit of sacrifice, which few rise

to. For some months, however, he assisted me in this manner with hardly a Sunday's rest.

I very much doubt if any one knew the extent of the generosity of Mr. Henry A. Geyer, whose familiar initials, H. A. G., are pretty widely known in Bombay. There was hardly a subscription list but his name was down for something. "Out of works," widows, and poor people generally, especially distressed seamen, were seldom turned away without help if the slightest reliance could be placed in their story. Sometimes I thought he was too generous, a thought I should like to be able to confess of all. Nor was generosity displayed in any way, for I never remember him telling me that he helped anybody. I found it out. A self-made man and becoming more prosperous, as he deserved to, he did not forget others less favourably placed, which is so often the bane of those "who have risen in the world." Our Sacramental Service was given by him a few months after he joined us, and an enumeration of his gifts to the church would hardly be possible, his last, while I was in India, being of five hundred rupees to our new Colaba School Chapel. As local preacher and Sunday School Superintendent, ready to second in every good work, the church has in him, as thank God she has all over the world, men "whose praise are in all the churches." If success therefore did attend us, it was in large measure owing to these and other faithful "laymen" who associated

themselves with us from time to time and who became both our comrades in and our guerdon from the work.

"Find thy reward in the thing
Which thou hast been blest to do;
Let the joy of others cause joy to spring
Up in thy bosom too!
And if the love of a grateful heart
As a rich reward be given,
Lift thou the love of a grateful heart
To the God of love in heaven."

CHAPTER IX.

MISCELLANEA.

"Alas! I still see something to be done,
And what I do falls short of what I see,
Though I waste myself on doing."

Rest is decay, to labour is to grow,
All the high idols of the past are shrunk
Gleaming within their niches far away,
And we behold above our heads appear
Far other heights we never dreamed were there;
For while we thought we climbed some mighty Alp,
We only scaled some puny eminence
That lay within the shadow at its base.

J. D. HOSKEN, "Verses by the Way."

HAPPY the church with suitable plant, and no harassing debt to hinder its work. Such a condition we could not boast. Our estimate asking for £5,000 for buildings alone, startling and ill considered as it appeared to some, was proved by experience to be sagacious and moderate considering the task imposed upon us. Our greatest discouragement was the feeling that we were expected to make bricks without straw. True, we opened our Igatpura church free of debt. True, in the result, we obtained our splendid site at Byculla practically for nothing. But even

these, as we have noticed, were anything but costless in the process. Besides which we had the costly upkeep of the Colaba work, consisting of the Chapel, the Day School, the Medical Mission, and the Soldiers and Sailors' Home; the maintenance of the work at Poona and Kirkee, as well as at Deolali and Bhosawul; the native work at Byculla, and the support of European assistants at Byculla, Igatpura, and Poona, when I could get them, and to the extent I could afford them. The upkeep alone of the work, when in full operation, required a thousand pounds per annum. Money, money, money, absorbed so much time and energy, that the wonder was I had time for anything else. Indeed, so incessant were the appeals I was forced to make that my constant surprise was the kindly response they met with, very frequently from the very same people who had just helped me, and, on the other hand, the very seldom occasion when any one refused me. In the first two years of our existence we raised no less than £3,000, apart from loans, as the following balance-sheet, published with our first report of the mission in 1889, will show :—

	Rs.	A.	P.		Rs.	A.	P.
To Building Fund ..	26 205	6	3	By Building Fund ..	34 958	10	10
,, Gen. Chapel Fund	4 774	4	7	,, Gen. Chapel Fnd.	4 101	14	5
,, Ministry.. ..	2 759	5	4	,, Ministry.. ..	2 759	5	4
,, Day Schools ..	1 477	12	10	,, Day Schools .	1 982	11	0
,, Medical Mission	503	1	9	,, Sundries.. ..	469	7	6
,, Loans	8 552	2	4				
	Rs. 44 272	1	1		Rs. 44 272	1	1

And here I should like to acknowledge the unvarying—there was only one exception—courtesy and consideration which I always received at the hands of Government officials, military officers, and civilian ladies and gentlemen, whether in the matters now before us or in those previously described. In all the departments of Government to which we had occasion to apply; from the Corporation officials, and in military departments; from the Commander-in-Chief's Secretary, down to the humblest subordinate, I experienced nothing but kindness. Similar tribute must be given to the Press, the *Bombay Gazette* and the *Times of India* in particular, who gratuitously advertised our Sunday services, and frequently made encouraging reference to our work.

Amongst our efforts for raising funds was a Town Hall Concert, in November, 1887, when we were struggling on to our feet, and at which the late Lady Morland and other notable singers gave us their assistance, and by means of which we obtained about £50. At that time most of the churches in Bombay entertained the same feelings with reference to amusements as were expressed by the Rev. Archibald Brown. On the one hand an intolerant low church cleric, touring in India, denounced us for doing the devil's work; on the other, a high church, but bigoted one, tried to do us equal service by appealing to the gentleman who had undertaken to organise our concert and to sing in

it, to wash his hands of the matter. Of late years we have heard a good deal of clerical intrigue in England, but we can show equally excellent examples in India. This gentleman happened to be a singer at the Cathedral, and without a rival as such. He replied that having given us his word to help he could not withdraw his promise. The would-be keeper of his conscience then suggested that he ought not to keep faith with "schismatics," which, fortunately, our friend did not agree with. His reply was, "If I do nothing worse than help the Wesleyans I shan't mind." To me, he added, in telling the story, "He did not know that my mother was a good Wesleyan or he would probably not have said so much." Of course he sang for us. I regret to say he died a year or two after, but the freshness of his genuine and manly kindness abides with me. By the way, his wife was an Indian-born English lady, who had never seen his relatives. On two occasions she had vivid dreams, in which she saw a woman ill; in the first an elder, and in the second a younger. On her awakening she described the subject of her dream, in feature and form, to her husband, who exclaimed, "Why, that's my mother." Impressed by it he wrote to the Isle of Wight, where she lived, and found she was seriously ill. Equally strange the subject of the second dream was his sister, who at that time lived in America, and who also, after correspondence, was found to be unwell.

Early in 1889 we held a grand bazaar in the Town Hall, which Government kindly placed at our disposal. The bazaar was a most arduous effort, especially for my wife, who worked day and night for months getting work ready for the sewing meetings, of which there were generally two a week, attended on an average by a score of ladies, and indeed, oversighting the whole affair on the ladies' side. H.E. the Governor and Lady Reay opened the bazaar on the first day, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Commander-in-Chief, on the third, who would have been accompanied by the Duchess, he graciously assured us, had she been well enough. Besides making purchases they gave us donations in aid. Many ladies and gentlemen sang and played for us, while, by permission of the officers commanding, the bands of the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Marine Battalion enlivened the proceedings on the three days. The place inside and out was beautifully gay with flags and bunting, which the P. and O. Company had furnished and fixed under the genial superintendence of Captain Newell. Altogether we realised over £600, although the Ritualists sedulously instructed their people not to patronise it. It was a grand success, and it deserved to be. The young church worked grandly. Not an unkind word was said, either in the sewing meetings or in any of the proceedings. No raffling was permitted, and everything passed off as smoothly as one could wish.

In the Wesleyan Missionary Notices for 1867, there is printed a complaint from Bombay that Protestant people had only Roman Catholic schools to which they could send their children. To a degree this impressed itself on me when, twenty years later, I found so many children from Colaba, and from other parts of the city, sent to the Convent School in the Fort. The Cathedral High Schools, I regret to say, were as little to be preferred. When, therefore, we opened our temporary premises in Colaba in May-June, 1887, we commenced the Colaba High School, a day school for both sexes, with three scholars and one teacher. It had many struggles, but at the end of the third year there were forty pupils and three teachers. From the second year it received Government grants, and our site was given in some measure, on account of the existence of the school, which H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools, T. P. Kirkham, Esq., encouraged us in. Later on we opened European High Schools at Byculla and Parel, which prospered for a time, and then had to be closed, through lack of suitable teachers. The Byculla School was in charge of a mistress, who sent in her resignation on the morning the school was to be reopened, and who, with a characteristic woman's reason, if the ladies will pardon my saying so, hoped that would be satisfactory. As I had not another mistress hanging up waiting for employment, and as my own hands were more than full, the school collapsed,

though I am not aware that that fact perturbed the lady in question, who had, of course, been fully paid all that was due to her. I am a great admirer of the ladies, but in business some of them have yet to learn that business-like notice is as essential to be given as to be received. But to pass on.

Another thing which attracted my attention was the dearth of religious newspapers in Bombay compared with other cities. The *Bombay Guardian* was the only one. I therefore commenced the *Methodist Record* in January, 1888, as a monthly periodical of sixteen pages, and in size similar to the *Methodist Times*, and from a circulation of 200 in the first year it rose to 600. The *Indian Methodist Times*, published in Calcutta, and originating with the Rev. T. H. Whitamore, was, and is, a good paper, but with a distance of 1,600 miles it could never have sufficient local colour to make it popular in Bombay. The *Harvest Field* and the *Ceylon Friend* were the other Wesleyan Methodist publications. The former is a splendid Missionary magazine, and, I think, the best of its kind in India.

Temperance work claimed much of my attention. The Bombay Temperance League had died years since, and prophets said any successor would share the same fate. But we were not discouraged. We formed the Indian Temperance Association, with the Rev. J. Forgan as its first president, whom I had the privilege to follow, the late

Hon. Justice Telang, C.I.E., becoming its third president. The Association is now a strong force in Bombay, the credit of which is due to its original Secretaries, S. Tomlinson, Esq., one of the Executive Engineers of the Municipality, and since holding an important appointment at Singapore, and Mr. D. D. Gilder, a Parsee gentleman, a splendid worker and editor of the *Student's Friend*. Thanks to Mr. W. S. Caine the work of Temperance reformation throughout the Continent has been organized and consolidated in the work of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association.

In Missionary matters I have always been an Imperialist, and never a "little Englander," and the acquisition of Mhow and Jhansi as Methodist centres, as well as the advocacy and support of other extensions, have always had my warmest help.

Social work was always upon our hands. To get children into orphanages; work for widows; passages home for poor fellows out of work; and work for lads and men, in the dockyard, on the railways, or in the police, were tasks as congenial as common, and if increasing applications for my interest and effort signified appreciation, then I had no cause to complain of ingratitude in this respect. In an emporium like Bombay I became the honorary agent of various brethren in different parts, to be which was always a pleasure. And not a few times I had letters from England and elsewhere asking me to recommend suitable

agents for various manufacturers. I was going to say I was frequently asked to be money lender—one impecunious but audacious fellow suggesting that I might lend him some from the church's coffer, as I was myself short—but in some instances it turned out to be money loser. Yet for what shall I complain? God abundantly blessed me both in strength and labour, and in all that I put my hand to. How I got through the work I don't know. I was driving out: "There goes Clutterbuck; doesn't he work," said a pedestrian on the pathway. "Yes, and doesn't he make his pony work," said his companion, in the overheard conversation. Fortunately, however, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals never summoned me. Ordinarily I worked fourteen to sixteen hours a day. Sometimes, and eventually as a regular thing, I have sat up one or two whole nights a month, and once, when greatly pressed, I worked four days and nights without intermission for rest, in the interests of the work of God, and to effectually keep pace with the problems of pioneer work, night after night listening to the midnight tune played by the University clock and counting its quarter-of-an-hour chimes throughout the night, my desk, and lamp, and legs surrounded by the living buzz of all sorts and sundry of insect life, the mosquitoes especially all too interested in my wakeful activity, so that now and again I was bent on slaughter. With suitable variation I might quote the

tender-hearted Cowper as my apologist and supporter in these acts of extermination :—

> The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
> And charged, perhaps, with venom, that intrudes,
> A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
> Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
> The chamber, or refectory, may die ;
> A necessary act incurs no blame.

This record of service is written in no egotistic spirit, but with gratitude to God for grace given, and as some evidence as to how Missionaries were spending their time at the very moment when the famous controversy respecting their privileges and their perquisites was engaging and exciting the English public. Let me give my testimony of my brethren and say that, as a whole, I know of no more truly devoted and self-sacrificing body of men than they are, men worthy of all honour, and not a few of whom have literally hazarded their lives for the sake of Jesus Christ.

> For he whom Heaven
> Hath called to be th' awakener of a land,
> Should have his soul's affections all absorb'd
> In that majestic purpose, and press on
> To its fulfilment, as a mountain born
> And mighty stream, with all its vassal rills,
> Sweeps proudly to the ocean, pausing not
> To dally with the flowers.

CHAPTER X.

A MISSIONARY TAMASHA.

And far afield were sun-baked savage creatures,
  Female and male, that tilled the earth, and wrung
Want from the soil;—lean things with livid features,
  Shape of bent man, and voice that never sung.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

"The dead rot by the wayside; the unblest
  Who live, in caves and desert mountains lurk
  Trembling, His foldless flock, shorn of their fleece.
  Women in travail, babes that suck the breast,
  Are spared not. Famine hurries to her work."

WILLIAM WATSON.

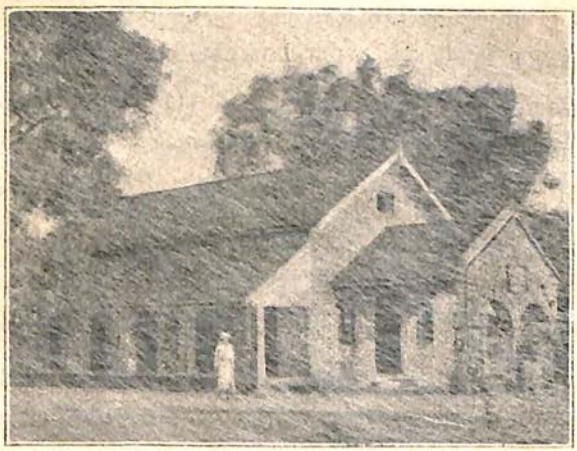
TAKING the measurement of the actually acquired Stations in the Bombay Circuit before I left India, and striking a mean between Ahmednugger and Bhosawul, my charge stretched from west to east 280 miles, and from Deesa to Satara, north to south, 600 miles; in other words a Circuit the size of Great Britain itself, with only one man and with all the responsibilities incident to initial enterprise. But the Lucknow and Benares District, to which Bombay was attached, covers the greater part of India, and stretches from Karachi to Fyzabad and from Peshawur to Poona, or

equalising its distances, its geographical lines would in each direction measure 1,500 miles. So that, a "thousand miles to a district meeting," was a moderate statement at any time, and less than the fact when our journey was from Bombay to Lucknow, which we are now taking.

The population of this territory is something like 100 millions, and for their salvation, be they black or white, the Wesleyan Missionary Society has a staff of something like ten missionaries! How I wish I could fasten this on the memory of the supporters of our Society, and of the supporters of other Societies, to whose work these statements might equally apply—who have but little or no knowledge of the size of the country, which, though not geographically so, is deemed worthy of being called a continent. Let my readers take the map of India, with these facts in their minds, and give a half-an-hour's reflection, on the many thoughts which must arise as they do so, and I venture to assert that they will pledge themselves more nobly to the Missionary cause than they have ever done before.

Starting from Bombay by the mail train on Friday night, and passing in the night the Church Missionary Society station at Nasik, and in the morning the Friends' Mission station at Itarsi, where they have so successful and so interesting a work, we arrived at Jabalpur towards Saturday evening, purposing to stay here over Sunday, when I had the pleasure of preaching twice to very fair

congregations of English people. In the afternoon, in the company of the Rev. Ephraim Mortimer, we visited the Military Hospital, and saw there an earnest Christian sergeant, very bad with bronchitis, but who, though prostrated for many months, had realized much of the preciousness of Jesus Christ. We were saddened to learn that a Wesleyan soldier had died, about two hours before we



WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH, JABALPUR.

arrived, of abscess on the liver. Mr. Mortimer had only seen him a day or two before. He had been out in the country six years, and only had two more to complete his full term. He was the rough rider of the battery, and the beginning of his illness was occasioned by a fall from his horse.

When visiting Jabalpur on another occasion I went with

Bro. Mortimer for a couple of days' evangelistic work through the villages. In the hot season travelling is only done under compulsion. In the cold season from November to January, missionaries are delighted to avail themselves of the splendid opportunity thus afforded them of itinerating in the villages of their districts, and proclaiming Jesus Christ to thousands who would never otherwise hear of Him. The Jabalpur Circuit includes the country of the "Gonds" to whom Mr. W. S. Caine once directed attention as having no missionary. Our work is south of Jabalpur to the Nerbudda and beyond. North of Jabalpur is taken by the Church Missionary Society, and thus there is unity without union. Hiring a couple of camels with their drivers for the month for thirty rupees to carry the tents, bedding, cooking utensils, magic lantern, books, etc., the missionary and his native colleagues and assistants peregrinate through the country round from village to village, selling tracts, preaching the gospel, both by word of mouth and the more attractive magic lantern.

Rising before daylight and hurriedly eating our *Chota Hazri*, we were able to catch a train which brought us in an hour to Burgi, a station at the side of the trunk road. It must have been a market day, for a continual stream of peasants on horseback, pony or oxen, passed by with produce of all kinds, including cotton. The tents were suitably pitched under the shadow of some tall betel trees,

which towered some fifty to eighty feet above us, in the branches of which were dozens of huge monkeys, who, at the bark of a dog, or the sight of a stone lifted to hit them, jumped from tree to tree and hid themselves behind a mass of foliage. To the right of us was a field of Indian maize, behind us the village well, with the camels eating the green leaves which form their chief food; whilst stretching away to the left was the straggling town. Having had our breakfast we went into the Bazaar sight-seeing as well as tract selling, and talking to the people and inviting them to the *Tamasha*, which we wished to give them, and announcing the time in the evening that it would take place. *Tamasha* has nothing to do with tomato, as my young friends may think, but means anything and everything that may be called an event of any kind, from a christening party to a sombre funeral. Our *Tamasha* was to be a Lantern Service, but as the natives here had never seen one, we forebore useless description and piqued their curiosity by the general term which allowed their imagination free scope as to what we had in store for them.

No one in India thinks of working indoors if he can do so outside, and therefore on both sides of the street might be seen cotton cleaners, both men and women, separating the pods or shells from the cotton, by a simple hand machine, very much like the upper part of an English washing

machine. Here and there is a carpenter, fashioning a piece of wood, which he holds like a vice between the big and next toe of his left foot, as sitting down he moves his saw. There is the village school, with the boys quite inattentive to tuition, as soon as a white face is seen. Sitting on the floor, or on the stone bench built to the sides of the wall, with no desks or slates other than the smooth sand spread in front of them, they manage, in some way or other, to make progress in the three R's. Returning to dinner, which we eat with relish, the same work as the morning is again carried on till sundown, when preparation has to be made, after the evening meal is disposed of, for the *Tamasha*. Meanwhile the odd man has been gathering wood from far and near for our fire, which is made in the open night in front of our tents, for it is the cold season, literally so in these latitudes, and as soon as the sun is gone, we are thankful to see the glare as well as to feel the genial warmth with which it glows. At length night is here, though not with that suddenness which some people tell of, nor with that stealthy and extended twilight to which we are accustomed in England. Already the moon is shining with a brilliancy which it only has in the East, and set, as it is, high up and far away in the receding vault of heaven, the queen of heaven rides majestically on, the air being so clear that it is possible without any difficulty to read a book by the lunar light,

which is seldom hidden by intervening clouds, except in the monsoon. The lantern sheet we fix as much in the shade as possible to avoid the moon's rays, for which purpose the glade of the trees, which shelters us, suits us admirably. One by one the villagers arrive, first the men, then the boys, and lastly and timidly the women and girls, who do not venture in front of the sheet till the interest has deepened and left them free to themselves. Horse-shoe-like the men and boys sit in front, and when between one or two hundred people have arrived, the *Tamasha* begins. Mr. Mortimer is showing them the life of Christ, with explanations and lessons suited to their understanding. With what eagerness they watch, how absorbed they seem, while with eyes fastened on the screen, their teeth and tongue utter a peculiar click of satisfaction or everybody exclaims, *wah, wah*—well, well. How they enter into the spirit of the thing when later on a hymn in *Urdu* is placed on the sheet, and those who can read are invited to sing with the missionary and evangelists of the wondrous love of Jesus. Ah, methinks it is a sight to make the angels clap their hands with delight. It is 10.30 p.m. The service is over. Books are sold. Intense curiosity has been strained still more by an examination of the lantern and slides, and back and front of the screen to find out why the pictures come as they do, but at last the people have all gone home and we are about to retire,

when a large contingent of peasants from distant villages come in, to find themselves too late. Nothing daunted, however, they beseech Mr. Mortimer to show them the *Tamasha*, pleading that if he does not, they will be the scorn and laughing stock of their neighbours, for having taken their trouble in vain, so that he at length yields and

EVANGELIST (TOTAL DAS) AND VILLAGERS.

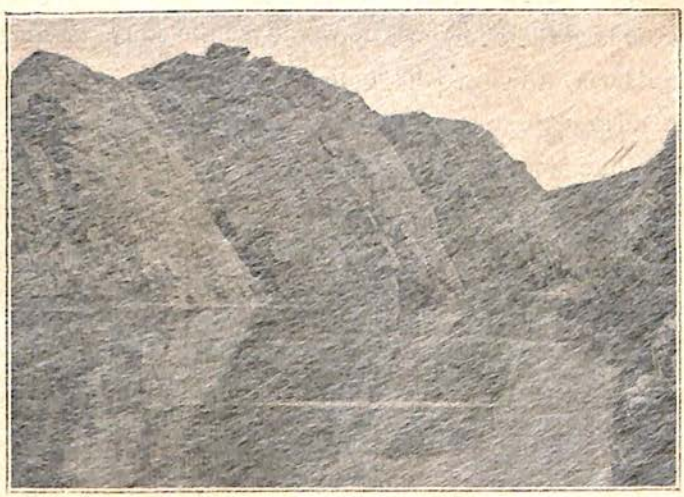
goes through it all again, till it is past midnight before they disperse to their homes.

The next day we go to the villages from which we gathered our congregation the night before, to follow the work up as best we can, by preaching and selling books, perhaps three for a farthing, and driving a hard bargain, even at that. Mr. Mortimer, with an evangelist, went off

in one direction; I with Samuel, another of his catechists, and the best, went off in another. In all we each visited some six villages, at each of which we were well received. Calling on the head man of the village, we desired him to summon the people together, which they instantly obey, and then Samuel preached the word or sang a Bhajan and then tried to sell the books. Sometimes he would tell the story contained in the book, which would increase its sale, and I noticed that those with pictures or hymns sold the readiest. I meanwhile was only a listener, for I knew nothing of *Urdu*. But in one village they asked that the *Padri Sahib* might sing to them, which to please them I did, though with what result, other than blushing and perspiring as I never had before, I cannot say. Thus is the seed cast upon the waters, or changing the figure, by the wayside, for with the small staff at his disposal, it may be years before the missionary can come this way again.

The sight of Jabalpur, which no one misses if he can help it, is that of the Marble Rocks, some five miles away, where the sacred river Nerbudda has ploughed its way through a regiment of marble rocks to the distance of half-a-mile at least. Viewing them from above, the river bends round between the hills, until it reaches our feet, where it is met by a range of marble rocks, which at one time must have offered a stubborn resistance to its presence

and advance. Vain the effort as we know from other parts of the world, but nowhere more strikingly so than here, where it has worn away the rocks, down and between which it rushes and roars to a hundred feet below, where the foam seethes and boils as though a fire were beneath. Retracing our steps past a solitary Fakir, who, bedaubed



MARBLE ROCKS, JABALPUR.

and dishevelled, affects virtue, and claims reverence and offerings from devotees visiting the hallowed spot, we came to a turn in the river to which the land slopes down to a point of great beauty, and much frequented by pilgrims from all over India to its sacred waters, where we hired a boat and rowed between the rocks up to the very cascade

we had looked down upon only a short while since. At some parts the rocks are hundreds of feet above us. Except for the splash of the oars there is an awful stillness everywhere. The rustle of the wings of the doves who have made this wild their home makes an audible whirr as they fly out, frightened by the sound of our moving boat. High above, and here and there adhering to the rocks,may be seen the hives of the bees. In some parts you can almost touch the sides, and in one place called " the Monkey Leap," the width is not more than thirty feet. It is a beautiful sight to see the sun glistening on the white marble, which Aberdeen might well envy. No one can be there without being conscious of the presence of the Maker of all things in this gigantic cleavage of nature. When we came here it was the time of our district gathering. In the day we had been considering the interests of Christ's Kingdom, and it was already looming into twilight and shadow when we got on to the waters of the sacred Nerbudda. We sang many hymns as our boat glided over the still waters, which for hundreds of feet below coursed beneath us, but none seemed more appropriate than " Jesu, Lover of my Soul," with its heart-stirring imagery of exposure and conscious need, on the one hand, and the precious provision and trust therein on the other ; or if there was an exception it was in favour of " Rock of Ages, cleft for me," for as we sang its first and other verses, tears of softened gladness suffused our

eyes as we thought of the dear Saviour we had found, and who had died for India also.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

As we landed it was almost dark, and quite so when we reached Mr. Mortimer's house, whose well-known hospitality we have frequently shared.

When these events took place it was some years ago, when in the beginning of the year everything looked green and promised a good harvest. Smiling plenty, the land happily groaned with fattening crops the whole way up, but now as we write, how changed is the scene, for the famine of 1896-7, if it does not stretch into 1898, has laid its gaunt hands on no part of India or of the Central Provinces with more ferocity or cruelty than on that of Jabalpur. For four years the crops have failed. Things rapidly went from bad to worse. The ordinary Hindu is an agriculturalist, eighty out of every hundred finding work on the land. The mass of the people literally live from hand to mouth, and even those at some removes could not stand such a disaster as this. From the very beginning of 1896 the out-look was alarming. In the North-west Provinces, in no worse plight, if

as bad, relief work was organized early in the year, but in the Central Provinces things took their normal course. The Wesleyan missionary at Jabalpur was the Rev. Joseph Parson, who has been more or less associated with the district for fifteen years, and who is probably unequalled for an ethnological, religious and social knowledge of the

A FAMINE GROUP NEAR PANAGAR.

people of Central India. He knew too well the conditions of things, and in July, without promise of help of any kind, he began to feed the poor and to clothe the naked, and to shelter the homeless, £10 to his help going through my hands from two elect ladies, whom God bless. But comparatively he was a voice crying in the wilderness. In August the death-rate had quadrupled, and people were

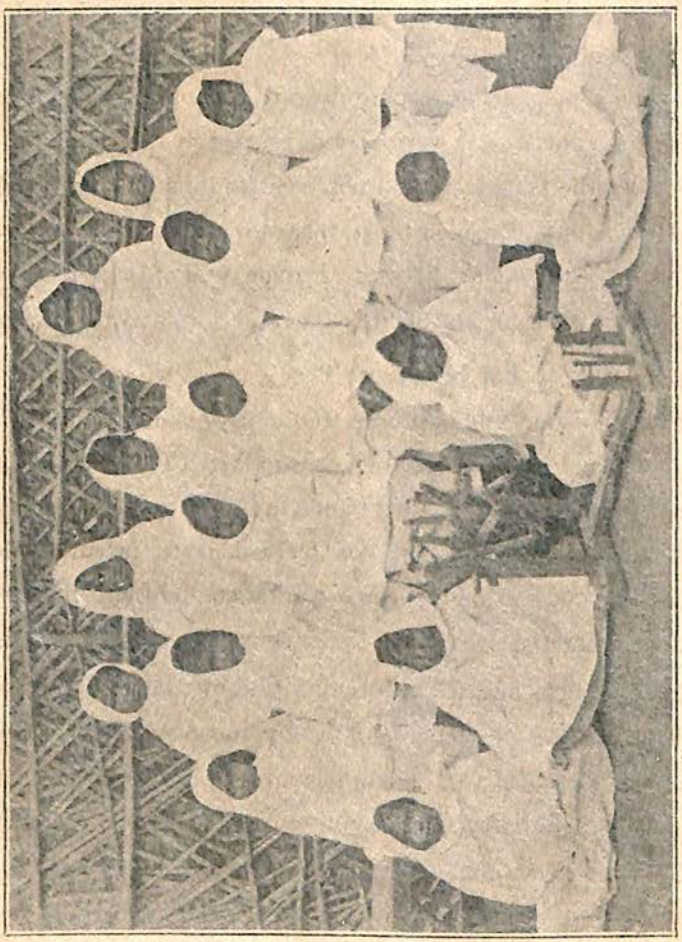
dying in thousands, in the streets of the city, on the high road, in the jungle or their huts. Darker and gloomier grew the picture, but nothing was done. In September Sir John Woodburn, the financial adviser of the Government of India in the Supreme Legislative Council, foreshadowed the

ORPHANAGE BOYS.

impending famine over an area which now covers 400,000 square miles, or five times the size of Great Britain. But even when the Viceroy visited Jabalpur in December, he was advised that only scarcity existed in the Central Provinces, and yet by that time probably 100,000 at least

had perished from hunger, not taking account of those who, through the absence of relief, must also succumb, though not so quickly. What official eyes failed to see, others were perfectly familiar with. The *Times of India* correspondent, in October, declared the conditions of things to be awful, the *Jabalpur Times*, edited by an Englishman, has not ceased to do so. The Municipal Committee was equally aware of the state of things. Meanwhile Mr. Parson went on in his heroic but heartrending work. He began with an orphanage for girls, soon followed by one for boys, then a widows' home, and to complete the catalogue, a men's refuge. How he fed them will always remain a thrilling episode, a tribute to his faith, and a witness to the love of a living God. For months he had to feed them, to keep life in them, and to win them back to health and strength. Then like the practical man that he is, he began to teach the men and the boys how to work. Bamboo cutting, basket making, duster weaving, cloth manufacture, and charcoal making, are specimens of the handicrafts and operations to which he has put the inmates. Including 140 orphans and twenty widows, he has 200 in all for whom he has made himself responsible. Surely upon him will come doubly the blessing of them that were ready to perish. With the new year came hope. It is now April, 1897. The Government of India are doing their very best. The people of England have responded splendidly to the tune of over

three-quarters of a million, while the Missionary Societies have received encouraging gifts for their beleaguered agents. But the end is not yet. As we write, Jabalpur is in the midst of a distress than which nothing can be worse. From the Jumna and Ganges down to the heart of the Central Provinces, westward to Jhansi and Bhopal, and eastward to the eastward boundary of the Rewa, emaciated people swarm. Their like are not to be found in the Punjaub, nor in the North-west Provinces or Oudh. In most parts of the country the *Rabi* or spring crops are promising, but in Jabalpur there can be no amelioration until the end of the year. What a claim on Christian charity! What a responsibility upon the Missionary when the famine is in England forgotten; for orphans must be kept for years. Most opportunely an estate of thirty-three acres, with a big house and outbuildings unlimited, erected by a European, but till recently occupied by a Raja with eight wives and twenty-two sons—for several of whom he built a house and a compound—has just come into the market, which Mr. Parson has bought for the purposes of the orphanage, for Rs.15,000, a splendid bargain. With furnishing and the complete acquisition of a plant suitable for an extensive industrial mission the total cost will not be less than Rs.25,000, or say, £2,000. If only some reader of these lines would give this amount! Will some one do so, for Christ's sake and theirs?



ORPHANAGE GIRLS RESCUED FROM THE FAMINE.

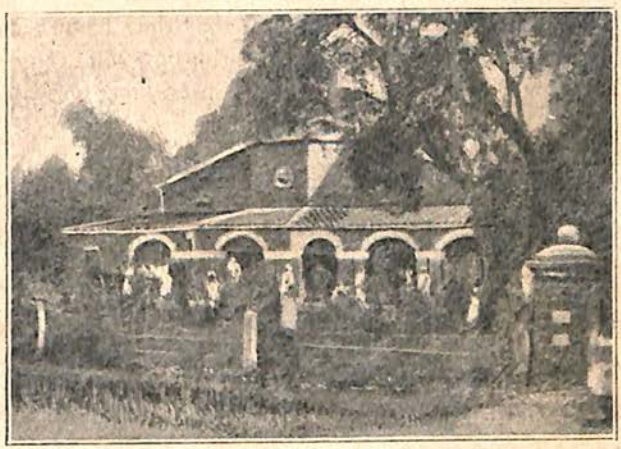
For from the philanthropic side could any money be invested better, and from the Christian side could it yield better returns? In Jabalpur and up to 1894 little or no result had come from thirteen years' honest toil. The only members of the native church were the paid agents of the Mission, and it was seriously discussed in the Synod as to whether the station should not be abandoned. Confessedly there was much reason for it. Never had soil seemed more unproductive. But Messrs. Parson and Mortimer, who knew the ground, pleaded for its retention, and now within three years of that time there is a Christian community of over 300 people, and baptisms frequently occur, twenty-three having taken place on a recent Sunday. Truly the desert shall blossom abundantly and the thirsty land become springs of water. If £10,000 were sent to Jabalpur this year, the conversion of India would come proportionately nearer; for these girls and boys will grow up in Christian circumstances and with Christian training, and will portray Christianity as it never can be by those who have been brought up amidst the trammels and superstitions of caste. Look on the picture, almost too horrible to reproduce, of the poor starved wretches, and on the other hand at the well-fed boys and girls, and then rejoice for any part which has been yours in the great struggle between famine and plenty, and if possible send more help still. For while these widows and these orphans speak not our tongue there is One that

speaks it for them, and who says to all such, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." This is the divine and the supreme, but we shall not detract therefrom if with Wordsworth we add thereto the concession and claim of universal brotherhood; for

> "Man is dear to man! the poorest poor
> Long for some moments in a weary life,
> When they can know and feel that they have been
> Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
> Of some small blessings;—have been kind to such
> As needed kindness."

Resuming our journey to Lucknow at midnight on Sunday, from the account of which we have made a big but, we believe, a pardonable digression, we arrived at Allahabad on Monday morning and drove to the Bible and Tract Society, which we found to be a very fine establishment. From Allahabad we went to Cawnpore on the E.I. Railway, where we had the pleasure of meeting with Surgeon-Major Condon, an earnest Christian and resident for some twenty years in the City, and in consequence universally known and respected. He is an active member and honoured local preacher of the Episcopal Methodist Church, which has a strong European Church in the cantonment. Of course we saw the memorial well and church, at which we felt strangely moved. Imagination shuddered as it tried to realize the horrors of that awful

time of the Mutiny, and of the Cawnpore massacre, when the bodies of 120 English women and children were mutilated and thrown down the well, and which is now so suitably and pathetically memorized by the weeping angel and the sculptured enclosure of the wall, within which no native is allowed without a special pass, and with the feel-



JABALPUR MISSION HOUSE.

ing that it is peculiarly sacred, one's sentiments thoroughly enter into the spirit of a regulation which demands the observance of this condition. Round the Memorial Church runs tablet after tablet, with names, where possible, of those who perished in the Mutiny in Cawnpore and the neighbourhood. The drive through the main street of the native city was anything but exhilarating; a fine wide thorough-

fare, but filthy and badly kept, and in many places the shopkeepers and mechanics take up half the road with their wares and work. Several cotton mills testify to the introduction of Lancashire machinery and of Western industry; indeed, there is a talk of rivalling Bombay, but that may be set down to local ambition, and not to sober expectation. Yet Cawnpore is undoubtedly enterprising. The headquarters of the Indian leather trade is here, and in strictest competition with foreign-made goods, the Cawnpore has been adjudged best, and in consequence gets much Government business.

The shortest distance from Cawnpore to Lucknow is taken on the Oude and Rohilkhund Railway, which is sarcastically called the "Old and Rotten Railway," and in derision, "The Only Rapid Railway." It is certainly worthy of the latter title, if the time taken in the journey and the rumbling of the carriages are to be taken into account. A few years since the Government, in despair I believe, took over the working of the line, and some one tried to make a joke by formally announcing in the death column of a newspaper, the death of the railway on the last night of the year. I have not been that way since, but at that time there was ample opportunity to get out of the carriages and pick the flowers growing by the wayside.

Lucknow is situated on the river *Gompti*, and is one of the finest and most important stations in the north of

India. It is, of course, ever memorable in connection with the Mutiny of 1857, and mention of the place would be impossible without reference to this fact. The residency, which, in the hands of the British, held out for nine months against the rebels, who, in vain, tried to effect an entrance, was, after evacuation by the English and possession by the natives, retaken in less time than it takes to relate the fact. The room in which Sir Henry Lawrence was shot, that in which he died, his tomb in the grounds, the simple inscription thereon, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," these and other points of interest were shown us in a hurried visit to the place, the grounds of which are kept in beautiful order at Imperial expense.

Then we visited *Sikandra Bagh*, where, sheltered within the walls of a large garden, the natives, through loopholes made at regular intervals, shot at the passing British troops. Lord Roberts was in the fight, and he* and others tell the story, and how a British soldier bravely effected an entrance into the place, opened the gate, and thus enabled his comrades to get in and massacre every man within the walls, to the number of 2,000. It may seem strange for Christian men to act thus, but it must ever be remembered that they had just arrived from Cawnpore, where they had witnessed the terrible carnage and

* "Forty-one Years in India."

mangled remains of their own flesh and blood, a fact which goes a long way to palliate and excuse it. Then we saw *Alam Bagh*, stormed by Havelock, on his way to the relief of Lucknow, and which now contains his mortal remains, and, not least nor last, the Dilkusha Palace, which is now crumbling into dust. Lucknow has the honour of being the fifth city in India, coming second after the third Presidential town, Madras, with a popula-

LUCKNOW SYNOD, 1889.

tion of 273,028, Hyderabad, in the Nizam's dominions, alone preceding it with 415,039. And although it contains the largest number of Mahomedans to be found in any city in India, the Hindus far outnumber them. The European portion of the city is very fine indeed, the cantonment being one of the largest in India.

And here we are for our Missionary Tamasha, for have we not been separated from each other for a year, working

at great distances from each other, and often in great depression. When the work has more developed, and districts are more compact, we shall doubtless have two meetings a year as in England, but at present there is only one, and that throughout India is held in January. At the Synod the missionaries and their wives gather together at one station or another, and for some ten days have the pleasure of renewed intercourse, or of getting to know some new brother, or the bride of an older one who has only recently arrived. The work of the year passes in review. Plans and projects are fully discussed and appointments made. Special sermons are preached. A big missionary meeting is held, and every effort made to give the Methodism of the locality a lift up. And then we part, not knowing what will befall us, or whether we will ever meet again, as the event proves. Reminiscences of bygone Synods play painfully at the moment, as one calls to mind Mrs. Fentiman, the Rev. Edward C. Solomon, who have gone beyond, or of others scattered here and there. But we dare not halt; we dare not be idle. To ourselves and to each other we have to say:—

> "Toil on and in thy toil rejoice,
> For toil comes rest, for exile home.
> Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
> The midnight peal: Behold I come."

Further from Lucknow are Benares and Fyzabad, to

describe which would cover another chapter, but which form the extreme east of our district, and in the latter of which the Rev. Joseph A. Elliott, the king of vernacular preachers, carries on the work of English chaplain and missionary to the heathen; while Mrs. Elliott, the daughter of the Rev. John Shipham, together with the Misses Mary and Beatrice Fentiman, splendidly oversights a girls' orphanage, and a growing sphere of Zenana effort.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW WE LIVE.—MY ONE-EYED KHIDMUTGAR.

"Can any one give me the address of a one-eyed Khidmutgar (a butler) named ————, formerly in service in Allahabad in 1886?" Advertisement in the *Pioneer*.

I will bear with things no longer as they are;
I must set to work and seek him near and far,
For my heart to him returns,
And my spirit strangely yearns,
To regain my former one-eyed Khidmutgar.

Since the day I was bereft of him by fate,
Few mementoes of him cheer my lonely state,
Save the damaged relics few,
Of my dinner-service new,
And the gaps within my wedding chest of plate.

When for walks abroad he'd issue, trim and spry,
With an extra twist his *kummerbund* he'd tie,
Curl his glossy raven hair,
And, with condescending air,
At my neighbour's *ayah* "wink the other eye."

But at morning, when he brought his little book
Of accounts that he so skilfully could cook,
He with folded arms would stand,
And an aspect calm and bland,
While he focussed me with keen monoptic look.

He would batten on *dustoorie*, without shame ;
On each fellow-servant's pay he had a claim ;
And throughout the wide bazaar,
My renown he carried far,
For he borrowed money freely in my name.

But despite defects of body and of mind,
Why, he wasn't such a bad one of his kind ;
For I since have tried a lot,
But experience has taught
Me that relative perfection's all I'll find.

Well he nursed me, out in camp, with gentle care,
And in hardships he has borne his patient share ;
His society was joy
To my stricken little boy,
And—I'd like to have him back with me—so there !

ALASSAM in *Times of India.*

ALMOST throughout the length and breadth of India Europeans live in separate and generally detached bungalows or houses, generally of one, but sometimes two stories high. Basements are unknown as dwellings. Even in Calcutta, whatever their income, Europeans can obtain a complete house to suit their needs and their pockets. In Bombay, however, it is as exceptional to be able to do this, as it is for working people in the heart of London. "Flats" are the order of the day in Bombay, and I am afraid are likely to be so for all but those who have ample means, or can live in the suburbs, which for many reasons lack the peculiar attraction they have in any large English city.

The Island is not large, and the limited amount of land increases in value from year to year. Consequently buildings of the type of that in which we first worshipped at Colaba are springing up all over the city. Built and designed in most cases by natives, they provide few or none of the comforts so highly prized by a European.

In the one in which we lived there was no separate accommodation for servants, who consequently slept in the passages. Our bath-room was entered from the dining-room, whilst our "kitchen," or "cook-room," containing an American stove, saucepans, cook, and all, measured four feet by four feet. Our half flat consisted of drawing-room, bed-room, study, bed-room, dining-room, and bath-room, for which select accommodation we paid the modest sum of £70 a year. In England the higher you get the less you have to pay, but in India the reverse is the case, not perhaps because you are so much nearer heaven, but because the air is cooler and the breeze fresher. I have spoken of rooms, but flats in Bombay are generally very large rooms without divisions, which each tenant brings with him and fixes into as many compartments or rooms as he wishes. They are seldom, however, more than fixed screens, so that absolute privacy, under such circumstances, is a luxury longed for but never possessed.

Our furniture is English in shape, with an inevitable tendency to the antique. Except the wealthy sahib, the

ordinary European has to be content with furniture of native workmanship. A very little experience suffices to tell one what is country-made or imported. Inferiority is marked on almost everything which is the product of native workmanship. It may look gorgeous to the eye, but it won't bear inspection. I have watched the workmen in the brass bazaar at Benares, decorating the dishes, cups, pots, etc., but Birmingham could beat it hollow, not the dish, but the workmanship; and I have often thought that if two or three men from the Black country only spent a short time in India observing the modes of manufacture of copper, brass, iron, and other pots and pans, as primitive as they are rough, we should before long have things turned out more cheaply and better finished by machinery than the native does by hand. So, too, in neatness of design, in workmanship, in substantiality, Birmingham jewellery puts Indian silver-work out of competition. It is said the native of India cannot see straight. Certainly no one ever saw two things done alike by a native. That seems to be his difficulty, and perhaps for the moment the attractiveness of his ware.

Rising between five and six a.m., for the coldness and darkness do not keep us in bed, we either have our *Chota Hazri*, or go direct to our bath, a plunge in which is a comfort as well as a mercy. Never does one know the value of refreshing water so much as when one has been to the East. Often have I, walking in some up country town

in the heat of the day, felt it so intolerably trying, that I could have given anything for the presence of a drinkable well or a dropping spring. *Chota Hazri* is our small breakfast, which consists of tea or coffee and toast, together with fruit, eggs, jam, or whatever is available. In Bombay it is generally a small breakfast of tea and toast only, as the ordinary breakfast is at eight or nine o'clock, but up country the latter is more often at eleven, so that the earlier repast becomes more substantial. Tiffin, or lunch, comes at one or two; afternoon tea at four—a necessity in India—and there is this pleasing feature of Anglo-Indian hospitality, that the announcement of an afternoon visitor is a sign to the servant to make tea, which is soon brought in beautifully fresh, with nicely cut bread and butter, cake, etc. I have only felt it a trifle inconvenient, when, pastorally engaged, I have made my sixth or eighth call, and have had to drink in spite of a disinclination. Even teetotalers can, in such circumstances, understand what inducements to tippling are. The dinner comes at seven or eight o'clock. We preferred it in the daytime.

The food is very poor. Fowls, such as we ordinarily get, would barely suffice for a meal for two people, and whether it be this or beef, or anything else, you must think more of the name than of the taste, or you probably lose the greater part of your enjoyment. One place in Bombay was noted for its English mutton chops, and was patronized accord-

ingly. It was a positive luxury to go on board a P. and O. steamer and get the taste of a little real English lamb. Indian lamb was a mockery and a snare. The country meat always reminded me of a beggar who is said to have knocked at a house in England with a request for help. "Certainly, my good man," said the lady who opened the door. "If you will go into the back-yard and chop some wood, I will give you some home-made cake." He proceeded to the work, and the home-made cake came forth A short time after he was heard knocking at the back door, and, on the lady presenting herself, he is stated to have said, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but may I chop the cake and eat the wood?" That cake, conversely, always reminds me of genuine Hindu-fed sheep, which is, as often as not, goat. During the greater part of the year the butter is like oil, and seldom sweet. Danish butter is largely imported, but we never found even this satisfactory. Private enterprise is developing dairies on English principles, so we may hope to see improvements. India is a great disappointment as to fruit. The general idea in England is that it is the land of Goschen in that respect. Nothing could be further from the fact. Travellers through Brindisi or Malta should have their fill of European fruits as they come out, for it will have to last them a long time. Bananas, or plantains, was the only fruit on which we could rely all the year round. Oranges coming from Nagpur had inner walls,

stringy enough to compare with gristle. "Cabul" grapes were done up in boxes like, and cost as much as, Turkish Delight. Of strawberries, raspberries, cherries, gooseberries, pears, and apples we knew nothing, unless we bought them preserved in bottles for pastry purposes. Beautiful apples, and strawberries too, grow on the Neilgherries, in the Mysore, but the knowledge had to satiate our longings in Bombay, and indeed throughout the greater part of India. The mango is a fruit, oval and somewhat flat in shape, with a large stone in the centre, and is in season for about six weeks in the year. It smells and tastes strongly of turpentine, and everybody, curiously enough, does not like it. Preserved it makes a very nice jam, and those whose taste is not depraved enough to enjoy them fresh, avenge themselves by eating the preserve. It is said that a basket of the first mangoes of the season is sent every year to Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. Custard apples, guavas, and such like complete a list as meagre as deceptive to those who have been led to expect the very reverse.

Omitting towns on the frontiers, such as Quetta, where prices are naturally abnormal, Bombay is probably the dearest city in India for everything comprised under the term living, other than European produce, of which, being the port nearest to England, it gets an advantage as compared with places further away. But "living," "rent,"

"servants," and country produce of all kinds are ten to fifty per cent. higher than in other parts of India. Country butter, for instance, which looks as much like lard as anything, is 4d. per lb. in Madras. In Bombay it is 1s. A syce, or coachman, in Jabalpur, could be got for Rs. 6 a month. In Bombay a respectable man wanted Rs. 12 to start with.

Servants are proverbially troublesome, as they are at home, but on the whole we fared very well. In some instances masters and servants become much attached. We had the pleasure of the friendship of a General who had had his butler for thirty-two years, and the butler took charge of everything. If the General had bought anything for which the butler considered too high a price had been given, back he went for a reduction, and even reprimanded his master. Such a confidence can be rarely reposed, and on first going to India, it is wise to remember the caution of our omnibuses, "Beware of pickpockets." More than one visitor to India, whom we have cautioned, on their starting for up country, have forgotten the counsel and in due time returned, sadder and wiser, but without the servant whom they had so foolishly and so innocently trusted. Our own boy "Punia" we could trust anywhere and with anything.

The cook is the best fleecer, for he does it systematically. In Bombay they are "Goanese"—half-caste Portuguese; in other parts sometimes Madrasses (Hindus) or Mahome-

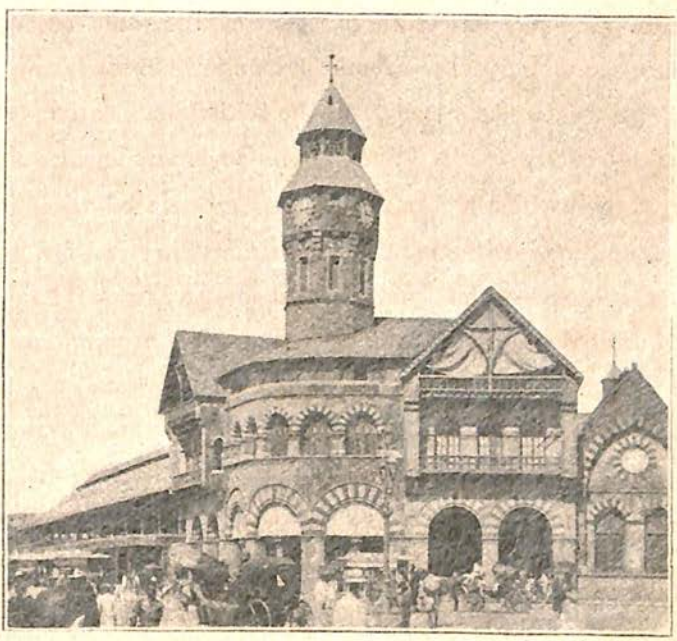
dans. Dry groceries you can buy as in England, but meat and vegetables have to be bought fresh, day by day, and for these the *Maistri* or cook goes to the market, for we have no separate shops, where they are sold, and we are dependent on what he charges us, and not what he pays, for our food. As much as twenty-five per cent. is added by him, and not less than ten. In some parts they stipulate for their *Dustoori*, freely translated, their makings, or what has been their custom, which means making as much as they can out of their employer and of the tradespeople from whom they buy for them. And they do it without shame.

You never advertise for servants. If one of them wishes to leave, you instruct him to bring you one or two to select from. If he is a good servant and is only going to his *gaum* or native village for a holiday, which Indians prize so much, he will bring you a *Budli* or substitute, who takes his place and his salary and who leaves on the other's return. They bring their characters with them. On one occasion an applicant brought me two or three which were dated some five years before he was born. He had borrowed them from another man, though he protested they were his own, until I told him what I have stated. Of course I did not employ him. Women are only employed as "*Ayahs*" or nurses. All the other servants, for housemaids, general servants' work, etc., are men, whom we call "Boys," whether they be twenty or fifty years old. The number of

servants depends partly upon necessity and upon ability. Caste is the ruling factor. In Bombay you can do with few. Up country you must have many. A cup of tea, toast, and egg would need two men up country, since the Hindu would not bring you the egg for love or money. Many things help us in the big centres, the indifference of European employers to caste, the competition for business, the greater independence of the individual native, etc. Our table boy was a Hindu. He never ate meat. One day a joint which had left the table well covered, was found with nothing but the bone. It was a mystery. A few days after, some chops had just been taken away from the table, and our elder son a few minutes after left the dining room. In a minute he flew back, crying out "Mamma, my boy does eat meat, he's eating a chop now." Such was the fact, for there was the culprit with the chop in fist and fingers. Needless to say he never pleaded his caste after that in respect of anything we wanted done, or if he did, our answer was a weapon of his own forging.

The ordinary native stove consists of a horse shoe opening about a foot high, in which is placed the wood or charcoal for the fire. On the top is an iron rim, on which is placed the saucepan, etc. In many cases no chimney is provided, and an ordinary *Bawarchi* or *Bobaji Khana*, or cookhouse, is anything but a pleasant place to go to. How from such a primitive place the Indian cook can turn out

such dishes as he does, is a marvel. We preferred to use an English or American portable range, in which we burnt coke and coal obtained from the Gas Company. As we were the first to do so, some people prophesied that we should not get a cook to accommodate himself to it. But



CRAWFORD MARKETS, BOMBAY.

he did. Now, however, their use is rapidly extending.

A visit to the bazaar is always interesting, if not edifying. On the way thereto, a man or woman may rush by us, with an open basket—basin like—of fish upon his head, when suddenly a saucy crow darts down and has flown off with

one of the fish before the man can cry stop thief, which he never seems disposed to do. Naked children of both sexes are frequently seen in the streets as old as twelve, though thankfully less than formerly. Beggars abound. It is ludicrous in the extreme to hear what they misuse or misquote, one man singing or garbling, in broken English, the chorus of that pathetic song—as my wife heard him—

> "Out in the cold world, out in the street
> Asking a penny for something to eat,"

when the thermometer was enough to boil, roast or bake, and "pice" and not "pence" was the coin of the realm. The shops in the native town are neither clean nor tidy. Customers have to stand on the pavement except where western influence has tended the other way. The shopkeeper squats, and, if he can help it, does not rise even for his patrons.

Everybody has heard of the Indian *Dhobie*, or washerman, who washes and at the same time, and with equal willingness, wears out your clothes on the stones on which he rubs or thumps them, when he has where possible made them balloon shape by filling them with water. It is also alleged against him that he hires them out to impecunious individuals, especially to Portuguese cooks, who come out as great dandies on occasion, to the great improvement of the garments in every way. Itinerant cobblers, barbers and tailors abound, who all come to your own house, the latter

working nine hours for about a shilling, and though called tailors or *darzis*, are as well able to make up a dress as to darn a stocking.

Amongst our many luxuries none are more pleasant than the rats, cockroaches, and mosquitoes, which seem anxious that we should not feel lonely. The "musk" rat is blind, but he makes up for this deficiency by emitting a putrid musk stench. Some of our rats are called "bandekoots," and are of the size of a young cat. In England they generally confine themselves to the basement, but they are not so modest in India, it being no uncommon sight to see them on our fourth floor, running across the drawing-room, or making a nest in our dressing-table drawer, out of which, when we open it, jumps a full-grown rat. There are "ratters" amongst the dogs and cats, but I have frequently seen a rat rush past or even walk past a cat which has sat as unconcernedly as though it were one of her own tribe. Cockroaches have an unpleasant habit of flying in squad like, at dinner time, and settling in your soup. So terrible at times is the scourge of flying insect life of all kinds, that to cheat them of their prey and get rid of their company, it is customary in some places to spreada nice table-cloth on one table, with the lamps alight thereon, and to spread dinner on a clothless and lampless table in a shaded part of the room, the insects meanwhile disporting themselves on the well-lighted table, wondering, doubtless,

why the people of the house never come. The enemy that one dreads more than another, however, is the sneaking mosquito, who ought to be ashamed of himself. At night, if you are up country, and are very scrupulous, you may sit in a chair with a curtain suspended round you, from which you can watch your adversary in safety, like the African traveller did in learning the language of the monkeys. The game is best when you go to bed. Cautiously loosening the gauze-like coverings from the side, you rush into bed and tuck it in again to avoid a watchful insect taking advantage of you. Having composed yourself into a suitable frame of mind you are just off to sleep, when a "buzz" goes past your ear. Ah that servant, whom you have so often cautioned and threatened, has been careless in putting the curtain down and has allowed the enemy to enter. Unless you are willing to brave a bad night and awake up in the morning with itching pimples all over you—for mosquitoes are most prevalent when it is so hot that you cannot bear any bedclothes over you—you must get up, light the lamp and search over nearly a hundred square feet of curtain, for the delinquent, and having succeeded after half-an-hour's careful scrutiny, lie down again, only to be reminded of the existence of another brute. This is no fancy picture but too true, and one has felt that the "luxury" of living in such a land was too good a portion for only fifty of our Methodist brethren—

the whole two thousand odd ought to share the privilege.

In a previous chapter I described the variations in the rainfall over the country. The temperature varies in like manner. From November to February the weather in Bombay is delightful, and, although called our cold season, it is more like June weather in England. But in the central, and more so towards the northern cities, it is very cold, and large log fires are needed to keep one warm. In the wet season, coal fires in English grates are kept burning at Igatpura and other hill stations to keep things at all dry, but even in the cold season they are not required. But to go further up country in the winter is very enjoyable, for there is the old English mantelpiece, if not the present sort of fireplaces. So cold indeed is it in Quetta, that soldiers are served out with a cap which completely covers the face except for openings for the eyes and nose. Whether, therefore, only a visitor from England or a to-be resident, wise people will take all the clothes they have, since they are sure to be useful at some time or other, and it may further be said that beyond the purchase of a Solar Topee or sun hat, summer clothes may be worn out on the way to India, and white clothes or whatever garments are required exactly suited to the country, and at reasonable prices, may be ordered and made in the course of a day or two in Bombay of respectable European or native houses. I have

been many times asked what should be taken to India, and have given the above simple advice and have been thanked for it.

Could you be transported for a moment to the Apollo Bunder, say when the event of the week takes place, viz. the departure of the European mail by the P. and O. steamer, you would be astounded at the home-like character of the Europeans promenading by the water's edge or sitting in their carriages. The texture of cloth is of course finer, but the dresses and suits might have been donned for a summer's afternoon in London. Bombay in more respects than one affects to be English, and altogether it is doing it so successfully that its eastern character will hardly be recognized some years hence. The only thing that will strike you is the entire absence of the tall hat, which is now only worn by the Governors and a few others when any departure or arrival of any importance takes place.

I have not referred to the awfully destructive character of the moths, cockroaches, etc., on dresses and other articles of wearing apparel, and even on boots and shoes, or the equally hurtful moisture in the monsoon. Boots become mildewed in one night. Gloves and feathers and flowers, unless bottled and made air-tight, had better be thrown away. My wife's wedding dress and a portion of our wedding cake, which she took to India and had kept in good condition for six years, in the one case was spoiled

and in the other had to be thrown away after one monsoon. Silver fish have a wonderful affection for boring through your books.

Of holidays there are many, and too many. The Hindu seems to be always having one—the Mahomedans and Parsees less so. Only the Christian holidays affect the whole of Government officials, which gives them a becoming prominence. Christmas holidays, which include the New Year, are those mostly looked forward to, but Bombay people make it the occasion for going away from it, so that there is not the familiar character about Christmas there that there is in England or in other English-speaking countries.

The subject of "How we live" is not exhausted, but a few of the more interesting features have been enumerated of all that goes on in that country of which Her Gracious Majesty is officially known as *Kaiser-i-Hind* or Empress of India, but whose peoples, European and native alike, prefer to call by her more English title, "*Rani*" or Queen. Much might be written about Anglo-Indian hospitality, our recreations and amusements, our Sunday, reviews, receptions, levees, and the like. Native festivals, such as the Dewali, the Mohorrum, Cocoanut Day, and the Parsees' New Year's Day, and the thousand and one other things that go to make up the full account of our daily lives, must here and now be left unsaid.

We will, however, add "The Lay of the Punkahwallah," which appeared in the *Madras Mail*, under the pseudonym of Rope's End, and which may be interesting to admirers of anything *à la* Rudyard Kipling. In the hot season, in the centre of the four-post curtained bedstead, in which the sahib lays asleep, a punkah, which consists of a deep cotton frill, weighted with shots at the bottom, is fixed to the two sides, and is again connected by a rope and pulley to the outer wall of the house, where, during the long night it is the duty of the punkahwallah to sit and keep the punkah in motion. How successfully he does it our poet will describe. For its accuracy I must refer any enquirer to an Anglo-Indian.

THE LAY OF THE PUNKAHWALLAH.

You should see me pull the punkah
When my master's wide awake!
You should see me pull the punkah!
For the rope, it's fit to break!
But, you see me pull the punkah
When my master falls asleep!
It's the easiest, laziest life I know;
For my slumbers are long and deep.

But alas! a boot flies at me,
And words come strong and clear;
For my master he hath wakened,
And shies things far and near.
You should see me pull the punkah
When I wake up with a stärt.
At the rope I'm madly straining;
Oh! that boot heel made me smart!

Then a dream comes o'er my spirit
  Of my paddy fields so green;
And I fancy all the rice I'll get,
  And the *tamashas* I have seen.
So the punkah rope hangs limply,
  For I'm sleeping sweetly now;
But my master's creeping softly
  With a stick for my nodding prow.

You should see me pull the punkah!
  For he's nearly broke my back,
And the water he's thrown at me
  Makes me shiver so! Alack!
Oh! I don't like pulling punkah
  When my master sleepless lies,
But it's the easiest, jolliest life I know,
  When he has his lullabies.

THE DISLOYAL GRUMBLER.

O mourn thou not in vain regrets
  That fancied wrong thy peace alloys ;
When thy ungrateful heart forgets
  What bliss thy conquered race enjoys.
What if thy English brother lords
  It o'er thee, with contempt implied ?
Recall the day when Moslem swords
  Cut thee and thine in wanton pride !
Think how a generous nation strives
  To win thee back thy prestige lost;
Of what dear joys herself deprives,
  To aid thee at a frightful cost.

. . .

When thoughts of this my senses crowd,
  Good God ! my nerves are all unstrung ;
Hot tears of shame my vision shroud,
  Hot tears by grateful pity wrung.
And none, with common souls with mine,
  But feels his patriot's sense profaned
If, yielding to the morbid whine,
  One prates of rights and powers restrained.
From motives int'rested apart,
  As guardians of our peace and pride,
In every honest British heart,
  I hail my brother, friend, and guide !
And tho' my heart, my head, my hand,
  My country's welfare holds in pawn,
Still more I owe to that brave land,
  From which alone that welfare's drawn.

BEHRAMJI MALABARI, THE *Indian Muse.*

CHAPTER XII.

OLD AND YOUNG INDIA: OR THE NEW WINE AND THE OLD BOTTLES.

Those three hundred millions under one Imperial
sceptre now,
Shall we hold them? shall we loose them? take
the suffrage of the plow.

TENNYSON.

Chains of custom, still unbroken,
Fetter those that slaves will be;
Freedom only grants her token
To the free.

Shall the night of superstition
End in wisdom's fairer day,
Hurling caste and blind tradition
From their sway?

Is the land for ever blighted?
Shall a nation rise at last,
Firm in purpose, strong, united,
From the past?

Haply may the seed be growing,
Hidden in the womb of Fate;
But the people's day of knowing
Cometh late.

BYRONIDES, in *Times of India*.

INDIA.

I WILL venture to outline the question of missionary economics as applied to India by this general statement,

that India is ready for the gospel of Jesus Christ—by the work of the British Government, by the teachings of Christianity, and by the labours of Christian missionaries, and will now proceed to make it good.

So far, however, is it impossible to exaggerate the importance and claims of India, that it is almost impossible to grasp what they are. Although India only contains three per cent. of the land surface of the globe, its population is equal to one-fifth of the whole, the largest of any country save China. Or to put it another way. Roughly speaking, Africa could swallow ten Indias, and yet in population India counts for a hundred million more. Yet again, India covers as great an area as the whole continent of Europe, including half of European Russia, and has a greater population than all the European States put together: and, let it be added, that whatever diversity or interest or complexity of consideration these present, with reference to language, race, peoples, and religions, it and they are altogether eclipsed by the magnitude reached in these matters on the continent of India. The Bombay Presidency and its Native States alone are equal in area to Spain, Holland, and Norway, and with a population equal to that of the United Kingdom.

Old India.

In broad features, the peoples of India, throughout the length and breadth of the land, may be placed in two cate-

gories, as " Old India " and " Young India." The former is all that the latter is not, and a great deal more. He not only will not move forward, but he also clings with impassive tenacity to old-world customs and superstitions, however degrading or abhorrent. " He has eyes, but he sees not ; he has ears, but he hears not." All the world is moving round him, but he remains immobile and unmoved. The life he lives is one of deepening darkness and increasing subjection. Yet he stirs not. Nay, rather he hugs the very chains which bind him, and resents as an intrusion all attempts to disforge the fetters.

Young India.

Young India, on the other hand, is in danger of going to the other extreme. But anything is better than death. With the new *regime* in India a breath of life has passed over the stillness, and where before there was inertia, there is now activity. Geographically, India is not much more than it was. Morally, spiritually, intellectually, politically, the production of Young India is the discovery of a new world. What that new world will produce it is impossible to say. What it is, is yet difficult to know and appraise. The very phrase " Young India," popular and expressive as it is, is a confession of the difficulty of describing him in any other way. He is eager for knowledge, and drinks it in like water. Socially, he is a nondescript ; religiously

he is atheistic ; politically, he is stirred to his very depths. His make-up is European, but it is more. The dress in this case indicates the change that has taken place within. Between Old and Young India there is a great gulf fixed, which widens and deepens every day. The difference between him and his father is not the upstart pride of knowledge, but the incompatibility of the new life and the old faith. The one must increase, the other decrease.

The New Wine.

The new wine, to use a scriptural phrase, is the new life, which Young India has tasted, has quaffed, and has asked for more. What are its constituents ? We might put it as the gospel of the Lord Jesus but that it seems better to consider that under another aspect.

Briefly, the new wine is English rule, and all that results therefrom, creating manhood, a corporate sense of the individual life and privilege, and the aspiration of a national existence, than which, humanly speaking, no benefits could be greater. The arrival of the English was the bestowal of a *Magna Charta* on India. The popularity of Bombay was laid in the freedom which all comers enjoyed in that then almost only spot of English authority, and that same fact has enlarged and emphasized itself as our conquests have grown. Says Mr. Banarjee Nath, " The emancipation of India is a landmark in the history of British civilization." Says

Mr. R. P. Karkaria, "The English have become in this land the masters of one of the greatest Oriental empires that ever flourished in ancient or modern times. And they have always tried to use this mastery for the benefit of the subject races. Since the early dawn of their rule, when it was hardly established in the country, efforts have been made to raise the people to a higher level by conferring upon them the blessings of Western civilization and culture. The generation that elapsed after Plassey was spent mainly in the struggle for establishing themselves. But when, after conquest and diplomacy, more leisure was left for peaceful pursuits, the English were not slow in utilising their opportunities for doing good. The result, in the direction of material advance, has been glorious indeed. To him who asks for a monument of the British rule in India, an appropriate answer may be made in the celebrated phrase, *Circumspice !* " Confessedly evils have resulted from our occupation of India, but the good has predominated.

The East India Company was a chartered company, whose basis was commercial, and that there were deplorable excesses on its part cannot be denied. But English in origin, and Christian in culture, if we may dare to say so, it could not deny itself. The very first Parsee, or, indeed, the first native of India to visit this country, was Naoroji Rustamji, who came in 1723 to ask the Directors in Leadenhall Street to liberate his father and

brother from the Company's jail in Surat, where they had been incarcerated by the Governor, who had also confiscated their property, and British justice secured its first tribute there in a peremptory order in the terms of his petition. Let it not be forgotten that under the ægis of the East India Company, Suttee, the holocaust of Jagarnath, female infanticide and other forms of religious fanaticism and barbarity received their death warrant, nor that the seeds of education were sown by them.

With the Queen's proclamation in 1858, taking over the administration of the country, began a new era. In matters of religion it took an absolutely neutral stand, but it was necessarily based on the ethics of Christianity, and it struck a deadly blow at caste. With its pronouncement of equality Hinduism was doomed.

The two great features of British administration have been the equalisation of the subject and the unification of the country. How have these been accomplished ? Take the first.

Equalisation.

Remember, the keynote is equality. In 1824, Mountstuart Elphinstone, in a famous minute on Education, declared his belief "that the conversion of the natives must infallibly result from the diffusion of knowledge among them." Perhaps education does not itself win over to the

side of Christianity, but it mercilessly breaks down the citadel of heathen error and prejudice, and exposes to the youngest the puerilities and impossibilities of their old-world knowledge. In a trenchant pamphlet on "Indian Missions," from the pen of the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, LL.D., and one of the greatest living authorities on things Indian, we read, "Whatever the grade of the school, the faith of the children is set at naught. If the poorer children have simpler lessons, they have a ruder superstition. It is the correctness, the rigid truth of the knowledge they receive, rather than the measure of it, which is fatal to popular idolatry." As to the better classes, if the effect is slower in showing itself, the cause is none the less at work, and can only be restrained for a time. "Attachment, as against conviction, is the temporary hold of interest, of affection, of social repute, ties that snap in the next generation. Conviction, on the other hand, may be inactive, or for a time over-ruled, but cannot be dislodged. Men who twenty years ago were afraid to confess an apostacy which would have certainly cost them their life, have grown bold, and openly defy the spiritual powers which once imprisoned their will."

But the matter and source of their education places the English language at their command. It does more, it opens to them the storehouse of Christian minds and of Christian literature. Hindustani has been the *lingua franca*, but

English has dethroned it, and must prevail. English is the official language of the Government, of the Courts, and of the best newspapers, native and European. The National Congress, sometimes with 6,000 present, conducts its deliberations in English. The number at school to-day is four million, out of a possible sixteen million, and of these only one in ten learn English. But, adding the adults who are learning it, the number of those who are conversant with our English tongue increases at the rate of a million a year. That English occupies the place it does is due to Lord Macaulay, whose masterful minute gained over the Governor-General, Lord Bentinck. Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, was really before him, and he it was who, with true missionary prescience, taught his pupils English as the means of easiest obtaining their conversion. If only his principles had been adopted! Instead of the missionary toiling, as he must for years, in the acquisition of the language, in that period he could have taught hundreds and thousands his own tongue, and the tenets of Christianity at the same time. But, taking things as they are, what is the result? History and biography are quite recent branches of created knowledge in India, and, perforce, information on these two subjects must be obtained from English sources. Educated Hindus are familiar with the lives of Wesley, of Howard; with the works of Shakespeare and Milton, from whom quotations by native speakers are increasingly

common. "Thus England may be said to have achieved a double triumph over India, of which she has captured both mind and matter. Far from being Asiaticized and Hinduized by her conquest, she has succeeded in Europeanizing and Anglicizing the Indian mind. The seed of Western culture has so far fallen on fertile soil, and is already producing a rich harvest" (R. P. Karkaria). An English book on any subject is the growing request of Young India, thousands of whom attend English services to improve their English, and some of whom get thereby improved in ways they sought not for. The Government wisely allows English to grow itself into favour. The missionary would find eager pupils to acquire it, and in wise utilization would obtain many converts.

For service under Government, competition and general fitness are the alone qualifications. Madras, to its credit, though sometimes called the benighted Presidency, was the first to open its favours to all comers, and it reaps the reward in having probably the best educated people to be found in India, especially of the lower caste and non-caste Hindus. Brahmins, of course, are numerically preponderant, but the representatives of the humbler classes know no inferiority in the treatment meted out to them by the powers that be.

Even in England we are not free of the cry that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, but that in

fairness may be said to be a tribute to the power inseparable from money itself, and which no enactments are likely ever to eradicate. But in India everything was favourable to the favoured. Now not only is all legislation ordered on English lines, but its administration too. Indeed, Sir James Stephen described the Indian Penal Code as English criminal law, clothed and in its right mind. Take the ryots or agriculturists for whom Relief Acts have been passed again and again, in the north from rapacious landlords, and in the south from worse money lenders. In recent years Factory Acts have protected the adult worker and the child, with the result that every boy or girl under fourteen is a half-timer. One boy who was rejected as being under that age was actually the father of two children, and, of course, a married man! As yet no clear record is kept of a child's age in India, so that he is generally wide of the mark in stating it. To meet this, the doctors before whom the candidates had to pass treated them like horses to discover their years and their fitness for adult service, and "open your mouth" and the inspection of his molars decided that this lad was under the prescribed age. Up to a few years ago, the child-wife might go and was indeed expected to go to her husband, who might be forty years her senior, when she was ten years of age. What outrages were committed thus none can say. The Government of India were besought by Mr. Behramji

Malabari and other philanthropists to raise the age of consent. The Brahmins cried sacrilege and vehemently opposed. But Government had made up its mind, and twelve years is now the minimum. The punishment of two culprits who broke this law, and thereby caused the death of their child-wives, confirmed the necessity as well as the mercy of this measure. A year or two back, a Mahunt, the chief priest at a South Indian village, had emptied some jars of gold belonging to the temple and replaced the contents with stones. He was apprehended. He would never be punished, so the people said. He got three years' hard labour.

UNIFICATION.

But we hasten to our second point—the unification of the country. Professor Stalker says,* "The Romans broke down the divisions between the tribes of men and compelled them to be friendly towards each other because they were all alike prostrate beneath one iron rule. They pierced the countries with roads, which connected them with Rome. Along these highways the message of the gospel ran. Thus they proved to be the pioneers of Christianity." Ours is another view. History attests that the consideration of and enfranchisement of the serfs has always been followed by an improvement in their status and in their manliness

* Life of St. Paul, p. 61.

and independence of thought and life, and so freeing them from a subjection from which they could not otherwise free themselves. That process is at work to-day in India, where the tendency of all Government works, as of its legislation, is to free and uplift the masses, without selection or preference, because they are carried out for the care of the mass and for the use of the mass.

Public works include canals, railways, bridges, sanitation, water supplies, famine relief works, all of which are changing the face of the country, testifying to the beneficence of the British occupation to the native of India. Take the first two. There are now 120 canals, with a length of over 30,000 miles, irrigating nearly twenty million acres of land, and in one year the value of the resultant crop equalled the entire cost of their creation and upkeep, amounting to no less a sum than twenty million pounds. Some of these are perennial. Some of them depend for their supply of water on the monsoon, which gives them the name of inundation canals. Railways now stand for 20,000 miles, and they are increasing at the rate of 1,000 miles a year. Engineering on the same scale is not required in England, if it were, its splendid achievements in India could not be surpassed. In normal times all these and all that results from our hold of India increase the wealth of the people, and in times of famine decrease its severity and enable Government to protect its people from dying.

At the present moment over three million starving people are receiving relief at the hands of a paternal Government, whose officers are working day and night and straining every nerve to rescue the perishing and care for the dying. In times like these the native learns who is his best friend. I for one feel an unbounded admiration for the way in which the officials of India live for the people whom they govern. A more generous set of men I have never known than the military and civilian servants of India. Scan carefully the famine subscription lists in India and see your English officials giving liberally, men who are called upon for generous deeds and gifts far beyond what they are in this country. All things considered, the Anglo-Indian official deserves every penny he gets, and is never free from a subscription list for one good thing or another. Contact with officials of this character creates not only a respect for the *Sirkar* or Government, but tends to place manliness at its proper value, besides announcing in clarion tones the community of interest with which it cares for them.

Briefly and roughly the new wine is completed by the inclusion of the modern spirit of commercial enterprise. Through it the native even in a far-away up country village is brought into touch with the larger outer world. There you may see the native in all his usual surroundings except that he has a Singer's sewing machine before him. Or if you go into the bazaar, past a cutler's, the enterprising

shopman may take up a penknife and say "Rodger's cutlery, Sahib." In England the creation of our large towns has in no small measure contributed to the breakdown of ecclesiastical tyranny. It is exactly the same in India. All this the characteristic freedom of Englishmen has fostered, with the result that the lower classes in the big cities no longer subject themselves to the domination of caste or of Brahmin, at least to the extent they did before they came there.

We have spoken of India becoming richer. This is true of the working classes. In the cotton industry alone an increase of nearly five million workers took place in the decade before the last census. Over one million was added to the workers of iron and steel, whose improved income makes them merchants in means as compared with their previous pittance on the land. True, native handicraftsmen are displaced, but the wealth that comes to them in the train of its European supplanter makes up manifold for all the loss they sustain by the abolition of their old forms of industry. The Post Office Savings Bank was never so popular as it is in India to-day. But this fact will perhaps mean most every way that in the same decade referred to the number of workers in gold, silver and precious stones increased from 472,956 to 1,783,874. Almost anticipating what we may have to say shortly, Akbar, the great Moghul, attempted to reform the faiths of his people, as well as their

politics, but the selective faith, whether born in a spirit of tolerance or of political statecraft or exigency, succeeded not, and with its decay came, side by side, the decay of his own great empire. Tennyson describes his dismay, but he makes him a seer, and this is the thought I have in mind as I close this section on the benefits of British rule in India. The imagined vision of Akbar in the seventeenth century is the realisation of the nineteenth.

> "Me too the black wing'd Azrael overcame,
> But death had ears and eyes; I watch'd my son,
> And those that follow'd, loosen, stone from stone,
> All my fair work; and from the ruin arose
> The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even
> As in the time before; but while I groan'd,
> From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,
> Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,
> Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt therein."

The Old Bottles.

Into what vessels shall this new wine be poured? The old bottles number three—Mahomedanism, Parseism, and Hinduism. The second is a non-missionary force like Judaism. The first stands for sixty millions of people; the third for 200 millions. They are alike in this particular—they cannot receive the new wine because they are alien thereto. Further, they have no elasticity. They have all the rigidity or brittleness of glass; or like worn-out wine skins they are effete; they cannot stand the virility of the

new life. For Mahomedanism what has just been said must here and now suffice. It is another story, and I have no space in this book to deal with it as adequately as I should wish. But whether for Hinduism or Mahomedanism the new wine must have other bottles. Let us prove this as to Hinduism.

Hinduism.

Consider the puerility and ridiculous teaching of popular Hinduism. Its great belief is in Pantheism and the transmigration of souls. Its Pantheon contains 333 millions of gods. It adds to the number every year. Animism, or the deification of stock or stone, is as common as it is repulsive. A little red ochre and the god is made. A prayer to the cow runs thus: "O mother, be gracious to us. Bless us with a rich harvest. Let our lands bring forth an increase. We are thy humble servants." The holding of a cow's tail hath peculiar efficacy for celestial blessedness, if held by a person dying. Hinduism fixes an effectual premium upon marriage which the French Government might study for the rehabilitation of its population. "If a girl is not married it means the eternal ruin of father and seven immediately preceding ancestors." Or harking back, "If a man sells his cow he will go to hell. If he gives her to a Brahmin he will go to heaven."

A Hindu proverb, *Yatha Deva, tatha bhaktah*—"as the god

so the people "—is as good as it could be. Yet nothing can exceed the bestial immorality of the Hindu gods or the filthiness of its code of morals. Its temple women are known everywhere. The decorations of the temples are disgusting in the extreme. Priests and fakirs are alike noted for their immorality, and the latter for their abusive language and filthy habits. The stories taught in respect of the Hindu gods are such that if they were printed in English, they would be confiscated and burnt. An educated Hindu reformer, who himself acknowledged this, confessed much when he declared to the Rev. W. Houldsworth, M.A., of the Mysore, " that any incident described in the Hindu scriptures which seemed to him lower or less than the Christian, he rejected as apocryphal."

Hinduism is Brahminism, not beneficence. It begins and ends with it. There are four castes. The Brahmin is the head, the Sudra is the foot, the outcaste is the dust to be trodden under foot. As they were in the beginning, so, says the Brahmin, they shall be to the end.

It bars the way to all advance, religiously, commercially, and socially. If the Hindu makes progress it is in spite of its opposition. In England, the problem is to save the towns. In India it is the villages that claim attention. Eighty out of every hundred are engaged in agriculture. Twenty-five out of every hundred are intensely poor, and in the best of times in a state of semi-starvation. What has Hinduism to

say to them? That as they are so they must remain. Neither canals nor railways would have existed if their imprecations could have effectually prevented them. Has it ever occurred to any one why our big towns are not crowded every season with swarms of Hindoos visiting England, as swarms are well able to do? The reason is that they dare not. A few years ago fourteen Brahmins declared they would come here to an English-Indian National Congress. But it was only bluff. At present it would be more than their lives would be worth. A Hindu may go to Africa, but he must not come to England. Some do and go further, but that is in spite of it. The ban on the steamship remains. The young man, however, who wants to get on, and would pursue his education in England, does so at the cost of certainly being outcasted, and though re-admittance may be sought for, and paid for, and atoned for by the abomination of swallowing the five products of the cow (both use and refuse), he is ever thereafter a speckled bird, and, as well known in some cases, has been ruined and died in ignominy and disgrace. The Roman Catholic has hedged about his religion, but never with the cunning or astuteness that the wily Brahmin has.

Modern life is pledged to the emancipation of women, but Hinduism has no such fad. It hates it with a perfect hatred. It will come to pass, of course, but to the last the Brahmin will curse the movement by his gods. The

woman in his eyes is only a chattel, a thing. She is only a servant in the household. She must not eat at the same table, at the same time her lord and master does so. Her deities are inferior. The following proverbs are not banter but serious:—

A woman is not to be trusted more than a snake in the grass.
It is a sad house in which the hen crows louder than the cock.

Preserve your wife, preserve your pelf,
But give them both to save yourself;
There's other wealth, another wife,
But where is there another life?

Even a demon will pity a woman.

Surely her religion will breathe her a word of comfort, the refuge of all who are troubled and tried! Unfortunately no, for it is her religion that thus decrees her slavery. Not that it finds warrant even in its own writings for so doing. The opposition to the Age of Consent Act found no support in the *Rig Veda*. Infant marriage finds no authority there either, nor was enforced widowhood once insisted upon, as this proverb will prove:—

If clouds are as grey as a partridge feather,
If a widow begins to paint her eyes;
Then look out for a wedding and squally weather,
For each is an omen that never lies.

And while the Hindu widow may never re-marry, she may be, and frequently is, a dishonoured woman. Of these poor widows there are no less than 22½ millions in India to-day,

100,000 of whom are under ten years of age, who have never known womanhood, let alone wifehood, and who will know neither in the sense in which they should be known. The only gospel Hinduism has for these poor wretches is the funeral pyre, and since it is bauked of this, it heaps indignity upon indignity upon them, and epithets too vile for repetition.

Some there may be who may be inclined to discount these as the statements of a missionary and a strong partisan. I do not complain except there should be no reason why such a witness cannot be trusted to be impartial. I venture to think my statements will be considered mild indeed against the following. The Satya Dharma Somaj, or True Religion Association, a purely native organization, thus stated in a petition to the Bombay Government for consideration as against the Brahmin :—

"The Brahmin, according to the laws of Manu, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity. From his high birth alone he is an object of veneration even to deities. His birth is a constant incarnation of *Dharm;* all things existing in the universe belong to him, and the public have but one duty, to minister to his appetites in every way practicable. Whereas, according to Manu's laws, if the Sudra tries to get himself educated, heated oil must be poured down his throat. Purchased or unpurchased he is the slave of the Brahmin."

And they then add a confirming testimony made by one of the first officials of the Government, and one of the best scholars on things Indian ;—

"In 1885 Mr. Lee Warner, Director of Public Instruction, framed new rules for ensuring to non-Brahmin classes a share in the free scholarships held in Government High Schools. The Brahmin moved heaven and earth to get the rules cancelled. Said Mr. Warner, '*L'etat c'est moi* (the State is mine) was their watch-word, and in their mouth self-government meant gove nment by their caste alone, and representative institutions meant represen-tation of themselves.'"

The fact is that, look at it how you will, religiously, socially, or commercially, Hinduism is incompatible with the aspirations of Young India. It is the attempt to pour new wine into old bottles. It is a spent force. It is and must be a receding tide. Some of its best men have tried to reform it, and have failed. An Educational Inspector, a B.A. of the Bombay University, told me he had lost all faith in Hinduism, and, if anything, was an atheist. The priest at Parbutti openly confessed to me that he only remained in charge because of the emoluments, and not because of his belief in the gods. A native postmaster, who had been educated at the Madras Christian College, said he no longer trusted his deities. Hinduism is doomed. Temples are being forsaken. Caves are neglected. Jagarnath, the Lord of the World, once had frenzied devotees to pull his car, and present themselves a living sacrifice, but now coolies have to be paid for the first service, and politely decline the second.

The New Bottles.

"What India requires most of all at this moment is a Mediator. We have now, in fact, three Indias on our hands. There is the Old India, with its vast masses still almost untouched by Western influences. There is the India of the feudatory princes, with their awakening needs, their free will offerings of troops to the Suzerain power, and their great and vigorous loyalty to the throne. There is also the New India, the India of Western education, of Western aims and modes of thought, the India of British liberty."—Sir William Wilson Hunter.

What then is Young India to do? Into what shall the new wine of his new life be poured? The old bottles *he* rejects, and the question is, what is to take their place? What new bottles are there? Will he have them or any?

There are a few sundry bottles, some new, some old. Atheism stands for under 300 persons in a census of 300 millions. The new man is evidently not enamoured of it. Theosophy is a parcel of rubbish. Brahmoism claims our respectful attention, but is little more successful. Keshub Chunder Sen founded the *Brahmo Samaj* over twenty years ago. It abolished the worship of images. It went in for a pure Hinduism, and proclaimed Jesus as King of India. But eclecticism doesn't flourish, for less than four thousand confess to its suitability to be the religion of the rising race.

Christianity.

By the method of exhaustion we come to Christianity, which we might have treated as the chief constituent in the new wine, but we prefer to look upon it as *the* new

bottle into which the new wine of Young India will be poured, and so both be preserved.

There must be religion. Life is impossible without it. My old classical tutor, the Rev. G. G. Findlay, B.A., puts it splendidly* :—"All attempts to divorce morality from religion, to build up society on a secular and on a religious basis, are indeed foredoomed to failure. The experience of mankind is against them. As a nation's religion has been, so its morals. The ethical standard in its rise or fall, if at some interval of time, yet invariably follows the advance or decline of spiritual faith. For practical purposes and for society at large, religion supplies the mainspring of ethics. Creed in the long run is the determinant of character." That the Government of India has recognized this, they declared years ago when they announced the urgent need of a moral text book.

For, however incipiently he holds it, Young India is certainly in danger of becoming an atheist. We shall show why he does not readily take to Christianity, or so readily as he gives up his Hinduism. We have shown there is nothing else to meet or satisfy his cravings, and so the danger before him is a very real one. Whether with Wordsworth we would rather be "a Pagan suckled on a creed outworn," than have no creed at all, we need not

* Epistle to Galatians, p. 445.

discuss, but of all possible horrors which could visit India, a godless creed would be the worst.

> A soul with no religion—
> My mother used to say that such a one
> Was without rudder, anchor, compass, might be
> Blown every way with every gust and wreck
> On any rock,

writes Lord Tennyson in the *Promise of May*, in words at once beautiful, autobiographical and wise.

There can be no doubt that the glaring defect of Young India is that he is both irreverent and atheistic. Let the witness speak. Says Mr. Javerilal A. Yajnik, a prominent citizen of Bombay, "I cannot shut my eyes to the potency of the mischief which is being worked into the tender minds of the younger generation by the purely materialistic tendencies around us." Says Mr. R. P. Karkaria, to whom we have referred before, "The present agnostic tendency of European thought seems to have a fascination for the Indian intellect, and there are signs here and there to show that atheism is spreading and taking the place of the old superstitions. The writings of agnostics and atheists are growing in favour with our academic youths, who seem to consider all religion as superstition, and every creed to be an anachronism. This is the attitude we fear of a majority of 'Young India.'" Could anything be worse?

There is only one antidote to this danger, and that is Christianity. Without it Young India must assuredly be

shipwrecked on the rocks of unbelief. Christianity dare not, thankfully will not, better still, has not permitted this. Some very rightly consider that of the forces which have worked to the disintegration of Hinduism; Christianity has been the head and front. This view will only accentuate the duty that now lies before it. That duty it has met and is meeting, and upon it Christianity claims to be the future religion of India, and for two reasons, first what it has done, and second what it teaches and offers.

ITS CLAIM (1) WHAT IT HAS DONE.—DIRECT.

The second should and would come first, but that the stage of experiment has gone by many years since. The work of Christianity in India is a glorious and a growing fact. The seed has not only been sown but is already growing into a goodly tree. We believe that if India were bereft of missionary agency to-morrow, the indigenous Church now there would one day cover the land, though how long it would be before it became a fact, it is impossible to say. The total number of Christians in India stood in the census of 1891 as 2,284,380, of whom 2,036,590 were natives. Of these 1,315,263 were Roman Catholic. With the exception of Buddhism, which received a big accession in the annexation of Burma, Christianity showed the greatest ratio of increase in the population of the last decennial census. The Government has declared that Christianity is a force which must now be reckoned with.

Not that numbers can ever tabulate the strength of Christianity in a land where secret disciples abound and backsliders may be counted by the score. Could any words be more encouraging than these, written as they are by a cultured Hindu? "Christianity has a bright future in India, though the difficulties in its way are enormous. What we require are the right methods and the right men. There is no reason to doubt that men who stormed the stronghold of ancient Paganism, like the early apostles and their successors, and the martyrs of the primitive Church, will succeed in evangelizing the East."

Nor can one omit grateful reference to the influence of Christians, both European and native, upon the mass of heathenism. "Rice Christians" there are, but they decrease in number, as genuine converts on the other hand increase.

And who can exaggerate the worth of the true philanthropy of which Christianity has been the originator and disposer? To the outcast, to the indigent, to the weak, to the distressed it has come with hope and with help. Like the good Samaritan it has poured on the wine and the oil, and both in care and expenditure contributed to the recovery of the helpless and the robbed. Like the Apostle, if it has been unable to give silver and gold, it has taken the needy by the right hand and lifted him up and enabled him to walk again. In times of famine the missionary

has been the first to extend shelter to the homeless and the orphan. The poor pariah knows well that the missionary cares for him and wishes him well, if no one else does. For lepers it has its asylums and its homes, and its hospitals and dispensaries bring health to the body and salvation to the soul. In these fourteen million patients have found relief in one year. The Lady Dufferin fund, which was commenced by her, but owed its inauguration to the Queen's womanly thoughtfulness for the women of India, in commending their interests to her care when she was leaving for India, has splendidly equipped hospitals for women in various parts of India, and deserves much better support than it yet gets. The Parsees have built and endowed a large number of hospitals, especially in Western India, but it is no discourtesy to point out that direct Christian effort and provision pointed out the way. We would even venture, subject to that qualification, to include them as a part of the direct work that Christianity has done in these respects. And in so doing it has been true to its great Teacher and its best traditions. Its very contrast to Hinduism is that it has cared for the body as well as the soul. "There were the original inhabitants and there were the slaves who were either captives taken in war or their descendants. A religion whose chief boast it was to preach glad tidings to the poor could not neglect these down-trodden classes, and although the conflict of

Christianity with the forces of the time naturally attracts attention, it must not be forgotten that its best triumph has always consisted in the sweetening and brightening of the lot of the humble" (Stalker, Life of St. Paul, p. 63). Its record in India has not been unworthy of its earlier history.

Its methods have been evangelistic and educative. In the crowded Bazaar, by the country wayside, in the Mission Hall, to the Nicodemian enquirer; in the Zenana; by the magic lantern, by literature and by education, Christ has been proclaimed on every hand.

In education missionaries were the undisputed pioneers. The Baptist Serampore press came first, and in the hands of Carey, Marshman and Ward did wonders. The Wesleyan Bangalore press rendered splendid service fifty years back, ought never to have been closed, and is, we are glad to hear, to be reopened. Sanderson's Canarese Grammar we have heard spoken of in Bombay, by south country people, again and again. The Christian Literature Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society are doing a work for India that cannot be measured in its value. I cannot omit tribute to the enterprise shown in the matter of tract preparation and printing by the Rev. W. Prautch, one of the most effective missionaries of the American Methodist Church in Western India. Colporterage and tract and book selling promise great development

in the near future. Illustrated books of a pice each are readily bought everywhere, and if every mission were only fully alive to it, the land might be flooded in a decade with Christian literature. Mr. W. T. Stead's Masterpiece Library might serve as an object lesson, and with his known Christian sympathies he might be willing to help to put the idea into practice.

The schools under Christian direction are primary or elementary schools, very much like our board schools, though unfortunately the children do not generally remain beyond the third standard. These bring us the children at their most impressionable age. No testimony can be greater than that given by the Inspector of Education in the Lahore district, whose words will have a refrain for other statements we have made. "We seem to have devised a very admirable teaching machine, but not to have succeeded in creating a soul in every part of it, except in mission schools."

I shall not convince everybody when I say I believe in Christian high schools and colleges, nor shall I expect to settle in a paragraph a controversy which only smoulders, but is not settled. But I pin my faith on this one condition, that they are professedly and notoriously Evangelistic agencies, or they have no right to be. Every student should have absolute freedom of conscience, but he should know, as a condition of his entry into the Christian establishment,

that the real object of its existence is the conversion of the scholars, and that no effort will be spared to succeed therein. If this is both the practice and the policy, then high schools and colleges will rank amongst our most potent influences in India. When Dr. Duff in Calcutta, and Dr. Wilson in Bombay, began and laid the foundations of higher education, these were their principles, and what was the result? That while truly they raised a storm of opposition, they won precious trophies for Jesus Christ. The danger has been, however, for them to degenerate—and from the missionary view it is degeneracy—into merely educational institutions. The breakout at the Madras Christian College when a single convert was to be baptized, and the whole attitude of the college and students alike, showed how much the evangelistic and proselytizing object of the institution had been forgotten. To my knowledge, and up to the time of my leaving India, there had been no converts from the Wilson College in Bombay for years. I know it to be different since, for has not one of its native professors been maltreated on this account? the best tribute possible to the improvement that has taken place. The staff of the Free Church College in Bombay, from the principal, Dr. Mackichan, down, is as fine a one as can be found anywhere. All of them are out-and-out Christian men, and if, at any time, the direct purpose of the existence of Wilson College has been obscured or fallen into a

secondary position, it has arisen from the dangers incident to the work itself.

On no point did I agree with Dr. Lunn, but, in fairness to him, I do think that the controversy did good in this one particular, in that it not only brought out the value of higher education, its strength and its weakness, but it did this, it emphasized clearly and unequivocally that higher education could only be justified or tolerated on condition, first, that it bore a specific relation and subordination to direct evangelistic effort, and, secondly, that in aim and method it was out-and-out Christian.

Thus, then, I believe in higher education. If the Hindu refuse Christianity he will not be ignorant where to turn to in the time of need. And even though he does so, he will be Christian in spirit and in sentiment, though he does not confess to it. The confession of a Mahomedan gentleman in the Civil Service, if it shows him to have sheered off from Christian anchorage, equally tells us he knows where it is to be found. Speaking of his Bengali Christian teacher, he said, "He taught me the meaning of truth and honour, of sympathy, of love. No man ever influenced me as he did, and when he died I mourned him as a father." Others, again, will go further; will brave all derision and opposition, and be baptized in the faith of Christ, as, thank God, many have already done. No one can estimate the value of the Robert College at Constantinople, or the Doshisha

College in Japan, the one a Methodist and the other a Congregational institution. "The evangelist will always need to educate. It is only a question of proportion and emphasis, as also of expediency and means."* Mr. Frederick Sessions, of Gloucester, an enthusiastic advocate of foreign missions, visited the Friends' Foreign Missions in India some years ago, and "I came back," he says, "with a very distinct impression that it was absolutely necessary that Missionary Societies should face the education problem. I am very thankful that Friends have been able to start the Hoshangabad High School." The Rev. Ram Chunder Bose, M.A., of Lucknow, a Christian Hindu, and a graduate of Calcutta University, declared that it was impossible to sweep away the educational branches of missionary work in India.

I have kept in view the justification of educational work to heathen students, but it would be a wrong to forget that these Christian educational establishments are held at the first disposal of Christian youths who, in the majority of instances, come from the lower castes, and who, but for these institutions, would have no chance of proving their worth. In training them, Christianity not only produces the fairest flowers from the poorest soil, but in so doing most effectually paves the way for the true equality of man and the abolition of caste. What Bishop Thoburn says of the work of seeking the salvation of the lower castes and outcastes in

* W. Pierce, "The Dominion of Christ," p. 12.

general, is true of their Christian education in particular. "The converts may be from the ranks of the lowly, but the lowly of this century will be the leaders of the next. The Brahman must accept Christ, or see the Pariah walk past him in the race of progress." Nor less do we need such institutions for the training and effectual equipment of our evangelists and preachers. An intelligent educated native ministry in India, as is more commonly the case in Ceylon, is not only imperatively needed, but is a boon the importance of which cannot be exaggerated, and the adequate provision of which will do more for the conversion of India in ten years than we have done in the past hundred.

INDIRECT.

But who shall measure or adequately gauge the indirect work of Christianity, either in India or throughout the world? Statistics no more represent the work done in India than the membership of our churches at home indicates the circumference of their influence upon the people of England. Christianity is an unseen but potent leaven, and never more so than it is in India. By what system will you tabulate it? What one church can claim it as emanating from it alone? To which shall we give the credit? Rather we must be thankful that the leaven is there, and while we long to see the leaven breaking through and changing the face as well as the foundations of society, purifying the rivers as

well as the rivulets, let us rejoice and take courage that the influence of Christianity is making itself felt and permeating everything.

A few years ago we were threatened in Bombay with an alteration of the European mail day from Friday to Sunday, to suit the despatch of the mails from Australia, in connection with which they are carried. Immediately a movement was set on foot by prominent natives, which culminated in a mass meeting in the Town Hall, when they unanimously declared that, though not Christians, they had learnt to value the sabbath bestowed upon them by Great Britain, and they besought that the change should not be made. The mail now leaves on a Saturday. For years the mill operatives of Bombay cried out in vain against Sunday labour. As early as 1884 their representatives, before the Government Factory Commission, requested one day's rest in seven. In 1889 this was renewed, and so strong was the demand that it was acceded to, and Sunday generally is a day of rest. At the National Congress a year or two back a Committee was adjourned from Saturday night to Monday morning in deference to the Christians thereon.

A few years ago, under the guidance of the British resident, the different states in Rajputana voluntarily bound themselves, and subject to heavy fines if not fulfilled, to permit marriages only at fourteen for girls, and eighteen for

youths. At the same time they agreed to expend on their weddings a certain percentage of their income only, instead of crippling themselves by a wasteful and useless expenditure, as had been the custom before, and prevalent to a great extent throughout the country. In the Rajkumar College, in the same district, the holy and devoted principal, the late Mr. Chester Macnaghten, gathered the governing youths together, lads who only came at the first accompanied by an armed retinue, and he moulded and fashioned them and taught them the love of Christ, while laying no rude hand on their old faith, and he was rewarded, not only by seeing them come without one follower, but by the visible indications in some of them of aspirations after higher and purer standards than they could find in the ancient creeds of their forefathers.

When a married Hindu dies, his widow is at once disgraced. She may not have got into her teens, but her little trinkets and pretty ribbons are taken away, coarse garments substituted for those she had, for twenty-four hours she has neither food nor water, and is thereafter abused by the different members of her late husband's family in ways too horrible to describe. Worst of all she is shorn of her hair, a woman's glory throughout the world. A year or two back the barbers of the Bombay Presidency met in solemn conclave, and bound themselves never to shave a woman's head, however great the bribe offered.

Caste comes here as a blessing, for no one else dare to do their work. Some native social reformers have banded themselves into a Widows' Remarriage Association, and though they can tell yet of only thirty or forty, the movement is bound to grow. Native gentlemen all over India have protested against the employment of Nautch or dancing women at parties, and not without result. Their performances themselves are not always improper, but as their character is a matter of notoriety, their employment in respectable parties can only engender in their minds an approval of, or at least the harmlessness of, their otherwise shameful life. At Benares 40,000 *Ahirs* or milkmen pledged themselves to become abstainers from intoxicating drink, at a meeting presided over by a missionary of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. A. Parker.

Quotations, more or less biblical, flow from the lips of educated natives as they do from speakers in this country. The Hon. Pheroshah Mehta, a member of the Bombay Legislative Council and a Parsee, was, a few years ago, President of the National Congress. In his presidential address he quoted no less than seven times from the word of God, and finished it in an eloquent peroration with Newman's hymn, "Lead Kindly Light." A Brahmin priest, I once heard utter a prayer in English, concluded with "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth, peace, goodwill among men."

All the good that there is, if it has not been commenced by it, has been fostered by Christianity. The removal of the opium curse results largely from the labours of the Rev. Alfred Dyer, the Editor of the *Bombay Guardian*, who showed a real bravery in suffering imprisonment in the cause. The Temperance agitation owes almost everything to Mr. W. S. Caine.

There can only be one result. Men who to-day use our words, imitate our spirit, copy our life under the guise and cover of their own religion, will either become converts themselves or their descendants must, or be untrue to the example lived before them. Keshub Chunder Sen, Ramabai, Behramji Malabari, the late Justice Telang, and many others have been and are Christians in life; their successors will be so in profession also. And when this is so another parallel will have been made to the history of the early church. Dr. Stalker (Life of St. Paul, p. 51) describes the early disciples as living the outward life of the Jew and the inward life of the Christian, as so many do in India to-day, and in words applicable to them he says of the Jewish Christians: "But the truce could not last. Christianity could not keep such a truce, for there is in it a world-conquering force, which impels it at all risks to propagate itself; and the fermentation of the New Wine of Gospel liberty was sure sooner or later to burst the forms of the Jewish law. At length a man arose, in whom these

aggressive tendencies embodied themselves. This was Stephen." When India gets her Stephen her day will be drawing nigh.

Its Claim (2). What it Offers.

We need not dwell long on what Christianity teaches and offers. Its worth is seen in its acceptance and its fruit. But if on any ground it claims anything it is certainly on this. Hinduism presents gods any and many. Its method of salvation is through pilgrimage to holy cities and shrines and waters, the common uselessness of which is acknowledged in sententious proverbs like these—

"Will a cow become a swan by bathing in the Ganges?"
"Though you go to Kasi, you will not find the way to heaven."

As to the hereafter, Hindu teaching loses itself altogether. Christianity on the other hand creates within us a clean heart and a right spirit, saves us where we are and as we are; presents to us a holy and blessed and glorified Saviour; assures us of everlasting life in the world beyond.

Nor is the standing and growing testimony of what Christianity has and is doing for us English people without its effect in the same direction. In the freedom of the Englishman the lesson is proclaimed that Christianity alone provides for the aspirations of the people. It heralds all good and amelioration of every sort. His service is perfect freedom.

The Hope of India.

Christianity then is the hope of India, and it is so because, without it, it has no other. Hinduism has failed to supply and cannot live with the new life. The new life is essentially Christian, even though for the moment it take a neutral or an antagonistic form. The good that is in young India comes from Christian sources. The New Wine is being produced, the New Bottle of the same nature or in nature suitable is ready to receive it, and is receiving it, and it behoves every Christian to pray that the young life of India may take shelter and shape and preservation from and in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Yet India is not converted. Progress has been made. The position of Christianity is gratifying, the prospect most encouraging. But the end is not yet. It is sometimes said that missionaries hold out the expectancy of India's conversion in a generation. I have never met with him yet. I have sometimes met with the opposite statement that nothing is being done by missionaries, and in more cases than one I have found it to emanate from a godless European from India, who to my knowledge had never been inside a church while he was out there, but who on his return home was looked upon as an oracle on all things Indian, and who for more reasons than one did not care to look ignorant of things religious, and so fulminated against the missionaries and their work in general terms.

We have met this sort nearer home. People who know all about the workings of the churches, but whose only acquaintance with them in any shape is outside. Anyhow the statement that nothing is being done is as far from the truth as the other that India will soon be Christian.

Inconsistency, incompatibility, being doomed is one thing, acquiescence another. Years ago the great trial to the missionary was the good-humoured banter or the cynic indifference of Hindu votaries, but all is changed. Now there is bitter and unscrupulous opposition. There was always a ban on becoming a Christian. Now the craft is in danger. The claim of vested interests is being urged all along the line. "Great is Krishna of the Hindus" finds voice all over the land. Christian missionaries wisely claim the defence of the law against unlawful proceedings. The natives cannot always do so. Christian methods are now imitated. There is a Hindu Tract Society, whose publications abuse Jesus Christ and His servants. Wherever Christians have opened a hall or preach in fair or bazaar, if possible, the anti-Christian and noisy Hindu declaims against the Christ. Every prominent convert now made is at the cost of unscrupulous opposition. The convert himself is not unfrequently poisoned or made away with.

Comparatively speaking, the workers to-day are like the besieged garrison of Lucknow in the Residency, in the time

of the mutiny, where the natives, foiled in open attack, attempted to undermine it to effect an entrance, which was itself made abortive by a quick-eared old Cornish miner, who detected the movement and countermined them. Call it guerilla warfare if you like, but it held the citadel till the Campbells came and brought relief and triumphant victory. The illustration will seem more germane when we consider the forces at our disposal. The following figures will be instructive :—

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN INDIA. 36 LARGE, 29 SMALLER—65.

Missionaries.	European.	Natives.	
Ordained	857	797	
Lay		3,491	
Medical	97	168	none in 1867
Ladies	711	3,278	,, 1851
	1,665	7,734	

Now, taking these together and assuming them all equally effective in ability, knowledge of the work, general equipment and health, which of course they are not, there would then be a worker to every 30,000 of the population, or taking Europeans only one to every 300,000. Take the ministers only, European and Native, and each has 150,000 in his parish. In England there are 43,000 ordained men, besides a host of lay workers, and this gives one minister to 850 of the population. And yet there are

those who would tell us that Foreign Missions knock too often and too loudly at our doors! And remember these 10,000 workers are spread over an area 12½ times that of Great Britain.

Of course when you take the history of some of the missions the outlook is more encouraging. In the Khasia Hills the missionaries of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist

BANGALORE CONFERENCE, 1889.

Church have in the last fifty years transformed a whole region previously heathen. In Chota Nagpur Gosners Evangelical (German) Mission has gathered a church of some 40,000 members amongst the Kols in four decades. In Tinnevelly the S.P.G. and C.M.S. occupy between them 1,636 villages, and have baptized nearly 100,000 converts. In the American Baptist Lone Star Mission,

which, after thirty years of labour, had only twenty-five living Telegu converts, in the next twenty-three had better results, and the year after that, that is the first year after fifty-three years of hard sowing and little reaping in proportion, nay, in ten days, between July 6th and 16th—8,691 were baptized. To my mind, however, the Missionary Church of India of to-day and of the future is the American Methodist Church. I have had cause to pass certain strictures upon its attitude to our work, but I should deeply regret if I could not see and acknowledge their magnificent enterprise and daring. No timorous and hesitating policy holds them back. No leading strings pull them back. Bishop Thoburn is an ideal bishop. He is the Cecil Rhodes of Indian missions. He has an imperial conception of all his work. An enthusiast of enthusiasts, a splendid leader, knowing how to trust as well as to encourage. Spending always much beyond the grants, and every two or three years going back to America and getting more, either from his Missionary Board, or Missionary people, the work of the American Methodist Church in India, under his direction, is going forward by leaps and bounds. To this freedom, as much as to their enterprise, I trace their success. In proportion only, as trusted agents are trusted, can that advance and seizure of opportunity be made which is essential to success. Neither from America or England can the campaign be directed in the exigencies which

arise on the ground, whether they be trivial or important, and which can only be effectually faced by the men there. To its honour, not only in India, but indeed throughout the world, the American Methodist Church has given its missionaries a free hand, and it has reaped its reward in a success which few other churches can boast. In India it already reports a Christian community of over 100,000. Its membership during recent years has increased by 130 per cent. Thousands are being baptized every year. At the beginning of 1893 Bishop Thoburn wrote "I shall be surprised and disappointed indeed if the ingathering of the next eight years does not exceed that of the previous ninety-two." After such a statement who will say that I have overdrawn the character of the man at the head of this remarkable movement. I thank God from the bottom of my heart for zeal, for aggression, and for achievements such as his church can produce. Unless something extraordinary stays their hand—which God forbid—or the aspect of things changes, I hazard the opinion that the coming Church of India will be a Methodist Church, but it will be the American—not the English. God speed their plough.

And what of the Wesleyan Missionary Society's operations? We have said much already. But from every district in India come glowing accounts of advance, from Calcutta, Lucknow, Burma. Over the two former the Rev. John Brown presides with conspicuous ability. From the

Mysore over 1,000 are now in native membership. Hyderabad, the youngest district of all, under the lead and direction of the Rev. Wm. Burgess, baptized 900 in its first decade, with 600 members. Its community to-day, after eighteen years' toil, is 3,991. Madras, Negapatam, bring up the rear to the South, but all of them report substantial increases every year.

The Salvation Army is a sorry failure. We sincerely wish it were otherwise. No work in England has our greater sympathy than theirs. But in India they commenced by taking the converts of other Missions, and have never ceased to do so. Their policy of native dress and native food killed so many that I wonder if out of the Jubilee fifty that came out to India they can account for five yet in their service. Let us hope they will go in for the same plod that other churches have had to pursue, get their own converts, and grow their own workers, and no one will delight more than I shall in the success which will then be theirs. There is room for them, and for as many more workers as will go.

Here, then, are the "five loaves and two fishes." The practical question remains: "What are these among so many?" And such a question may well excite our keenest thoughts as well as the most serious enquiry. I confess that by ordinary methods of advance it will be centuries before India is Christian. On such a foundation, however,

it is not possible for Christianity to exist, let alone to thrive. To the eyes of cold reason there are yet four months—translated in view of India, there are yet four centuries—ere the harvest can come. But if Christ was warranted in the assertion in regard to Samaria, when as yet only a few villagers were coming out to Him, if He, when gathering the firstfruits of His work in Samaria, could encourage His disciples to believe in the complete conversion of the entire country, or at least that it was in a condition to receive it, then surely we, His followers, have a right to say of India, "Lift up your eyes on high, for, behold, the fields are white already unto harvest." Such is the testimony of almost every worker and every Mission. Says one worker: "During the last six months we have occupied and opened out work in six new villages. We could enter twenty more to-morrow and reap plenteously in every one of them if I only had funds to put down workers."

Three things remain—faith in the work; more men; full steam ahead. Our considerations will have inspired the first. Our prayers and our gifts must send out or supply the second. The third must be the persistent heroic advance which the church is prepared to make. The Lord says: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send other labourers into His harvest." In view of India how earnestly we ought to pray, and at the end of this century of Missions how we ought to practise

it. The Students' Volunteer Missionary Union boldly demands the evangelization of the world in this generation! The Bombay Decennial Missionary Conference of 1893, representing all the Missionary Societies of India, implored that the number of Missionaries might be doubled. Is it too much to ask of all the Missionary Societies? In any case, with such a call and such a need, none of us dare to relax what efforts we are now making.

As to agents, it is more than ever necessary that only whole-souled men should be sent out or permitted to remain. Aggressiveness of all kinds should be encouraged; stick-in-the-muds called home. Subject to passing their examinations in languages, etc., C.M.S. Missionaries are permitted to marry at the end of their first year. A similar modification in our own case, at least to two years, would be helpful from some points of view. A visit home for three or six months at the end of the fifth year would reduce the necessity and cost of going to the hills, and generally make the remaining four or five of a man's first term bright, instead of filling him with home longings ever and anon which, with their inevitable depression, incapacitate him for hopeful enterprise.

Owing to ever-increasing demands from other countries, some only now opening, I do not see how we can hope for any great increase of Missionaries of ministerial standing being sent to India. I would look for a multiplication of

lay agents. My ideal would be a European Missionary to about a hundred workers. Thus one Missionary, nine lay agents, ninety native evangelists. Each lay agent would take charge of ten native evangelists, and he in turn would be responsible to the Missionary. To facilitate this every native worker should be taught English, which would enable newly-arrived Missionaries from England to take charge at once. If Mr. Champness, the head and founder of the Joyful News Mission, could only put a hundred Joyful News evangelists in India in ten years from now, and our districts could lay themselves out to expect and prepare for it, what a golden harvest might we not reap in the early years of the twentieth century? Some such broad and apostolic scheme we need, which shall never be laid aside till accomplished, and then only to give place to something more daring still. In these days of imitation as well as of competition, it is a wonder that we have not already copied China and inaugurated an Indian Inland Mission, by no means uncalled-for, or an Indian Lay Mission such as I have described.

In the way of the education of our people I should like to see a multiplication of the admirable briefs sent out by our Missionary Society, whose monthly magazine *Work and Workers*, edited by the Rev. J. W. Macdonald, is really a very fine publication. Its issues grow more and more interesting. I always go for the Indian articles, of course,

but there are others as full of information as an egg is full of meat, and as racy as can be. If our people would be interested in Missions they must know about Missions not only at an anniversary, but they must stimulate their interest in the interval before the next. Missionary Conventions, Exhibitions, the Young People's Auxiliary, the Helpers' Union, The Mission House Prayer Meeting, are all good features of the growing interest and returning hope.

Thank God the day is breaking. "The night is already past, the day is at hand." When Carey came to India the Government refused him permission to land. When he died every flag on the Hooghly floated half-mast high. Suttee and female infanticide flourished. Now they are a spectre of the past. Then Dr. Thomas, Carey's colleague, went mad with joy at their first convert after eight years' weary waiting and working. Now our converts in a year are counted by tens of thousands. Then native Christians hardly existed. Now they are found in every part of the Continent, contemned, despised, ignored; but there. We have known lands taken in the name of the Queen and called British possessions, where only the flag-staff has been erected and the flag unfurled. The banner of Jesus waves over many a Hindu heart and a Hindu home. A story is told about the Mahomedan Conquest of Persia on this wise. The Arabian came into the

presence of the Persian Emperor with the demand that he would give up his lands to the Musalmans. So enraged was he that Yazdazad ordered a basket of earth to be brought, and then, addressing the envoy, said: "There, take that to your master and tell him that is all the land of Persia he will ever get." The envoy retired, and soon sped away as fast as he could. The Emperor's trusted adviser, having heard of the foolish act of the Emperor, sent after the envoy, but in vain. When he arrived at the Arabian camp he said: "Persia is ours. See here, I have a basket of earth as the token and pledge." Such became the fact. We have more than a basket of earth. We are in possession, and what is ours, or rather, Christ's, tells us that India will once be subject to His sway. Old India is dying. Young India is living, and is growing. In the Gospel of Jesus Christ he shall find satisfaction and rest.

I for one, who have seen a good deal of India, and conversed with a large number of our own workers and Missionaries of all churches, cannot be pessimistic as to the future. I say unhesitatingly, Missions are not a failure. With equal candour I acknowledge the complete conversion of India is not yet. But I do believe that the evangelizing force at work in that vast country is gaining momentum year by year, and if a hundred years hence only, India presents the spectacle of a Christian country, who amongst those then living will say the process has

been slow, or the result incommensurate with the effort and the cost? Of the scepticism which questions this we dare not be impatient; for we, too, with Tennyson, have our moments of doubt, but, with him again, we see through them, as through a misty twilight, to the glorious consummation of the coming perfect day, which faith and work shall surely bring to pass.

After all the stormy changes shall we find a changeless May?
After madness, after massacre, Jacobism and Jacquerie,
Some diviner force to guide us thro' the days I shall not see?
When the schemes and all the systems, kingdoms and republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each and each for all?
All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by justice, love, and truth;
All the millions one at length, with all the visions of my youth?
All diseases quenched by science, no man halt, or deaf or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?
Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue.
I have seen her far away—for is not earth as yet so young?
Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd.
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,
Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles,

LAND of Ind, O land of story,
Listen ere I leave thy shore,
Fabled land of wealth and glory,
Land of ancient, sacred lore!
Land of promise, rich, resplendent,
Cynosure of Fancy's eye,
Land of hope, whose rays transcendent
Beacon youth to venture nigh!
Land of wonder,
Storm and thunder,
Roaring floods and wild typhoons.
Mountains craggy,
Forests shaggy,
Burning suns, and matchless moons!
Land of toil, and land of pleasure,
Listen to my parting measure!

Where the summits snow besprinkled
Rise along the northern sky;
Where the cities, old and wrinkled,
By the holy river lie;
Where the sandy desert stretches,
Where the fruitful valleys smile;
Where the swarthy diver fetches
Pearls by Lanka's gorgeous isle;
Where the ryot,
Calm and quiet,
Guides his oxen by the well,
Till the village
Rest from tillage
With the temple's evening bell;
Dusky millions, toiling blindly,
Hear a voice that greets you kindly!

Land of sport, in jungle tangled,
Grassy plain, and rugged hill,
When the skies are star-bespangled,
When the noon is blazing still.
Grisly boar and tiger stealthy!
Joys the hunter's heart has found
Worth the wealth of all the wealthy!
Spear and rifle, horse and hound,
Mates unchanging,
Never ranging
From their lord and master's side,
Comrades trusty,
Stout and lusty,
Friends unfailing, often tried!
Friends unfailing, here I hail you,
Let me perish ere I fail you!

Land of love, and land of laughter,
Balmy nights and azure skies!
Reck not of before and after,
While ye gaze in lovelit eyes!
Odours in the breeze distilling,
Wafted from the clustered rose;
Youth within our pulses thrilling,
See beside us Beauty glows!
Shyly glancing
Looks entrancing
Back to eyes that smile their story;
Gently weaving,
Past retrieving,
Spell more sweet than dreams of glory;
Spell that ne'er shall cease to bind us,
Though the land be far behind us.

Hail thee now by name more bitter,
Land of exile and regret!
Shall the she-wolf's stranger litter
Nurture such as thine forget?
Foster land, whose stony bosom
Scanty sustenance supplies,
Yielding from a baneful blossom
Fruit that whoso eateth dies;
Wanton Circe,
Void of mercy,
False enchantress, charmer cruel!
By thy glamour
Dost enamour
Hearts that deem'd thy love a jewel;
Hearts that sought thee fondly sighing
Break at last, and curse thee dying.

Land of sickness, land of sorrow,
Land of partings, oft for aye!
Here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
Carried whither, who can say?
Who can join what thou dost sever?
Shall the grave restore again
Those we loved? Begone for ever,
Phantoms of my musing brain!
Phantoms dreary,
Sad and weary,
Fare ye well, nor vex me more
Rising dimly,
Fiercely, grimly,
From that unrelenting shore!
Shore that ne'er can be forgiven
Wheresoe'er my bark is driven.

Dreams, begone! The dawn is breaking;
Ends the dismal, brooding spell;
Brighter visions come with waking;
Land of exile, fare thee well!
Distant welcome sounds to greet us,
Faces loved of old arise,
Friends of youth in fancy meet us,
Greener shores and softer skies;
Spectres vanish,
Care we banish,
Yonder gleams the harbour bar;
Hope undying
Forward flying
Turns, and bids us gaze afar;
Land we love, a truce to grieving,
Fare ye well, true friends we're leaving!

See, aloft the signal's flying,
Last farewells are past and o'er
Through the waves our vessel's plying,
Welcome to their surging roar!
Chains are rattling, cordage creaking,
Now the screw is turning fast,
Engines clanking, whistles shricking
Tell us that we're off at last;
Sailors bustling,
Scrambling, hustling
All on board the P. and O.;
Crying, laughing,
Mourning, chaffing,
One fond glance before we go!
One more glance to Isle of beauty,
Then to England, home and duty.

BYRONIDES in *Times of India*.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Bright are the skies above me,
And blue the waters roll,
Ah! but if those that love me
Were here, my joys were whole.
When those we love are wanting,
Then o'er the clouded heart
A thousand visions haunting
Their darkening shadows dart.

THESE words suitably express the feeling of those who have left home and kindred, and are either on the way out to or are in the land of India. I suppose the feeling is the same, whether you are bound to Australia, to South Africa, or to any other part of the world, but some of us venture to think that of all lands of partings, separations, and disappointments, India is the most bitter. The pang the new voyager feels when he for the first time bids farewell to his loved ones is most likely the first of many that will eventually fill his cup with abiding bitterness. In the Suez Canal, where vessels pass each other within greeting distance, the homeward-bound voyagers shout out, with a

play of pleasantry, to those outward bound, "You're going the wrong way." The words are playfully said; they are spoken by those who have tasted the bitter, and may be pardoned for their unwonted exhilaration, but they must draw many a tear and a sigh of regret from some of the outward bound who are already sorely home-sick, and would fain return home again forthwith. The allurements to Indian life may be many, the attractions great, but the many find them dead sea-fruit, which crumbles in their grasp. If the civilian servant or the military officer has a better berth than in England, or the business man makes money quicker than he does here, it seems cankered by the sorrows through which he passes to get it, so true is it in all things that they who will have the best prizes in any particular thing must suffer in other ways. The compensation to the missionary is the confidence and affection of his people at home and the prosperity of the work to which he has put his hand, but such sweet influences notwithstanding, it is often a bitter cup to drink, and it is ever a very different thing to recommend or insist on such a denial than it is to wear the yoke and bear the burden ourselves.

No sooner have the young in a family arrived at a school-going age, than they must be transported to England, just when they require your care most, and you would most have them with you. And the reason is, not so much that the children cannot thrive in India, if properly cared for,

as that the laziness or rather indolence of the servants with whom they come into daily contact, and their filthy conversation, are enough to blight all the good which the parents may try to instil into their young minds. Nor is it less to be deplored, that having been waited upon from earliest infancy and unwisely allowed to order the native servants, the Indian-born English child grows up with a lack of manliness and of self-reliance and smartness, which the child grown on English soil so generally shows. There are exceptions, but as a rule the Indian-born lad, bred in the country, and even ready to go and earn his living, cannot be compared with the lad English-born and bred of the same age. While, therefore, it is possible to keep one's children in India, and many cannot afford to do otherwise, everybody who can sends his children to England for education and training. Thus, for example, one missionary and his wife are practically childless ; their whole family is at home. Another has both wife and children in England.

More commonly, partings come long before families have had the privilege of remaining together for so long a period. Cases such as the following can, of course, be matched or surpassed by similar ones in England, but not in their proportional and sudden frequency. I well remember meeting a fresh-coloured English girl just arrived from England and marrying her to one of our

stewards. Within a year she was dead. In another case, I married a gentleman and lady, the latter being in good health. It was his second marriage, and he had a son sixteen years of age. Some time after the latter fell on his head, and the brain congestion was so bad that he was ordered to England to save his life. Their home had to be broken up, and the wife, with a newly-born baby, accom-

LUCKNOW SYNOD, 1894.

panied the lad to England. How anxiously the father waited, fearing every mail would bring the news of his son's death. The boy, strange to say, got well on board ship, but the wife was taken ill and died within three days after landing. A Lancashire engineer came out to his brother-in-law and worked with him, and soon after his sister followed as their housekeeper. Cholera came, and

within four days brother and sister were dead and buried. One day I met a gentleman going to meet his son, twenty-one years of age, whom he had not seen since he was a baby in his mother's arms. He had left her in England with his two boys at that time, but she died, and for nearly twenty years he saw neither one boy nor the other. I know an estimable couple who have been separated from each other for ten years owing to ill-health and pecuniary losses. He is yet in India while she is at home. And these cases are moderate compared with those which might be cited. One of the most pathetic of incidents is to go on board a P. and O. or any other steamer and see husbands saying good-bye to wives, and wives to husbands, and fathers to children, who but for the sea and climate need never part. The sea is a cruel "divider" in more senses than one. The Anglo-Indian has his sorrows, and if he appears indifferent to them, it is because they come so often that outwardly at all events he acquires an equanimity of expression which effectually covers up the troubles that affect his heart.

"How oft unseen, unknown,
Does 'the soul of feeling,'
Muse on friends far off or gone,
Memory's stores unsealing.

Scenes which long have disappeared,
From their sleep awaken
Sounds of loved, lost friends endeared,
Joys of them partaken.

Bright and fragrant there appear
Flowers of recollection,
Bathed by many a holy tear
Nursed by fond affection."

What a precious joy to have Jesus with us under such circumstances ; to take to one's comfort the everlasting promises of God, "Lo, I am with you alway." "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." Blessed be God for the "Home" beyond the grave and the joyous and eternal re-union there, for those who are His.

My own fourth year and my wife's third year in India opened as brightly as we could wish. I had just recovered from my attack of scarlet fever and we had just enjoyed a day or two's rest. Our site at Colaba had cheered us beyond measure, and everything seemed to shape for a most successful year. We were then living in tents, and balancing any discomfort we experienced by the hope that upon that very spot, in less than a year, we should be comfortably and permanently housed. Alas, alas! March had not well arrived before the shadow of sickness fell upon our home. At first it seemed a slight debility, from which my wife would speedily recover, but as the months went by she grew feebler and more ailing. Meanwhile our work prospered as it never had. One by one three agents joined me, who were worthy in every respect, taking the place of some whose name was an ill-savour. Our building proceeded apace, subscriptions were coming in, and

throughout the circuit we appeared to be bracing ourselves to a grand future. Progress seemed written on every feature, both of members and work. But my wife got worse and worse. Malarial fever had undermined her constitution, and now inward abscesses brought additional fuel to the fire, and the fever baffled all attempts of the doctors to bring it down. Deeper and deeper grew the shadow, through June and July—weeks of torture I might say—till the beginning of August, when our opening services at Colaba, bright, inspiring, and successful as they were, brought us a forced distraction. But no sooner were they over than the doctors gave imperative orders for my wife's removal to England without delay.

Anxious for the work I urged that she would be able to go by herself, but they would not hear of it, and declared a change necessary for me as well. I reluctantly yielded, and our passages were taken for the *Peninsular*, and we prepared to go home. It was heartrending to do so. Here was the Mission House, for which we had toiled and laboured, and which we had to leave in the very moment of possession. Two nights before we left the native church at Byculla held a festival in my honour, and presented me with a farewell address. On the eve of our departure the European Church invited friends from far and near to bid us *bon voyage*. One after another spoke, until it was near midnight, when we sang together, "God be with you till we

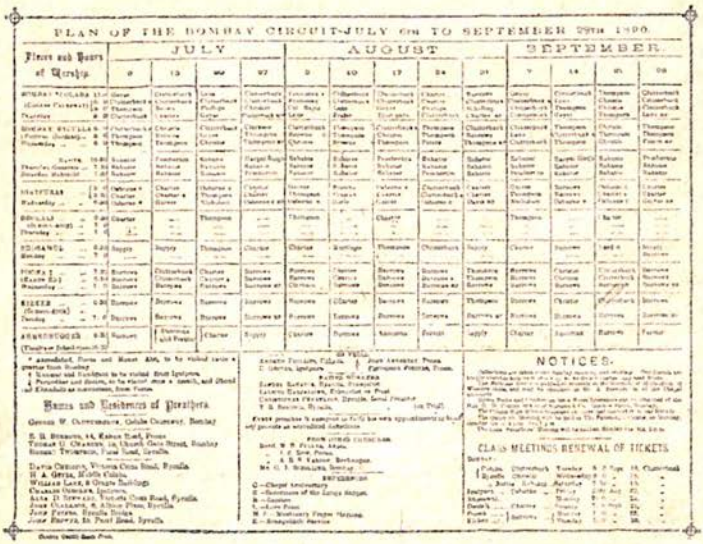
meet again." The next day various friends came to bid us God speed. At two o'clock my wife, unable to walk and too weak to be carried in the arms, was taken on board on an Indian cane sofa. At six o'clock we weighed anchor, and left the harbour with a heavy heart.

The voyage needs no description. When we left the weather was most unpropitious, but when we neared Aden it improved, we lost the monsoon swell, and my wife, thank God, got gradually better, till on reaching England she was just able to walk off the ship with assistance. What a wonderful change a voyage does effect. I have seen men and women get on board ship at Bombay looking as ill as they could. When they have stepped on shore at the Royal Albert Docks their friends might ask them why they had taken the trouble to come home.

For the next two months I was busy up and down the country begging for Bombay, and gathered over £120, and then placed the needs of Bombay before the Missionary Committee, who very generously promised me substantial help, which they afterwards increased into a splendid grant of some £2,000. My return to England raised questions for me to consider which had never entered my mind till the moment of my return had to be faced. I had not expected to be in England till two or three years later, but now, with a scarcely convalescent wife and my boys of a school-going age, it seemed as though I could hardly face them going

out again at all, or my wife for two or three years. I therefore intimated to the Committee that I would return to India and would remain there for three years by myself, but I could not see my way to remain longer, in which time I hoped to see the work quite consolidated. The Committee did not accept my offer and I remained in England.

But my interest in India abides and has grown. But for


PLAN OF THE BOMBAY CIRCUIT-JULY 6th TO SEPTEMBER 28th 1890.

BOMBAY CIRCUIT PLAN.

my wife's break down of health I should probably be there to-day. That event I could neither choose nor avoid. "The Lord leads us by a way we know not." He knows best. Since, however, we had not left India except under the compulsion of sickness, I determined to remain a student of India, and to help in the work of its evangeli-

zation as I best could. Thank God I have had some humble share in this, in missionary advocacy, and in using my pen and raising my voice on behalf of the myriads of India, a people I love so well, a country ever dear to my heart, not because I like India as a country, but as a land sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to whom it is surely one of the greatest privileges to take the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is six years since I left India, but in that interval I have kept myself in closest touch with the land and the people I love, and in whom and in which my interest grows. I live in England, but my heart is in India.

Our circuit plan, which I have had photographed, will give some idea of the growth of our work, but the following statistics may not be uninteresting. My work in India entered five connexional years, but my actual residence in India was under four years. The previous pages and these figures sum up what we were able to accomplish in that period. To God be the glory, both now and for ever, Amen!

	1887	1890
English Members	6	113 with 32 on trial
Mahrathi Members	none	18 with 2 on trial
Attendants on Public Worship	20	900
Chapels	none	3
Preaching Places	1	5
Sunday School Scholars ...	none	106
Colaba High School	none	30 scholars

	1887	1890
Byculla Native School ...	none	40 scholars
Sunday School Teachers ...	none	11
Local Preachers	none	10
Lay Agents	none	3

The above particulars are taken from the District Report. The following sums were raised by us in the four years exclusive of loans or grants.

	£	
For Ministry	650	
General Circuit Account (including Medical Mission)	690	
General Building Fund ...	2,933	
Schools	300	
Soldiers and Sailors' Home	510	——£5,083

In the same period, out of this amount, and by the providential blessing of God, we acquired the following property, exclusive of the Colaba site.

		£	
Colaba	Part Cost School Chapel	300	
	Furniture in Chapel & Mission House	150	
	Furniture and Fittings S. & S. Home	133	
Byculla Chapel and Freehold site		1,340	
Igatpura Chapel and site on perpetual lease		400	
Poona Furniture and Fittings		50	——£2,373

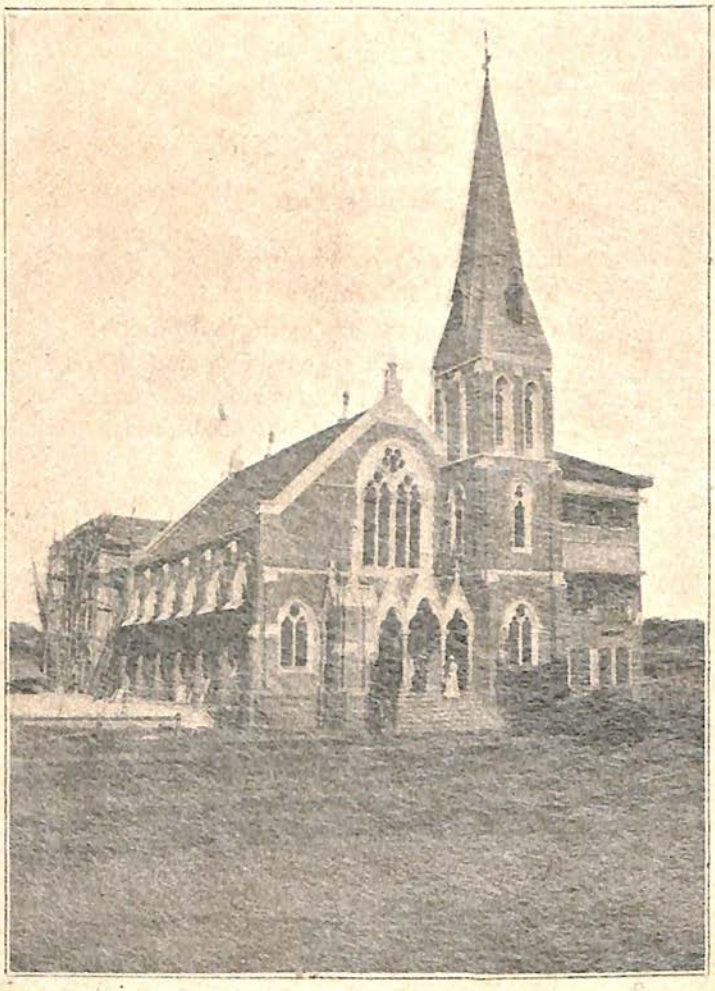
Reviewing the work done up to this time and contrasting it with 1814, we venture to say "What hath God wrought?" Methodism is firmly established in the city and the Presidency. We who were not a people are a people, we who had not a name, have a name. We have plant,

workers, members, fields white unto harvest, both native and European. In the work done and the prospect before us in Western India, Methodism has a glorious future. Still, however, dating these words back to the time I left India, the work is not consolidated—that could hardly be expected. The Colaba Church has to be built, and the Soldiers and Sailors' Home, on the land we obtained from Government. The erection of these will cost £3,000. A large sum by itself but utterly insignificant when we remember the commercial conditions of Bombay, and what other Churches are doing. The St. Xavier's College, one of the best educational Institutions of the City, cost some years ago £12,000. Only recently they added a wing costing £9,000. If the Roman Catholics, to their credit, can spend £9,000 on an addition to one of their buildings, and all of it usefully spent, shall we Protestants, shall we Wesleyans, who regard our faith as so much spiritually purer, be less ambitious than they to see our work well furnished? Let us rally to the aid of the Lord's work and see that it is well equipped throughout India both with adequate plant and adequate agency, and let us stint nor begrudge neither the one nor the other for the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ.

"The Lord wants reapers: oh mount up
Before night comes, and says "Too late"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup;
The Master hungers while ye wait.

'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see
That o'er the Eastern hill tops rise
To break their long captivity."

J. R. LOWELL, "Above and Below."



COLABA CHURCH, EXTERIOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXCELSIOR.

" Light for the darkened earth!
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day spring hath its birth
Till wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread boldly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head."

EARLY in 1891 the Rev. John Scott left England to succeed me at Bombay. For over thirty-three years he had exercised a powerful ministry in Ceylon and in England, and had practically retired from the work, but combining wisdom and years he was deemed the best selection to fill the Bombay appointment and occupy the chair of the district which had just then become vacant by the return of the Rev. A. Fentiman to England Mr. Scott only remained in India a little over a year, during which period his services were necessarily distributed over a wide area, but his work in Bombay is not forgotten. Under his superintendence the work received the generous help from

the Missionary Committee to which we have already referred, which naturally encouraged him and every one else on the ground. His appointment, however, was only a temporary measure, and in 1892 he returned home again for a very short eventide, for he entered into rest on July 4th, 1895, at his residence in West Norwood.

The nature of the work, however, required all the energy of a young life as well as his absolute concentration at Bombay. In the absence of both of these elements the work languished. The Soldiers and Sailors' Home took itself to the ground floor of the school chapel, to accommodate which the Church had to worship in the floor above, an arrangement both cumbrous and unsatisfactory, and leading to the financial collapse of the Home. The Rev. Ephraim Mortimer, who took charge in April, 1892, faced the inevitable, closed the Home and removed the church services back to their original location, and in a short time succeeded in raising £100, which was spent in replacing the forms by chairs, in providing a new organ, Mr. Geyer generously contributing a new pulpit, the result of which was soon made apparent by an increasing congregation. At Byculla, Mr. Mortimer was ably assisted by Mr. A. E. Knott, under whose ministry the work there went joyfully along, the congregation filling the church and paying his salary. The income at Colaba more than doubled itself, but as the expenses were very heavy the Missionary Com-

mittee wisely continued an annual grant. The era of increasing prosperity which thus came to these two churches extended to other parts of the circuit, Igatpura and Deolali especially, Poona and Kirkee being the only exceptions to the general revival. The "Methodist Record" had, from the same lack of personal attention, arising from the difficulties of the situation and not the blame of any one in particular, ceased to circulate with 1891, but Mr. Mortimer was convinced of the need of some paper in Western India representing Methodist work, and so started the *Bombay Wesleyan Church Record*, which continues to this day and forms a very helpful bond of union in a large India circuit. From the commencement of our native work at Byculla he had shown a great interest in the work there, and it is due to him that an auxiliary missionary society was started in Bombay amongst the European members for the better support of the work. The result was the erection of a native school at Byculla and an advance in the work of a very gratifying character. To Mr. Mortimer was reserved the privilege of recommending Mr. Samuel Rahator as our first Mahrathi minister, who was none the less gratified that so sympathetic a friend should have his case in hand. He is now a minister in full connexion. The native work in Bombay has had many friends and fast, but none who have shown greater interest or helped it more than he.

To Mr. Mortimer was reserved the still greater honour of bringing on "the top stone with rejoicing," of our Colaba premises. Under his guidance it was resolved to give over the school chapel for the purposes of the Colaba High School and schoolmaster's residence, to erect the permanent church, and at its rear to build the Parsonage instead of a Soldiers and Sailors' Home as originally proposed.

COLABA CHURCH, INTERIOR.

As soon as Government sanctioned the alterations the building went forward. The appeal for contributions was responded to most liberally by our people in Bombay, the Missionary Committee gave substantial aid by a grant of Rs. 12,000, and the church was opened for public worship in March, 1895, the preachers being the Revds. J. Brown,

J. H. Bateson and E. Mortimer. Considering the nature of the undertaking it is not surprising that a debt remained on the completion of the work, but it is being vigorously grappled with and we hope will soon disappear. It has been more than a pleasure to chronicle the progress of the work in these pages, but unhesitatingly our greatest gratification is in the insertion of the photograph of our Colaba premises, complete for all our work, the whole forming as suitable a block of buildings as we could have. In the church we have one of the most handsome erections in the whole of Bombay, and one which does credit both to Methodism and the city itself.

In addition to the ordinary work of the circuit, the outstations of Deesa and Khandalla, distant from Bombay 400 miles and 80 miles respectively, were regularly visited to minister to the Wesleyan troops whenever there was a sufficient number to make a visit possible. At both places the visits were much appreciated. Khandalla, being merely a convalescent depôt, provided but small congregations, but at the larger garrison of Deesa, to reach which necessitated a ride of eighteen miles from the nearest railway station across the desert on the back of a camel, there were good congregations and hearty services.

Mr. Mortimer then came home on furlough and is again in India at Jabalpur, in charge of the great Famine relief work so nobly undertaken by the Rev. Joseph Parson. No

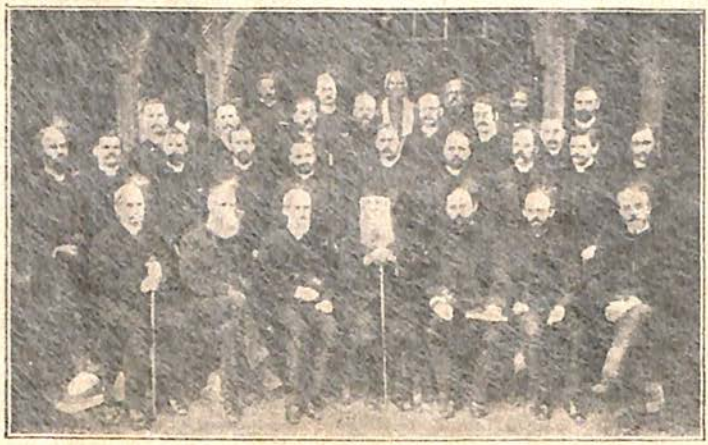
better successor could be found. Mr. Mortimer has been stationed before at Jabalpur and is an enthusiast for the work. We have no better or more reliable or more devoted missionary than Mr. Mortimer. To believe this you would have to know him and his work, but once you did, you would pledge yourself for his zeal and success. As a brother he is most loyal. As a preacher in English he is one of the best that India can produce, as a native missionary he comes not a whit behind the rest. He is cautious and yet enterprising and with a quiet power of organization and oversight which neglects nothing. He is an ideal chairman and deserves to be honoured with all confidence. We shall be more than gratified, and we shall not be surprised, when we learn that the Missionary Committee have made him the first chairman of the Bombay district, of which, for the moment, Jabalpur ranks as the head.

From our first entry into Poona and Kirkee I had urged the appointment of a chaplain, both in which, as also in the enterprise itself, I had the strong support of the Rev. John Brown. In 1893 he had fortunately become the chairman of the Lucknow district, and receiving the Rev. Joseph Reed from England he appointed him to the charge of those important stations. Mr. Reed has more than justified the confidence placed in him. He has built a chapel at Kirkee, has opened and carried on most successfully a Soldiers' Home in Poona, while his general chaplain's work has

been very greatly blessed. As yet he is still without a church in Poona itself, other than a hired building, owing to the difficulty of persuading the Cantonment Committee to grant us a site. Ministering to the troops as we do and rendering substantial moral and spiritual service to the military force in that important garrison, instead of difficulty and unwillingness there ought to be a most ready desire to facilitate our work. Of course with £2,000 Mr. Reed could purchase land and a bungalow, but that amount is not so easily obtained, and could it be, so far as the land is concerned, if not the church also, it ought not to be necessary. The Government, which recognizes our service to the troops, should provide us all reasonable requisites for its efficient performance. We have not persuaded Government of this yet. We must prove our worthiness for this rightful consideration up to the hilt, and eventually, we doubt not, we shall succeed.

The minister now at Bombay is the Rev. George C. Walker, B.A., who arrived as Mr. Mortimer was about to leave. For years he had been the head-master at Epworth College, Rhyl, and in taking charge of and resuscitating the Colaba High School he was most qualified. Under his fostering care the School has now over seventy pupils, and has reached a degree of efficiency and esteem in public favour which promise both permanency and a prosperous career. With perfect premises at his

command the Church at Colaba is able to devote itself to purely spiritual concerns, and to as strong a consolidation as the ever-changing and ever-varying character of the European population allows of. Seldom for more than a few months together is the congregation the same. Furlough, sickness or death make swift and sad changes. At Byculla arrangements have already been made for the erection of a



BOMBAY CONFERENCE, 1892.

new church, the best of all testimonies to the suitability and success of the Church. One cannot forget that Mr. and Mrs. Walker have had to pass through the awful visitation of the Plague, which is bound to leave an indelible impression on their memories. Thankfully very few Europeans have been attacked ; fewer have succumbed. Christianity, however, sympathises with all men, and it must have been

a trying and painful time, the seven or eight months that it lasted, to see the fair city so much like a city of the dead. Hope has, however, already begun to dawn, and soon from the ashes of the dying Plague she will, we believe, arise more beautiful than ever. As it is in Bombay, so it is throughout the district : advance all along the line. In the past ten years the staff has doubled, the stations quadrupled. The Bombay Presidency and the Punjaub have both been annexed, and the future is bright with promise. The tidings tell of seed sown and harvests reaped, of efforts made and crowned with success. As it is with the district so it is with all India, the increases in which are most gratifying. Provincial Synods, gathering two or three of the District Synods into one, create a wider interest as well as tend to the unification of the whole. The triennial conference, the last of which was held in our school chapel in Bombay in December, 1892, thus becomes a real and a living force, and must grow rapidly into such importance that an annual conference will take its place. At the beginning of this century Methodism was unknown in India. To-day it is spread into every part. American Methodism, which we unfeignedly rejoice to hear is showing kindlier feelings to its ever-loving mother, is going ahead by leaps and bounds. English Methodism gratefully can give this account of itself, from nothing in 1800 to the following forces in 1896 :—

Missionaries (European and Native)	102
Native Evangelists and Teachers	1,210
Unpaid workers	710
English Members	1,317
Native Members (full and on trial)	6,956
Soldiers and sailors declared Wesleyans... ...	4,550
Chapels and preaching places	293
Scholars	21,927

Methodism may well thank God and take courage. But the end is not yet. Rather only the fringe of the work is yet grasped. It will be many years before the veil of Hinduism is rent from top to bottom. But for faith in God and the triumphs of Christianity already won we might despair. But with these we dare do nothing but hope. The end of the first century of missions is at hand. The dawn of the second is not far off. Some of us may not live to see it. We at least may make plain its paths, and thereby prepare the way of the Lord. And if we are spared let us resolve that the second century shall enter upon its work better equipped and more sanguine of success than ever. And in any event, like soldiers on the battle field—

> Each standing where his comrade stood
> The moment that he fell,

let us allow no break, no gap in the ranks of the workers, but as the fight waxes fiercer let us fight more determinedly

and more courageously, until glorious victory crowns the work, until the "kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever. Amen."

THE END.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

HEART-EASE

AND HOW TO GET IT.

(SECOND THOUSAND.)

By Rev. GEORGE W. CLUTTERBUCK, of Manchester.

Late Editor *Methodist Record*, Bombay.

Dedicated (by permission) to the

REV. W. F. MOULTON, M.A., D.D.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION— Criticism of "Pax Vobiscum."

REST GIVEN— I. Heart-ache. II. Heart-rest.

REST FOUND— I. Heart-service. II. Heart-ease.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Under this heading Mr. Clutterbuck has written a charming little booklet of fifty pages, with a dozen of introduction. The author, together with many other religious teachers, has had his righteous soul somewhat vexed by Professor Drummonds 'Pax Vobiscum,' and so in some degree, he writes as a controversialist, but with no rancour or bitterness. He realises Thomas Fuller's ideal: 'He is truth's champion.' He is not curious in searching matters of no moment."—*Methodist Times.*

"Though this booklet is now controversial it may be said to have had a controversial origin. In an interesting introduction the writer states that he was moved to write by his disappointment with Professor Drummond's exposition of Matt. xi. 28-30 in 'Pax Vobiscum,' and he ably shows the defect in the Professor's teaching, and his inconsistency, when 'Natural Life in the Spiritual World' is compared with 'Pax Vobiscum.' The succeeding chapters contain Mr. Clutterbuck's own exposition of the verses of Scripture above referred to. They are attractive, fresh and helpful. The book is dedicated, by permission, to Dr. Moulton."—*Methodist Recorder.*

"Good to the use of edifying."—*Preacher's Magazine.*

"A vigorous exposure of the error of spontaneous generation. There is a good deal in this little book worth pondering."—*Methodist Temperance Magazine.*

"A brave defence of the eternal verities, and a pleading with men to see rest given in Jesus. This work will do good service."—*Sword and Trowel.*

"Free from any other controversial bitterness, and breathes a spirit of sweet counsel and devotion."—*Illustrated Missionary News.*

"Set forth at some length the author's reasons for differing from Professor Drummond. His treatise, however, is much more than this, and may be read with pleasure by those who are fond of theological writings in which there is a spice of heart as well as head."—*Bernet Press.*

"Thoroughly evangelical. Contains many good thoughts, and may be read with profit by both saved and unsaved."—*The King's Highway.*

"Mr. Clutterbuck, of the Halifax-place Circuit, has just brought out a little book with the above title. . . . Whilst expressing a very high estimate of the Professor generally as a Christian teacher, he takes grave exception particularly to the statement in his book that 'when Christ said he would give men rest, He meant that He could give them His receipt for it. That was all.' With courage, blended with modesty, our friend addresses himself to his task. Of the admirable spirit of the little book our readers may judge by the following paragraph from the introduction, pp. xii., xiii. . . . ."—*The Nottingham Methodist.*

Paper Covers, 6d. Cloth, neatly bound, 1s.

LONDON: C. H. KELLY, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.; W. M. S. S. UNION, Ludgate Circus, E.C.; ROCHDALE: "Joyful News" Book Depôt; and through all Ministers and Booksellers.

00038005

Digitized with financial assistance from

on 07 January, 2017